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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXII

AUGUST, 1924

BYRON, W. D. Taylor	1
THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM, John Watson..	14
PRONUNCIATION WITHOUT TEARS, Henry Alexander	43
GIOVANNI VERGA, J. H. Brovedani	49
THE PURITANISM OF MILTON, W. M. Conacher	69
THE MULLEINS (poem), R. W. Cumberland	80
BOOK REVIEW, H. R. M.	81
POESY, Trans. by Marjorie McKenzie	84
CURRENT EVENTS, B. K. S., Ed., G. B. R., N. M.....	85

NOVEMBER, 1924

FREEHOLD, Mary I. Gates	103
THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM, John Watson..	104
GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA SUBSEQUENT TO THE DURHAM MISSION, 1839-1842, Ursilla N. Macdonnell.....	119
THE FUNCTION OF TRAGEDY, Philip Child	137
MEMORIES AND ETCHINGS, J. A. Roy	154
FUTURE OF THE ONTARIO IRON DEPOSITS, E. L. Bruce....	170
THE NEW CONSERVATISM, A. S. P. Woodhouse	182
BOOK REVIEW	188
CURRENT EVENTS, J. M.; D. McA.	192

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXII—(Continued)

FEBRUARY, 1925

THE RECENT TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, S. A. Mitchell..	207
THE GREEK EPIGRAM, Watson Kirkconnell	225
THE COAL RESOURCES OF CANADA, M. J. Patton.....	245
JOSEPH CONRAD, W. Gordon	264
SHAKESPEARE IN THE EYES OF BERNARD SHAW, S. W. Dyde	276
GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA SUBSEQUENT TO THE DURHAM MISSION (1839-1842 (Concluded).....	
Ursilla N. Macdonnell	285
REVIEWS, Alex. R. Gordon	305
NOTES AND COMMENTS, W. M. C.; B. K. S.; D. McA.	309

MAY, 1925

CANADA'S ESKIMO PROBLEM, D. Jenness	317
PRINCIPLES OF TRANSLATION, W. G. Jordan	330
LUCRETIUS, Carleton W. Stanley	339
THE HAGIOGRAPHY OF THE BOLLANDISTS, J. S. Cornett ...	351
A GLANCE AT THE PHARMACOLOGY OF THE PAST, T. Gibson	379
THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC, W. M. C.	392
BOOK REVIEWS	401
NOTES AND COMMENTS, W. G. J.; W. M. C.; W. A. M.....	412

Queen's Quarterly.

VOL. XXXII

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No. 1

BYRON

DURING the past six months several books and innumerable lectures and essays have been published on Byron's life and poetry. I propose to set down some remarks suggested by one or two of these.

I.

At least two important books on his life have appeared, Mr J. D. Symon's *Byron in Perspective* and Mr. Harold Nicolson's *Byron's Last Journey*. The first of these deals more fully than ever before with the eight years which Byron as a boy spent in Aberdeen. Many writers on Byron speak with a shudder or a sniff of that period:—the mean lodging, the poor furniture (sold by the way for seventy-seven pounds when the Byrons removed to England), the nurse running out to meet her lover and leaving little "Geordie" to the terrors of the dark, the depressing city. All this is the nightmare of a southerner who has stayed in the Station Hotel for a night. Aberdeen is no more depressing than the crow's nest of an Atlantic liner. The Byrons' apartments had three large windows looking out on a fashionable street; one of their rooms measured seventeen and a half by twelve; for his amusement the boy had the motley pageant of fairs, markets, volunteer-marches and trades-processions.

It was in these early years, as every schoolboy knows, that Byron became aware of the beauty of nature and had implanted in him a love of mountain scenery. I write these sentences within a stone's throw of the stoutly-built, red-tiled cottage in which Byron used to spend part of his holidays. Two miles beneath in the shot evening haze stretch the flat blue of the sea and a skirting of sand; above it are ridges of gleaming houses with a plume or two of green; and at my

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

feet the last remaining field. It is a prospect of which even a child might become conscious—seen from day to day, pano-plied in cloud, or lit by the blaze of dawn, or as now on a still summer evening. At any rate Byron has it beneath his eyes. And I cannot help supposing that what Goethe says of a similar wide prospect may be also true of him. As Goethe looked over the garden walls and ramparts of Frankfort to a beautiful and fertile plain, watching the thunderstorms play above it and the sun set behind it and with the hum of the city in his ears, he had, he says, excited in him a feeling of solitude and a sense of vague longing.

Certainly the mountains round Ballater—Lochnagar and Morven, their lochs and pools and rowan trees—left their mark on his poetic life “When very young,” he says in a note to *The Island*, “about eight years of age, after an attack of the scarlet fever at Aberdeen, I was removed by medical advice into the Highlands. Here I passed occasionally some summers, and from this period I date my love of mountainous countries.” It was not only the majesty of the Alps nor the poetic story of Ida and Olympus that drew him to them, but the memory of Lochnagar.

And Lochnagar with Ida looked o’er Troy.

Among all the assaults made on Byron no one has suggested that his love of nature was not genuine or that the famous passages on the sea, the mountain and the forest are in the “blown, puffy style.” He often in his haste puts in a fleshly image, or a line of rhetoric which brings his eagle flight tumbling to the ground.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli’s mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds . . .

The remainder of the stanza is not worth quoting, for, though it contains one good line, the movement stumbles and the moon becomes “meek Dian’s crest” and “the island of the blest.” But how many openings and closes are there of this kind! They rise on broad vans not from the valleys but from the mountain-peaks of poetry.

BYRON

In Byron's poetry of nature are many elements not found in his early sentiment for Lochnagar and Morven. That freedom of spirit he felt on shipboard and his unconcern and calm in the presence of the greatest dangers of the sea came to him, if it came at all, from his granduncle, John the Admiral. In his early travels in Greece he had that kind of practical interest in the new and strange which distinguishes the explorer. He found in the stupendous and marvellous in nature—the herbless granite of the mountains where the hum of insects is never heard, Mt. Hymettus purple in the evening sunshine, the ocean into which armadas melt like snowflakes—an escape from himself and from the meanness, pettiness and tyranny which had clamped his age down again on the rock of torture. His love of nature is a vast thing beside his boy's delight in the "Highlands' swelling blue." Yet it is more than patriotism that makes Mr. Symon dwell on these early memories. Without them Byron would have been the poet of her "frolic Grace, Fitzfulke"—a great poet indeed but only half of what he was. They were a moulding influence.

But from their nature will the tannen grow
Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,
Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks
Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk, and mocks
The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
Of bleak, gray granite into life it came,
And grew a tree;—the mind may grow the same.

Mr. Harold Nicolson in his brilliant study, *Byron: The Last Journey*, explains Byron's life by saying that it was a catalogue of false positions. "It must be realized that the life of Byron is not, as has been often imagined, a series of wasted opportunities; rather it is a catalogue of false positions. . . From his childhood the foreground of his life had been out of focus with the background. He might, for he was then sturdy enough, have fitted into the rough and tumble of the grammar school at Aberdeen. After all, he was but a scrubby chubby child, whose mother dragged her meagre possessions from lodging-house to lodging-house, on an income of some £160 a year. But behind it all there was the pernicious

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

theory that he was different from his fellows; that he was the descendant of Scottish Kings; that he would one day (although at his birth there were six lives between himself and the title) become an English peer. This theory, rammed into him persistently, vitiated his attitude towards his early surroundings." Mr. Nicolson, as he wrote these sentences, had perhaps in mind that day in the Grammar School of Aberdeen when Byron addressed as *Domine* burst into tears. But in no true life is the foreground in focus with the background. Except in those who remain as men what they were in their swaddling-clothes, all true life is a series of false positions. What matters to the artist is the vitality he draws from them. Had Byron not remembered that he was the descendant of Scottish kings he would not have written:

Awake! (not Greece—she is awake.)
Awake, my spirit. Think through whom
Thy life-blood tracks her parent lake,
And then strike home.

The evidence hardly justifies the picture of Byron's life in Aberdeen as wretched; even it was so, one must allow, at least, that Byron drew some kind of poetical sustenance from it.

"Auld Lang Syne,"

Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgownie Brig's black wall,

meant a great deal to him; which will surprise no one who remembers the colour of the stream he learned to swim in and the contour of the hills he saw day and night, Sunday and Saturday, Summer and Winter, in his childhood. It is interesting to remark how often he goes back to these Highland days. One passage, I think, has not been referred to by Mr. Symon or any other. It occurs in a letter written from Cephallonia, in the last months of his life. He is speaking of the death of a Souliote chief.

"They have lately lost another chief in action, Giarella, whose widow is here. She sent her little boy, a child of four years old, to pay me a visit the other day; he is a sturdy little lion's whelp, with an immense head, and neither cries nor laughs like other children; but sits still, and blows out his lips, and snorts as the Highlanders do when they are angry. He already talks of revenging his father's death . . ."—Lord Byron's Correspondence, vol. 2, p. 280.

BYRON

2.

Mr Nicolson's book, *Byron: The Last Journey*, is so vivid a narrative of the last months of Byron's life that when one comes to his death, one shares the dismay of those who had watched by his bed through the wet, sullen, thunderous afternoon. It is a book already so celebrated that it need not be described in detail. It is not an apotheosis of Byron. He is no splendid figure as he comes shambling out into the courtyard to meet Lady Blessington—"a pale little man without a hat and with wisps of auburn grey hair tumbling over the back of his collar." He is not even an English gentleman; he chattered to Lady Blessington about his wife, which an English gentleman should not do. The few trappings of romance that surround the adventure are pitiful; he prepared for himself a uniform of scarlet and gold and a Homeric helmet, plume and all. He dies amid seeming squalor and seeming failure, surrounded by wrangling Souliotes and ignorant doctors. Yet the impression left by the book is one of determination and heroism. He had no illusions about the Greeks. It was a general gaol delivery that had taken place there, he said, and one could not expect them for some time to walk as if they had not gyves on their legs. Once or twice he hesitated about making himself and his dollars the prey of the greedy contending chiefs. Yet all the time, more like a clear-headed soldier or man of affairs than a romantic poet, he pushed on his preparations for helping that party in Greece which best represented the nation.

Mr. Nicolson says in his Preface that he has discarded the legend that Byron went to Greece inspired solely by Philhellenic enthusiasm. "For the living fascination of Byron arises from the perpetual conflict between his intelligence and his character, and in the last weeks of his life this conflict is vivified, and finally allayed, by the emergence of that superb physical courage which even his own flickering imagination could not affright. This element can only be apprehended if set against a background (and it is the true background) of diffidence, irresolution, perplexity and fear." Byron, he says, was pressed into the Greek adventure by one of those false positions of which his life was full. Shelley in his benevolence

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

had quartered on him Leigh Hunt, his wife, and their children—little Yahoos, whom he trained his bulldog to bark at; the Countess Guiccioli was becoming a burden; his poetry seemed to him to be losing its spell. He was weary of himself, of his outlawry, of his friends, of the curious English visitors. He would go to America; he would buy an island in the Grecian Archipelago; he would have Lady Blessington take a house in Genoa and brighten his life by her presence and talk. Finally he bought the brig "Hercules" and went to Missolonghi. But it was almost by a chance that that proved his way of escape.

In order to make his picture of Byron vivid—his picture of him in his last days as superbly courageous, yet at the same time diffident, irresolute, perplexed and fearful—Mr. Nicolson rather over-emphasizes the theme of "Poor Byron." One feels that he was not such a straw on the ocean. The Greek adventure, after all, did not mean quite the same as going to America; it was in line with those enthusiasms and protests in the name of liberty of which he had become a symbol in Europe. He might laugh at them but he only half believed himself and no one else did. And though he knew from the beginning what going to the help of the Greeks meant, he threw into the struggle from the beginning the fortune he had been slowly accumulating—and his life. It was a magnificent moral act. When the "Hercules" put back to Genoa because of a calm, he said that if it were not for fear of the laughter of his friends he would turn back. One should not make too much of this. Who is not subject to such hesitations? The amazing thing is that through all his doubts and glooms and disappointments he drove on. There must have been some deep determination in him.

3.

Professor Chew's *Byron in England* is a mine of information regarding the contemporary criticisms of Byron's poems and about the fluctuations of his fame in the nineteenth century. It raises innumerable interesting questions; but the most interesting deals with his place as a poet at the present time. What does he mean to a reader in 1924 who goes to his books for poetry? Of course such a reader has to understand the passions and enthusiasms out of which they came; but he

BYRON

will not allow them to dull his poetical sense. He will not read Byron like the poor clerks and weavers of whom Mark Rutherford speaks, who got a new breath of life from every line of the *Corsair* and the *Giaour*; or like John Morley who dwelt on the political force that such poems as Childe Harold exercised; or like Brandes who puts Byron in the centre of his picture in his *Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature*. In an estimate of his place in history these things would count; but here they are to be put aside, for they betray one into enthusiasms that have nothing to do with the actual poetic accomplishment.

What does Byron mean to an English reader and lover of poetry in 1924? (One must exclude the French and the German reader because Hamlet was not more astonished at his mother not seeing the Ghost than he at our blindness to the glamour of the Titan poet.)

Round this question a battle has raged during the last forty years. It begun with Arnold's preface to his *Poetry of Byron* which he ended by saying that Byron was second only to Wordsworth among the great romantic poets and at some points his superior. Swinburne answered him with a violent attack on Byron's poetry; and W. E. Henley, Andrew Lang and Lionel Johnson ranged themselves on one side or the other. At the present moment the battle still goes merrily on. Professor Grierson leads the heavy cavalry, thundering down with trumpets sounding and banners flying. Faithful to an old love Professor Elton brings up the infantry and engineers, securing every foot of the ground as he advances. The old warrior, Saintsbury, lies across their path, entrenched behind his many *Histories* and with the spirits of the thousands of books he has read clustering round him: even the volumes published by the Early English Text Society he looks towards with a friendly and encouraging glance; greets with hearty rapture every forgotten poet of all the forgotten ages; but Byron he cannot away with.

I do not mean to record the battle in detail—is it not all in the pages of *Byron in England*?—but to shoot an arrow here and there, now on this side now on that.

The battle would end on the spot if all the combatants could agree that Byron had written only three poems—*Beppo*,

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

The Vision of Judgement, and *Don Juan*. His fault as a poet, it is said, is that he has not a fine ear for the rhythms of English verse. When his Spenserian stanza is in full sail a spar often breaks and down comes the whole structure; his Blank Verse stumbles, limps, falters, trails, stops short; even in his admired passages he is oratorical and declamatory. But this is certainly not a fault of the verse of *Beppo*, *The Vision of Judgement*, and *Don Juan*. The verse of *Beppo* is like a Rolls Royce going down a rough path, giving us a pleasant jolt or two but never a jar.

And then he was a Count, and then he knew
Music, and dancing, fiddling, French and Tuscan;
The last not easy, be it known to you,
For few Italians speak the right Etruscan.
He was a critic upon operas, too,
And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin;
And no Venetian audience could endure a
Song, scene, or air, when he cried "seccatura."

To the vivid snatches of character, the touches of vulgarity, the rather thin but sparkling and copious wit, the stanza easily accommodates itself. But to realize what he can do with this stanza one must turn to *The Vision of Judgement* or to *Don Juan*—to the comic stuff of the recording angel stripping both his wings for quills to overtake arrears, or to the exit of the spirits of both the lower and the upper worlds when Southey draws out his MS, or to the Haidée episode.

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
A purple hectic play'd like dying day
On the snow-tops of distant hills: the streak
Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,
Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk, and weak;
And his black curls were dewy with the spray,
Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp and salt,
Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.

It must be allowed, of course, that Byron's verse, even in *Don Juan*, is often cheap.

Ave Maria, 'tis the hour of prayer.
Ave Maria, 'tis the hour of love.

And the further one goes back in his work, the more uncertain he becomes. No great English poet has written so

BYRON

much inferior verse. I have read that when he is at his best he rushes on like a torrent; it should be added that it is a torrent which conceals many sunken rocks. Even in some of the most famous stanzas only the first lines count—even in *I see before me the Gladiator lie*, and *Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll*. It has been pointed out by various critics during the last year or two that we should not ask from Byron the perfection of Tennyson or Rossetti or even that of the less highly finished work of Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth. It is the speed and momentum of his verse that counts, its dark fire that heats but does not illuminate. But there is neither speed nor momentum nor dark fire in an ill-conceived, ill-wrought stanza like 94 of Canto III of *Childe Harold*:

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted.
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed;
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

4.

The romances of Byron are readable still; but on a warm summer afternoon one wishes the tea-hour would interrupt the turning of the pages.

My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
My hope on high—my all below,
Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me.

Does any lover breathe these words in his lady's ear now? The *Giaour* against the half-illumined wall with curling quivering lip and dark hair wildly wreathing his brow, only makes us smile. Yet the life in these romances will splutter away for a long time yet; for one has always the hope of coming upon swiftly-traced lines like:

The winds are high on Helle's wave
As on that night of stormy water
When Love who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter: . . .

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

and in a fog of words one can be startled by the bold emphasis of the story-teller when a Conrad throws off his disguise.

Up rose that Dervise with that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight:
Dash'd his high cap and tore his robe away . . .
Shone his mail'd breast and flash'd his sabre's ray.

Byron was strangely compounded. What can be said for the man who allowed the miserable verses, *Fare Thee Well* to be printed immediately after his separation from his wife?

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.

Yet when the commandant of the troops of Ravenna was assassinated in the streets and soldiers and townsmen stood trembling and terrified at a distance from the dying man, it was the same Byron who rushed out and helped him, acting on those natural promptings of justice and humanity that all ages praise. If he often postures and plays the mountebank he can on occasion strike from the emotions a clear true note. In *The Prisoner of Chillon* and *Parisina*, for instance. These two poems have a justness in their expression and in their treatment of feeling that takes one back to Dryden at his best. There is no "poeshie" in them. One finds them the same quality as in his account in his Letters of the death of the commandant of the troops in Ravenna, and one is tempted to say that the nearer his verse approaches the prose of his letters, the better it is. Yet *Parisina* and *The Prisoner of Chillon* are essential poetry: they take a higher kind of flight than his Letters.

A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing . . .

In such verses he reaches a height where prose cannot follow.

The first two cantos of *Childe Harold* have been in recent years underestimated with slavish monotony. If they were

BYRON

published to-day for the first time they would cause as much stir as they did in 1812. Mr. Masefield has not described a sailing-ship at sea with more spirit than Byron in stanzas 17-21 of Canto II.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.
And oh, the little warlike world within.
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy, . . .

On the other hand, Cantos IV and V have been overestimated. I do not mean that they are inferior to the first two: the range of subject is far wider—all those ideas about Liberty and Nature that excited Europe about 1816, Waterloo, Napoleon, Rousseau, Voltaire, Venice, Rome—and the power to deal with them is greater. But there are many dead flowers in their garden. He takes ten stanzas to draw Napoleon in a Byronic pose—galling his enemies by smiling upon them with a sedate and all-enduring eye—and only in the ninth does his thought become candescent. The celebrated storm on Lake Lemman begins with four tawdry lines and a “young earthquake . . .” introduced, one must suppose, to fill out the Alexandrine. What conviction is borne to us now in lines like these?

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion?

The eulogists of these cantos carried away by the grandeur of a line or two see the whole poem in their light.

Yet Freedom, yet thy banner torn, but flying
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind.

One must not deceive oneself into thinking that the whole stanza which begins with these lines is in the same lofty strain, or that there are many stanzas that strike the same note.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Professor Grierson has written on these cantos: "It is with a powerful requickening of our blood that we hear again the rolling guns and clattering squadrons of the stanzas on Waterloo, the storm and passion of Lake Leman. The old thrill comes back when we read again of "the Niobe of nations,"

Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe,

her tombs and ruined Forum, the empty moonlit Coliseum; or hear the old moral, in accents of reverberating intensity, of the vanity of human life, the intoxicating sweetness of love, the sublimity and indifference of nature." These glowing sentences almost persuade one to give up one's poetical birth-right; but they are true of only one or two short series of stanzas, those on Waterloo, for instance, or those beginning,

"O Rome, my Country, City of my Soul!"

Matthew Arnold said that Byron had not a great artist's profound and patient skill in combining an action or in developing a character, but that he had "a wonderful power of vividly conceiving a single incident, a single situation; of throwing himself upon it, grasping it, and of making us see and feel it too." Arnold said also that taken as a whole he was capable of becoming tiresome; and lest his fame should suffer from this, he made a selection from his works—The Poetry of Byron in the Golden Treasury series—which gives examples only of that part of his work in which is apparent his "splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength." On the whole critical opinion from 1881 to the present day has been opposed to Arnold's scheme. Byron must be read as a whole, it is said, or at least in whole poems. He communicates no thrill, sets up no agitation in our mind unless we follow him down the Rhine, across the Alps, and from Venice to Rome. A line or two from Virgil or Milton brings one into real communion with them, but a stanza from *Childe Harold* or a speech from *Manfred* or *Cain* is no more the true Byron than a dead pool left in the rocks by the tide, is the true ocean. Yet I think Arnold to be right. After all Byron is capable of becoming tiresome. He takes us on a grand tour, as it were; but on some days he is more asleep than awake, and why should we listen to him then? If on a

BYRON

railway journey we came to a point where the line had fallen into disrepair and we were forced to walk for a mile or two, we should lose the sense of being whirled rapidly over great distances. In Byron's inferior stanzas the line is torn up; we deceive ourselves if we think we experience any sense of movement in them. The lover of poetry should read Byron only in what are disdainfully called purple patches.

W. D. TAYLOR.

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

IN a former number of the *Quarterly* the conflict of Idealism and Realism, as it existed in the beginning of the nineteenth century, was illustrated by summaries of the salient points in these opposing doctrines. Since then much water has flowed beneath the bridges. Green and Caird, Bradley and Bosanquet, have sought to commend Idealism to the thinking public, and for a time the opposite school of thought, the Realists, were comparatively silent. But philosophy is never at rest, and now a new statement and defence of Realism has been given by the Honourable Bertrand Russell, a distinguished mathematician, and quite recently by Professor Alexander of the University of Manchester. Not to complicate matters too much I propose to allow Professor Alexander to state his case, and to introduce later Dr. Bosanquet as the exponent of Idealism.

Scene as before: the Banqueting Hall of Glasgow University. Time, April, 1907.

The Chairman: Gentlemen, we have here to-night Socrates of Athens, known wherever men of culture meet together to exchange ideas on philosophical problems. I do not propose to engage myself in the debate, and I shall therefore call upon Socrates to open the discussion. I think I may venture to say that he will not hesitate to do so, considering his inveterate habit of buttonholing even those who think they might be better engaged than in submitting to his persistent interrogation of their most assured beliefs. (Laughter and applause.)

Socrates: I think it is too bad of your esteemed Principal to prejudice your minds against so humble an individual as myself, who never pretended to have any knowledge of his own, great or small. Some of those who speak of themselves as my disciples do imagine that they have a great message to give to their fellow-countrymen, but they have no authority from me for their all too dogmatic attitude. I should therefore like to hear what new light you people of the Western world have to throw on the problems which used to cause

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

us much heart-searching. Perhaps the Principal will be so good as to suggest some one of those present who will say something which will give me an opportunity later to put a few questions, solely for my own enlightenment.

The Principal: I would suggest that Socrates may get some new light by listening to Professor Alexander.

Alexander: Personally I would prefer that Dr Bosanquet should have stated the case for Idealism, a task for which no one is better qualified, but I know that when your Principal makes a request, he expects, and you all expect, that he should be obeyed, and I shall therefore try to commend to your careful consideration the claim of Realism to acceptance. I can assure Socrates that, though I am unable to accept some of Plato's views on individual points, I have unlimited respect for his philosophical powers, as we all have, I am sure. (Applause.) I should like also to add that, though I venture to differ from modern Idealism, which is a lineal descendant so to speak of the Platonic doctrine of Forms, it nevertheless commands my admiration and respect, and I am therefore all the more anxious not to overestimate the points in which it differs from Realism. It has been advocated with vigour and persuasiveness by Mr. Bradley and Mr. Bosanquet, and it is to these great leaders of modern thought that I owe whatever capacity for philosophical speculation I may have attained. There are many points in which I agree with Mr. Bradley. When he argues that without secondary qualities, such as colour, sound, taste, and touch, extension is inconceivable, I think that he would be entirely right, had he not unfortunately denied extension to be conceivable in its own right, as I hold it is. I am also aware that it is an unpardonable mistake to confuse Idealism as he understands it with the absurd doctrine that we cannot get beyond our own subjective states. Solipsism is, as Green once said, "the raw undergraduate's notion of Idealism." Mr. Bradley has shown that a solipsist at one moment could not talk to himself as he was at a previous moment because he would have no continuous self. But my way of meeting him is different from that of Mr. Bradley. All metaphysical difficulties, I contend, are avoided if we start with the empirical fact that we do communicate with one another about a common world which each of us sees from his own

point of view (*Space, Time, and Deity*, I. p. 90). The objection to Solipsism as a philosophical doctrine is not that it would isolate us from one another, or that, as Mr. Bradley has shown, it would equally isolate any one part of my experience from any other; its impossibility lies in its infidelity to the facts of experience whether as delivered to simple inspection or as derived from a consideration of finite existence in general (II, 231).

I must not, however, waste your time by dwelling too much on the many points in which I am unable to agree with Mr. Bradley. His contention that all our ordinary ideas are self-contradictory, I cannot accept. He has not, as Professor Stout points out, shown that these ideas are inherently inconsistent. Mr. Bradley argues that relations depend on qualities, and qualities on relations, and this, he maintains, shows that both ideas are self-contradictory. But the asserted contradiction arises from supposing that the dependence is identical in the two cases, whereas, as Mr. Stout has pointed out, relations depend on the qualities for their very being, while qualities depend on their relations only for the fact that they are related, not for the qualities themselves. Thus, the distance from Glasgow and Manchester arises from, depends on, is the manifestation of, the positions of these towns. But they do not owe their position to their distance, they only owe to it their distance. The towns must be there to be so many miles distant, but their distance is not something by itself which steps down and connects the towns, but is the fact of their connection in space. Or, again, a man is a father because he is a male whose functions have been realized; he does not owe his being a father to the paternal relation, but that relation implies his being a father. These reflections seem to me to show that relations between terms and qualities do not present inherent contradictions.

Enough of our disagreement with Mr. Bradley. I must leave these vexed questions and endeavour to state positively why I am a realist.

I begin then by saying that in my humble opinion the Idealists so called approach the problems of philosophy in a wrong way. They are not satisfied to start with what we all know in our ordinary experience, but begin by asking what is

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

the nature of the universe as a whole, or the Absolute, or Unconditioned. We realists think that the proper way is to begin with our ordinary beliefs, and advance cautiously and carefully to the ultimate problems. Much contempt has been poured upon "good old Doctor Reid" because he thought that we must admit the common conviction of mankind that when I see a chair or a house, a river or a mountain, I have a direct or intuitive apprehension of these sensible things. Descartes, he held, and we think rightly held, made a profound and initial mistake when he affirmed that we must begin with the Ego or Self. Certainly that is not the way in which our experience begins and develops. A child does not know anything at all about himself. He begins by seeing things about him. As Tennyson says:

The baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is pressed
Against the circle of the breast,
Hath never said that 'this is I'.

But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of thou and me,
And says 'I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch'.

That is the attitude of Realism, as I understand it.

But you may say: "Sir William Hamilton was a realist as well as Dr. Reid, and he believed in an Absolute, and thought he had proved it by showing the contradictions into which we fall the moment we go beyond ordinary experience." Now, we do not prejudge the question as to the existence of an Absolute, but neither can we admit, as I have already indicated, that the categories by which we introduce order into our ordinary experience are self-contradictory. We think that it is high time to reassert that Space is Space, Time is Time, and Action is Action. We do not, at least I do not, deny that there are realities higher than *sensa*: on the contrary, it is part of our creed that beyond *sensa* and beyond *moralia* lie those great religious ideas that men have always cherished. But, while this is my firm conviction, I still affirm that the space and time, the events and occurrences, of our ordinary life, cannot contradict reality, but are aspects of it.

All philosophical problems, in my view, are reducible to a

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

true conception of the nature of Space and Time, and their relation to each other. We assume their reality, as common sense does, and go on to ask of what sort of reality they are. This view is in abrupt contrast to that of Bradley and others, who maintain that Space and Time are self-contradictory, and while assigning to them their due reality as 'appearances', deny that they are ultimately real, maintaining that the whole or the ultimately real is spaceless and timeless (I, 35). Events, they say, which in our experience appear in time, that is, are laid out in succession, lose that character in the absorbing whole. Even Mr. Russell, who is regarded as a realist, while affirming that the contention that time is unreal, and that the world of sense is illusory, is based on fallacious reasoning, says that "there is some sense, easier to feel than to state, in which time is an unimportant characteristic of reality." "The importance of time," he adds, "is rather practical than theoretical. Both in thought and in feeling, to realize the unimportance of time is the gate of wisdom." I cannot agree with this contention. Time, in my view, is not unimportant, whether we speak of it as a whole or fix our attention upon a particular time.

Let me try to make this clear. Space and Time as presented in ordinary experience are commonly known as Extension and Duration, entitles (let us say provisionally), or forms of existence in which bodies occupy places, and events occur at times or moments, these events being either external or mental. Consider first physical Space and Time, leaving mental occurrences to a later stage. In order to examine empirically what Space and Time are, it is necessary to consider them by themselves, in abstraction from the bodies and events that occupy them. One difficulty in doing so is that we have not any sense-organ for Space and Time; we only apprehend them in and through our sensible apprehension of their filling. Our mode of apprehension is that of "intuition" (I, 37).

Now, the ordinary mind, impressed with things and events, naïvely thinks of Space and Time as if they were a sort of receptacle or framework in which things and events are found. The helplessness of such a belief, which makes the connection of things with their space accidental, drives us into

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

the relational view, according to which Space and Time are relations between things. But this view seems clearly not to represent our direct experience of Space and Time. For bodies are not only in relations of Space to one another, but they themselves occupy space and have shapes (I, 38). In truth, to consider Space and Time by themselves is not an illegitimate abstraction; it is in fact nothing but the consideration of things and events in their simplest and most elementary character. Kant says that you can think away material bodies in Space, but you cannot think away Space. He was perfectly right, but unfortunately he explained this fact by saying that Space is a form of "intuition," which it is not. Bradley declares that without secondary qualities extension is not conceivable; which is not true, for Space is conceivable in its own right. The decision can only be made by examination of the facts conducted with the help of hypothesis (I, 39 and note).

Physical extension is presented to us in experience as something within which bodies are placed and move, something which contains parts but is continuous, so that the parts are not presented as having a separate existence. The parts of Space are experienced as co-existent. In like manner Time or duration is experienced as a duration of the successive; it is continuous, so that its distinguishable parts are not isolated but connected.

Now, the continuity and infinitude of Space and Time thus spoken of are the crude original characters of them as they appear in our uncritical experience. They are apprehended, in the first instance, just as other things are apprehended, if not in sense, at any rate through sense; but only finite spaces and times are presented through sense. But even so our senses give us such evidence as they can of these original characters. For no finite space or time is experienced without a surrounding space or time into which it insensibly flows. And every finite time or space is sensibly continuous or uninterrupted; it is not an aggregate of parts, but something in which parts can be distinguished as fragments of the whole (I, 39-40).

When we proceed to speak of Space and Time as continuous wholes and distinguishable into points or instants, we are

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

going beyond what we learn through sense and employing ideas, or what are sometimes called intellectual constructions, and are employing also thoughts in the special and proper sense of concepts. Nor is there any reason why a realist should not do so. For the simplest objects of experience are full of ideas. A thing of a certain colour and shape, for example, is seen as a man. Half the object is ideal, due to our interpretation of what we see. What we perceive is the object, which we sense as supplemented by what we image or think. Space and Time are only in like case with other experienced things, and to apprehend them we need to use imagination and conception. We take a sensible space and elaborate and extend it by ideas and concepts. It is still plainer that infinite Space is apprehensible only with the help of thought. Similarly, there are no perceptible points or instants, but only durations and extents. But we discover that an extent or a duration admits division continually. Accordingly, we construct the idea of a point or instant in a way the reverse of that by which we construct an infinite Space or Time. We start with a finite extent or duration, we imagine it divided, and then we interpret this imagination by the concept that there is no end to the division. A point is thus something which, founded on apprehended reality, is constructed by an act of analytic imagination, which involves also besides the image or idea of a point the concept of point as the element out of an infinitude of which an extent is made. We must not imagine that the elements are unreal because they are ideal constructions, any more than we imagine that a man's back is unreal because we do not see it but only imagine it or have it in idea. For a sense has no monopoly of reality (I, 40-42).

The infinitude of Space or Time is the other side of their continuity. It expresses, not their uninterrupted oneness, but their single wholeness. Our thinking only finds, it does not make, an element which is not discoverable by unaided sense. The infinity of Space does not mean that we never can reach the end of it, however far we go. That would be to describe Space in terms of our infirmity. Infinite Space is positive; finite space is negative. The infinite is not what is not finite, but the finite is what is not infinite. In this sense Space (or Time) is presented as an infinite thing which is prior to every

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

finite piece of it (I, 42). Space is infinite because it is self-contained, as the mathematicians have made luminously clear (I, 43).

Space and Time are presented to us as infinite and continuous wholes of parts. I call these parts points and instants (I, 44). Now, there is no Space without Time, and no Time without Space. Empirically Time is given as a succession within duration. It is a continuous duration, but it is also successive. Physical Time is a succession from earlier to later. The succession from past through present to future belongs properly to mental or psychical time. If time existed in complete independence and in its own right, there could be no continuity in it. For the essence of Time in its purely temporal character is that the past or earlier is over before the later is present. And thus in virtue of its successiveness it would not only not be continuous but would cease even to be for itself successive (I, 44-45). It is Space that supplies us with the continuum needed to save Time from being a mere 'now' (I, 46).

But if Time cannot be what it is without indissoluble relation to Space, neither can Space be except through indissoluble connection with Time. For Space taken by itself in its distinctive character of a whole of co-existence has no distinction of parts. Space so far as merely spatial becomes a blank. It would be without distinguishable elements. There must therefore be some form of existence, some entity, not itself spatial, which distinguishes and separates the parts of Space. This other form of existence is Time (I, 47). Without Time there would be no points to connect. It follows that there is no instant of time without a position in space and no point of space without an instant of time. A point *occurs* at an instant and an instant *occupies* a point. There are no such things as points or instants by themselves. There are only point-instants or Pure events. In like manner there is no mere Space or Time but only Space-Time or Time-Space. Space and Time by themselves are abstractions from Space-Time. The real existence is Space-Time, the continuum of point-instants or *Pure Events* (I, 48).

This being admitted, we can explain the character of *Physical Space*. Physical Space is three dimensional, while

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Time is irreversible in direction and each instant is between two instants; before the one and after the other; or the relation of 'before' is transitive, that is, if an instant *A* is before an instant *B*, and *B* before *C*, *A* is before *C* (I, 51). Now the three dimensions of Space correspond to the characters of Time, and are not really independent of each other (note, I, 59); but, considered spatially, the three dimensions of Space are independent: position may vary according to each independently of the other. Now, a one dimensional Space would not secure the irreversibility of Time; but if Space has two dimensions, succession is irreversible (I, 53). If it has three dimensions, Time is transitive (I, 55). It follows as a matter of course that, since every instant is connected with other instants continuously, in definite order and in the transitive relation, every point is related to other points in three dimensions, and is therefore voluminous. The physical point is in fact the limit of a volume (I, 56).

Why is not Space credited with irreversibility of order and betweenness? The answer is that all order presupposes Time. Points in space are ordered in virtue of their time-character. This does not mean that they assume an order through our act in arranging them or selecting them by a process which takes time. The mind merely contemplates what it finds in Space and Time. Positions in space are really ordered themselves, but they are so ordered in virtue of the time-character which is essential to them (I, 56). The reason, then, why space has three dimensions is that Time is successive, irreversible, and uniform in direction. Observe that I am not attempting to 'construct' Space and Time. I am merely trying to show how the various features of the one depend for their character on those of the other (I, 57).

Now we conceive of growth in Time, or the history of the Universe as a whole, or any part of it, as a continuous redistribution of instants of Time among points of Space. There is no new Space to be generated as Time goes on, but within the whole of Space, or the part of it, the instants of Time are differently arranged, so that points become different point-instants, and instants become also different point-instants.

The physical universe is thus through and through historical, the scene of motion. Since there is no Space without

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

Time, there is no such thing as empty space or empty Time, and there is no resting or immoveable Space. There is no difficulty in the thought of a Space-Time which contained no matter or other qualities but was, in the language of Genesis, without form and void before there was light or sound. But though empty of qualities, Space is full of Time and Time is full of Space. Space-Time is a *plenum*. There is no vacuum in it, for that vacuum would be itself a part of Space-Time (I, 65). Nor is there any immoveable Space. Space as a whole is neither immoveable nor in motion. For that would suppose that there was some Space in which it could rest or move and would destroy its infinitude. Even when we speak of *Space* as a whole, we must observe that it is *not a completed whole at any moment*, for this would omit its temporality. Incompleteness at any moment is of the essence of Time. *Neither strictly can the universe be said to be in motion as a whole*. It is in motion in so far as it is expressed in its simplest terms (I, 66). At any moment of its history Space-Time or the Universe in its simplest terms is a growing universe and is through and through historical. Take an instant which occupies a point and take a section of Space-Time through that point-instant. If we suppose that Space is the assemblage of all events occurring now, the universe cannot be composed in reality of such sections. An integration of such sections does not represent the history of the world. For the moment which is now would be a now which perished utterly and was replaced by another now. Time would cease to be duration and would be nothing but a now, for the different nows would have no continuity (I, 67). We must, then, have "perspectives" of Space-Time. These are *analogous* to the ordinary perspectives of a solid body. At any moment of a man's history his body is a perspective at that instant of his whole life. But, as it consists of cells of all degrees of maturity, his space is of different dates of maturity. Suppose, however, that the cells are all of the same maturity; still this would be a selection from various stages of the man's history. It would indeed give his shape, but not his volume, which changes with his growth. Now this difficulty does not arise in the case of Space-Time, because Space-Time is infinite (I, 68). Thus we shall have the whole of Space filled with times of various dates. Call *O* the

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

instant of reference. One of its points is *o*; there are points intrinsically contemporary with *o*. A point *a* is earlier than *o*, and if we call the time of *o* the present, *a* is past. The point *a* is of the same date as *b* and is earlier than *c*. For example, *a* and *b* may be contemporary points of the same structure, e.g., my hand; *ac* may represent a transaction of causality, for example a bullet killing a man; that is, with reference to *a*, *a* and *c* are occupied by the events in question. Now the meaning of such reference in date to *c* is that the events *a*, *b*, and *c* lie on lines of advance which connect them with *o* (I, 69).

Personifying Space we may say that Space at any moment is full of memory and expectation. The objection may be made: How can reality contain at this moment the past, since the past is past and exists no longer? This is no real difficulty. It arises from identifying reality with the present or actual reality; it assumes in fact that Time is not real. The past event, it is true, does not exist now, and if existence is taken to be present existence, the past clearly does not exist. But if we avoid this error and take Time seriously, the past possesses such reality as belongs to the past, that is, to what is earlier than the point of reference; it does not exist now but it did exist then, and its reality is to have existed then. As to the later or future, there is at bottom no greater difficulty in speaking of the future as being real and existing really than there is in respect of the real existence of the past. A future or later point does not occur now, and therefore it is now not yet, just as the past is now no longer; but it has what reality belongs to it in the real time (I, 72).

These considerations seem to me to dispose of Mr. Bradley's contention that Space and Time are self-contradictory. If we suppose (what is not the case) that relations and terms are only apparent characters of things, we may plausibly maintain two propositions which seem to contradict each other: first, Space consists of extended substances; and second, it is a mere relation. It cannot be substances, or spaces, alone, for these themselves contain parts and involve relations among them; and every term we choose for the relation breaks up into relations without end. "Space is essentially a relation of what vanishes into relations, which seek in vain for their terms. It is lengths of lengths of—nothing that we can find. On the other

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

hand it cannot be a mere relation. For every such relation is a relation between terms which are themselves Spaces" (*Appearance*, ch. iv, pp. 36-7). Space is thus, according to Mr. Bradley, neither a relation nor anything else, and the contradiction, even verbally, seems hopeless. But the spaces, I answer, are supposed to be resting and the relations to be distinct from what they relate. Now there is no such thing relations without end. "Space is essentially a relation of what we could conceive them at all as existing by themselves, might be stationary, and the relation between two spaces might be a kind of mechanical bond, a relation which does not relate. It might be supposed even to be the connecting or intermediate space, but there would be no cohesion; and hence the contradiction. But Space is spatio-temporal. Now Time is of its essence fluid, is succession. The Time which is in Space drives on any space into connection with some other space, and secures to it continuity. Thus spatial relation is of the very being of any two spaces, for it is their connecting situation into which they are compelled by their time. The terms and the relations are distinguishable elements in one and the same empirical fact which is spatio-temporal. For the same reason any space breaks up into parts without end because the time which is in it distinguishes it into parts within the original piece of space; and the infinity of this process being vital to space is not the bad infinity which is the counterpart of our human helplessness, but the good infinity which is implied in the real nature of the thing and is self-representativeness. (For the distinction of the two sorts of infinite regress, see B. Russell, *Principles of Mathematics*, ch. iv, pp. 50-51.)

Let us now turn to Time. If Time be taken apart from Space it is a mere 'now' and can admit no before or after. The argument of Mr. Bradley starts by affirming, what is true, that the 'now' of Time implies before and after; but it takes a somewhat different form from the argument about Space. For there the parts of Space are presented together. But when they are taken apart from Space we cannot have present and past or future presented together. "Presented time is time present." But if the 'now' involves 'before' and 'after', there is a relation between 'before' and 'after', and the puzzles of relation and its terms reappear. Either the 'now' is a dur-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

ation and breaks up into parts or 'nows' without end; or if it is not a duration it becomes a relation between terms which are in themselves timeless, for these terms not containing a before or after are not time. Duration is either substantive and breaks up into parts, or a relation, or rather a number of relations, connecting timeless elements and therefore not having the unity necessary to time (I, 259).

Now all this maze of difficulties comes from neglecting the intrinsic spatiality of Time. You may indeed admit that Time is represented by a line. The mere pictorial representation of Time by Space does not however help, for you are then faced with the difficulties alleged against Space. But if Space is of the very being of Time, Space sustains Time as it fades into the past or dawns into the future. It is then not true as an empirical fact that "presented time is the present time." The now and then are presented as now and then, and are presented together but not in the present of the enjoying consciousness but, as befits them, the one in the present, the other in the past. The then is never a part or aspect of the now. The now is continuous with the then which was and the then which is to be. Space gives to Time its continuity as Time gives to Space its continuity. Space enables Time to be Time, that is a duration of succession. Any relation between moments of Time is then a piece of Time itself, and duration is not a relation of the timeless but of the timeful; and while duration is made of the instants it connects, these instants are connected by duration. For the relation and the terms are of the same stuff. This possibility is overlooked by the antagonist view, just because Time is treated as unspatial and consequently before and after have no attachment but are degraded into aspects of the so-called present. Just as Time drives the pieces of Space into connection, Space compels the moments of Time to remain attached, and not vanish into nothingness (I, 259-260).

What Mr. Bradley has done then is to take a fictitious or abstract Space and Time and demonstrate that they are abstractions. The effort to show up abstractions can never be praised too much. But it is misdirected when it seeks to prove that realities, misdescribed so as to be abstractions, are abstract. And now mark the revenge which the universe takes

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

upon those who do not accept it upon its own conditions. Thought which sets up its canon of satisfactoriness to itself loses its contact with the world of Space and Time which it declares to be appearance. The "what" of things is severed from the "that"; and thought moves in a world of its own. Thought which repudiates the Space-Time of which it is an element cannot be truly concrete (I, 260).

Once more we return to the truth that the difficulties of continuity and infinity, of which these embarrassments as to Space and Time are examples, arise from neglecting the initial or crude continuity and infinity, positive characteristics, of Space-Time itself. The conceptual notions of continuity and infinity build up again the original which they have begun by dissecting. But it remains true that Space-Time itself in its empirical character is the basis of continuity and infinity, of order and series, and of all the categorial characters of things which a thinking resting on human standards, not spatio-temporal ones, seeks to degrade into realities which in comparison with the ultimate are only appearances (I, 261).

We have seen the character of physical Space and Time, and I go on to speak of mental Space and Time. Contrary to the opinion of some thinkers, I maintain that mental Space and Time have the same characters and are related in the same intimacy of relation as physical Space and Time; that the time of mental events is spatial and their space temporal. Mental time is a piece of the Time in which physical events occur; and similarly of mental space (I, 93). That mind is a time-series will be admitted on all hands (I, 94). In itself mind is a theatre of movement or transition, motion without end. The direct deliverance of consciousness is that time, the time in which we 'enjoy' our mind, is part of the same Time in which those external events occur. When I remember a friend called at my house an hour ago, I mean that that event occurred an hour before my present condition of myself in the act of remembering that event, and that the mental and the physical event are apprehended within the one Time (I, 95). Only in regard of present physical events does doubt arise. It is certain that the physical events which I 'contemplate' precede by a small but measurable interval my sensory

apprehension of them; but it remains true that all our mental events stand in a time-relation to the physical events (I, 96).

Mind is successive and endures in enjoyed time, but it also enjoys itself spatially, or is extensive. Therefore Space is as much in affinity with mind as it is with matter (I, 97). In saying that when I imagine an object I locate it somewhere in the same space wherein I 'enjoy' myself, I do not mean that I locate it somewhere in front of my eyes. On the contrary, I locate it in the place in Space to which it belongs (I, 99). When I ask where I am in the whole of Space I answer by reference to my body. My mind is somewhere within my body or within my head, or *in the same place* as my central nervous system, or more specifically as the brain or some part of it (I, 101).

There is a clear distinction in experience between the contemplated *sensa*, or objects of sensation, belonging to the body and the movements of consciousness itself. In my own case a change of thought nearly always is accompanied by sensations of movement in the eyes; but I distinguish these from the acts of thought (I, 101-102). The identification of the place of mind with that of the body is derived from empirical experience. It is an essential part of the history whereby we become aware of ourselves as a union of body and mind: a body organic to mind, a mind whose functioning is conditioned by body. I call this union of body and mind the 'person' (I, 103). The bodily self or person is never the body alone, but the body with the apprehension of it. How intimately the bodily experience is involved in the inner self or in the personality is easy to recognize. For motor sensations in a very high degree, and organic sensations as well, are present in all the higher life of thought, emotion, and will, and sustain that life and give richness and resonance to it (I, 104). Even in ideation or volition, it is still the things we think about, or imagine, or desire, which interest us most. In the intercourse with other persons, to which we chiefly owe the unfolding of personality proper, we are thrown back upon ourselves by the effect of contrast, or imitation, or co-operation, or rivalry. It is then we begin to see that even in sensation it is we who have the sensations, and it is then that the conditions arise for the birth of the science of psychology (I, 105).

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

The union of body and mind is experienced by us in the bodily movements into which the mental response to external things is continued. The body is experienced as an instrument of the mind (I, 107). We learn that specific consciousness such as vision is correlated with specific movements in the occipital region of the brain. This is knowledge *about* my own vision, and extends my experience of vision, for when I see, I can think of these processes in my own brain, in ideal contemplation. Instead of roughly feeling our mind within our heads we can think of a psychosis as occupying the place of its corresponding neurosis (I, 109). Of course not every part of our brain is mentally effective at once; we may, for example, see without hearing (I, 111).

Mental events are connected together either as contemporaneous with or following on one another. Hence in this microcosm of enjoyed space and time, time, that is, enjoyed time, is laid out in space, primarily in enjoyed space but also in the contemplated space which is identical with it. We recognize that in fact mental life enjoyed in mental process occupies space, or like physical time it is experimentally spatial (I, 111).

I have already taken up too much of your time, but I am loath to sit down without indicating very shortly and perfunctorily the conclusions to which Realism leads in regard to the great problems of the existence and nature of God and of religion.

It is, I believe, impossible to prove the existence of God except on the basis of experience. No one is now convinced by the traditional arguments for the existence of God. Abandoning the attempt to define God directly, we may ask ourselves whether there is a place in the world for the quality of deity. Now, within the all-embracing stuff of Space-Time the universe exhibits an emergence in Time of successive levels of finite existences, the highest of which is mind or consciousness. Deity is the next higher empirical quality than mind. If Time were, as some have thought, a mere 'form' of sense or understanding under which the mind envisages things, this conception would be meaningless and impossible. But Time is an element in the stuff of which the universe and all its

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

parts are made (II, 345). Time is the soul of its Space, or performs towards it the office of soul to its equivalent body or brain; and this elementary mind which is Time becomes in the course of time so complicated and refined in its internal grouping that there arise finite beings whose soul is materiality, or colour, or life, or in the end what is familiar as mind. Now since Time is the principle of growth, and Time is infinite, the internal development of the world cannot be regarded as ceasing with the emergence of those finite configurations of space-time which carry the empirical quality of mind. There is nothing in mind which requires us to stop and say this is the highest empirical quality which Time can produce from now throughout the infinite Time to come.

Deity is the next higher empirical quality to mind which the universe is engaged in bringing to birth. What that quality is we cannot know; for we can neither enjoy nor still less contemplate it. Our human altars still are raised to the unknown God. If we could know what deity is, how it feels to be divine, we should first have to become gods. We can represent it to ourselves only by analogy. It is fitly described in this analogical manner as the colour of the universe.

We cannot tell what is the nature of deity, of our deity, but we can be certain that it is not mind or spirit, but something different from it in kind. God, the being which possesses deity, must be *also* spirit, in the same way as he must be living and material and spatio-temporal, but his deity is not spirit. Spirit, personality, mind all these human or mental characters belong to God but not to his deity. They belong not to his deity but to his 'body'. Yet since it is through spirit that we become aware of God, since what is beyond spirit is realized through spirit, and since spirit is the highest quality whose nature we know, it is not strange that we should represent God in human terms. But, for philosophy, God's deity is not different from spirit in degree but in kind (II, 345-350).

Since Space-Time is already a whole and one, why, it may be urged, should we seek to go beyond it? Why not identify God with Space-Time? Now, no one could worship Space-Time. A philosophy which fails to make the religious emotion intelligible, betrays a speculative weakness. For the religious

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

emotion is one part of our experience, and an empirical philosophy must include, in one form or another, the whole of experience (II, 353). The infinitude of God's deity marks the difference between him and all other empirical beings. We are finitely infinite while deity is infinitely infinite. We are finite because our minds, which are extended both in space and time, are limited pieces of Space-Time. We are infinite because we are in relation to all Space-Time and to all things in it. Our minds are infinite in so far as from our point of view, our place or date, we mirror the whole universe; we are compresent with everything in that universe (II, 356). Our minds are internally infinite, but externally we are finite. But there is nothing whatever outside the body of God, and his deity represents the whole of his body, and therefore deity, unlike mind, is infinitely infinite (II, 358-360).

The picture which has been drawn of the infinite God is a concession to our figurative or mythological tendency and to the habit of the religious consciousness to embody its conception of God in an individual shape. Its sole value lies in its indication of the relation that must be understood upon the lines traced by experience to subsist between deity and mind. But the infinite God is purely ideal or conceptual. The individual so sketched is not asserted to exist; the sketch merely gives body and shape, by a sort of anticipation, to the actual infinite God whom, on the basis of experience, speculation declares to exist. An actual God does not possess the quality of deity, but is the universe as tending to that quality. Only in this sense of straining towards deity can there be infinite actual God (II, 361). God as an actual existent is always becoming deity but never attains it (II, 365).

It may be objected that a variable God cannot be the whole universe, but must be different at each level. The answer is that the variation lies in the empirical development within the universe, and therefore not in God's totality, but first of all, in his deity, and secondly, in the orders of existents within his body which have as yet been reached. It is always the one universe of Space-Time which is God's body, but it varies in its empirical constitution and its deity. No matter, therefore, what quality the deity of God may be, his body is always the whole Space-Time (II, 366).

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

It may be of interest to Socrates to know how this form of philosophy is related to that with which he is familiar from his association with Plato and other members of his Academy.

The idea which I have ventured to bring before you is that the simplest being is Space-Time itself, and that material things are but modes of this one simple being, finite complexes of Space-Time or motion, dowered with the qualities which are familiar to us in sensible experience. To Socrates this will be a familiar doctrine, for it is the same view as Plato has expressed in the *Timaeus*, where things are constructed out of elementary triangles (II, 172-173).

Another point in which I may claim the support of Plato is that 'not-being' is not the bare absence of being, but is equivalent to 'other-being.' If we try to think of not-being as if it were something wholly disparate from being, we are surreptitiously imagining or thinking some world which has being, that is, is within Space-Time, but of a different kind. A mere blank negation is nothing at all. The nothing we can think of and experience is not nothing (not-*a*) ; but is an object of some kind, and is a department of being. These considerations have been pointed out by Plato in his *Sophistes*.

So far I have the support of Plato, but I do not think that he would have accepted my view of universals. For him they were changeless and immoveable and eternal. Not even the mind of Plato could be free from the habits of his age, one of which was to seek the highest ideals of perfection in gravity of action and statuesque repose, rather than in restless motion. Hence to account for motion he had to look for another source, which he found in soul. Universals are not particular motions but the plans of motion, and they are actualized in particular motions. But they are never dead or petrified, because in the end they are spatio-temporal plans and instinct with Time. And above all they are never bare potentialities, the creatures of abstract thinking, but possess such actuality as they can possess, which is not particular actuality or existence. The laws of the construction of things and those of the relations of things to one another are not inventions of the mind imputed to nature, but part and parcel of the constitution of nature (II, 226-7).

The Platonic doctrine of 'forms' as numbers, namely that

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

they are composed of limit and the unlimited or indeterminate dyad, represents within the world of forms what I am trying to say without any division of 'form' from sensible things, allowance always being made for the absence of Time from Plato's conception of numbers or forms. The separation of 'forms' from sense disappears when sensibles are regarded as spatio-temporal complexes (II, 227, note). Number is universal or communicates with universality. Thus the number two is embodied in two pebbles, or two men, or two inches, but is never to be identified with them. Nor is the number two a mere abstraction from concrete groups of two things, but is the plan (itself something concrete) on which this group is constructed. Thus the special numbers are the variable and shifting material in which number as such, the category number, is embodied. This rarefied, but still concrete, material is what Plato described under the name of the "indeterminate dyad," indicating by the name "dyad" its capacity of multiform realization of number as such. It is therefore by no accident, but in virtue of the intrinsic character of number and numbers, that the universality was represented by him as number and the particular universals or 'forms' as particular numbers. It is only elaborating still further the appositeness of this conception when we try to explain universals as spatio-temporal plans that are realized in the sensible particulars, which are themselves spatio-temporal existents constructed on those plans (II, 315-316: see Burnet, pp. 329 ff). Plato's doctrine of the 'forms' as the union of the form of number with the indeterminate dyad implies that when the universal is taken to be the plan of the particular spatio-temporal configuration which its particular is, we can see how the participation of the particular in the universal is illuminated by the intercommunion within the world of 'forms' (II, 323).

I follow the guidance of Plato in reckoning 'motion' as a category. For Plato it is one of his "greatest kinds of beings," which are what we call categories. Unfortunately he combines it in a pair with 'rest', which is not an independent category, but only means the absence of comparative motion in reference to some given motion, and is in fact a relative term. For Plato the doubt we have raised as to whether motion is

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

a category at all could not arise. For the matrix of becoming, the matter of things, is not for him as for us Space-Time but only Space, and movement requires to account for it a category of motion (II, 322).

I suggest an illustration of the truth that if we substitute Time for mind, the world of finites arises out of the mere restlessness of Space-Time. Let the reader in the doctrine of the *Timaeus* introduce Time into the Space of which things are made by the Creator (II, 401, note). (Applause).

The Principal: Perhaps, Socrates, you may now wish to ask Professor Alexander a question?

(Socrates says to Plato and the others, to whom he is reading from his tablets: "I may tell you that Professor Alexander is a very striking-looking man: unlike myself all his features are good, though of a marked Semitic type, witness his decisive nose and a Rabbi-like beard falling to his breast. He is no longer young, and like Professor Stout he is very deaf; so that all the Principal's beautifully clear enunciation was required to convey to him what I said." Socrates then reads as follows):

Socrates: I have one or two difficulties which I should be to obliged to Professor Alexander if he would clear up.

We are to distinguish, I understand, between acts of mind and the objects, whatever they are, of these acts; the act of seeing, for example, from the object seen, the act of hearing from the thing heard, and so with the objects of the other senses. But we must not make any bifurcation of objects into those which belong to external bodies and those which are added by the mind when stimulated by sense. The real world, as known to us in our experience, includes colours, sounds, touches, smells, as also the sensations which accompany the operation of the senses. Certainly spatial qualities—shape, size, inertia, and mobility—belong to the external reality, as common sense rightly holds, but primary qualities are no more, and you would even say are less, important than secondary qualities. That is fairly accurate, is it not?

Alexander: Yes, Socrates, but we realists differ from common opinion in seeking to *prove* the correctness of our view.

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

Socrates: Claiming to be philosophers, of course, you would! And you deny that mind in any sense creates the reality known in our experience. Reality exists quite independently of mind, even of the mind of God, admitting the existence of a God?

Alexander (with a certain hesitation): Y-e-e-s. But of course we explain Mind and God and Reality in our own way.

Socrates: No doubt. I am not at present criticizing your doctrine: I am only trying to bring your views clearly before my own mind. It is distinctive of your doctrine, in this markedly different from any form of Idealism, that mind as an object is simply one of the objects given in experience. The relation of mind to its objects is best understood from regarding it in the same way in which we regard any two bodies in space, say, a table and a chair. Each of these we commonly regard as single or individual things, and minds are similarly bodies in space which have acquired the capacity of consciousness. Minds are real, but they have no prerogative reality, any more than the table and the chair. Under the proper conditions, that is, within the range of reaction through the senses, a mind is aware of being together with other things, in the various degrees of sensation, perception and thought. My mind is here; the table is there. My mind is conscious, the table is physical. Each has its peculiar qualities, but that does not introduce any distinctive difference as regards the reality of each.

How much, then, on your view, belongs to my mind, and how much to the object—for some distinction there must be which causes us to call the one an object of mind and the other the thing which knows the object? Your answer, I take to be this: Mind consists, for example, of the act of seeing, the colour of the table is what is seen. Nothing belongs to my mind but the act. Thus mind is nothing but a number of efforts in various directions. The object apprehended, whether by perception, imagination or thought, is always non-mental or physical; nay, the mind itself as an object to itself is likewise non-mental or physical. This is true also of what some thinkers distinguish as the 'content'. The 'content' is an object of mind, and is distinct from the act of apprehending it. The mind never, even in its most complicated appre-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

hensions, in any way 'makes' the object: its sole function is to know what is there independently of its activity. One mind may apprehend an object more completely than another mind, but that does not make any difference to the object. A man who is colour blind does not directly apprehend the real colour of the physical object, but he can learn from others. His organ of sight modifies the direct object for him, but the object itself is not affected by his defect.

Another very important feature in this new form of Realism is its view of the character of 'universals'. The crude Realism of common sense has no theory of the nature of universals, but you hold that universals are actual objects of mind, and like all objects are physical.

Now, I find a certain difficulty in accepting this explanation of the character of Reality. I am not yet convinced that your account of mind and its relation to objects, including itself as an object, is the true one.

You speak of the mind as one thing and the object as another thing. Now, is the object of mind ever a single thing? Is it not simply a point of view? No one ever saw a table apart from other adjacent objects. The table is only part of a physical continuum, is it not?

Alexander: Certainly, Socrates. But the mind 'selects' or 'concentrates on' this particular object for the time being, and ignores all other things.

Socrates: Very well. But surely this act of selection cannot take place without the distinction of the table from that which is not the table. To identify is at the same time to distinguish.

Alexander: I quite agree, but to say that identification implies distinction does not show that what is so identified and distinguished is not independently real.

Socrates: We agree, then, that the mind never knows a single isolated thing. But there is another difficulty. Can we say that the mind is "on one side", and the object "on another side?" It seems to me that the mind always presupposes that the object perceived or thought is part of a whole. It is rather like an atmosphere, which embraces within itself all possible objects. The nature of mind is to include, the nature of its objects to be included. When I perceive a table, I do not find

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

myself thinking of my mind as here and the table as there. Mind always views itself as a world, not as an object in a world: it is never, I think, simply one object aware of another.

Alexander: I am quite aware that Idealistic writers speak of the mind as enveloping the whole world like an atmosphere, but I believe they have misinterpreted the facts. Minds are only one set of empirical finites, and are not in a peculiar sense connected with the universe, but only know more of it and in greater wealth of colouring than inferior finites (II, 101-2). Mind certainly selects, but so also do other finites. Every object is connected with other objects, with some more closely than others, and being a piece of Space-Time is surrounded by the rest.

Socrates: I hardly think that you have adequately answered my difficulty. The point I raised was that you spoke of the mind as "on one side", and the object "on the other side", and I objected that this did not do justice to the mind, which, in all its efforts, views itself, tacitly or explicitly, as living within a single whole or universe. You answer that there is no fundamental difference between mind and other finites: the difference, you say, is one of degree only; minds know more than other finites, that is all. Now, you are here speaking of mind as if it were in every sense finite. That the individual mind—your mind and mine—is finite is of course obvious, but on the other hand, unless it has in it an infinite side or principle, I do not see by what right you can speak of the 'world' or the 'universe' at all. You refer us to the infinity of Space-Time. But, admitting that infinity for the sake of argument, you have still to explain by what right the individual mind assumes it. Unless there is in the finite mind the same principle as exists and expresses itself in the various acts of our experience, why should the assumption of a single universe be made? Professor James, who also insists upon testing everything by its conformity with experience, sees that if in the progress of knowledge we go from part to part, we can never know that only *one* universe is possible. On the idealistic view, on the other hand, we never do go from part to part, but in every judgment we make we presuppose one single universe. If knowledge is merely a process of advancing from the less to the more, you leave knowledge at the end

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

suspended in a vacuum. To say that the mind 'selects' is nothing to the purpose, if it does not 'select' in accordance with the absolute nature of the universe.

Alexander: May I point out that an idea as a mental act is not an idea in the sense of a content of sense or an object of thought, though this confusion of two very different things is often made?

Socrates: Certainly a mental act is not the same thing as a content of sense or an object of thought; but my point is that, in my opinion, these are not, as you seem to hold, non-mental or even physical. My difficulty is that I have never experienced a purely non-mental object, an object out of all relation to mind, and I never expect to experience it. Remove the minds which entertain objects, and the objects disappear. What a non-mental object can be I am unable to imagine. All the objects that I experience are objects-apprehended-by-a-mind. Thus, by insisting on the non-mental character of objects, you seem to me to be forced into something like the affirmation of a world that lies outside of the world we know. Even the absence of the mind's attention to an object destroys the object, if by object you mean an object of knowledge. It thus seems to me that to deny the life of mind, or the unity of mind, does not merely reduce mind to a pure act of apprehension, but destroys it altogether.

Alexander: But surely material things have a unity of their own; so that by calling the mind a unity you do not differentiate it in kind from other things.

Socrates: I am not denying that physical things have a unity of their own, but it is a unity that could not exist without mind. A table or chair, a river or mountain, is not an object for itself; it is an object only for a mind, and apart from some mind, whatever it may be supposed to be, it is not such as the objects we know.

Realism declares, and I think rightly, that universals are not mere abstractions. The elements of the world exhibit a persistent effort of a content to complete itself, and to attribute this effort to the physical reality is to endow it with the character of a mind.

I do not suppose that the difficulties I have seemed to find in Realism will appear to be insuperable to Professor Alex-

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

ander, as they appear to me. He will say that if I had properly understood his view of the universe as based upon the character of Space-Time my difficulties would disappear. I should therefore like to ask a question or two about this asserted solution.

The nature of the Universe as the theatre of perpetual change and progress is explained by you as due to the inherent "restlessness", as you call it, of Time.

Alexander: Yes, Socrates.

Socrates: But you do not admit the correctness of the ordinary view of Time as entirely distinct and separate from Space; for on this view the past, just because it is past, has no reality whatever. Accordingly, the Universe must, you hold, be perpetually coming-to-be and ceasing-to-be. At a given moment it emerges from nothingness, then is replaced by an entirely new universe, only to die once more; and so this phantom world, which is always trying to be, never really succeeds in being. If this were a true account of the nature of Time, you argue, there is no universe, and it is impossible to understand how we should ever come to suppose it to exist. For mind, on this view of Time, is also a becoming and ceasing; at one moment it appears, and the next it disappears. Even granting that the mind apprehends, either in perception or thought, an object or objects (it makes no difference), its apprehension can only be instantaneous, and therefore, since it passes away with the succession of Time, there can be no connection of any kind between apprehension *A* and apprehension *B*. Thus there is neither a single world of objects, nor a single mind to apprehend objects. That is roughly your objection to the ordinary view of Time, is it not?

Alexander: Yes, Socrates; that fairly represents my view.

Socrates: You take an entirely different view of Time. If Time is real, the past must be as real as the present, and the future as real as both. No doubt the past or future does not exist at a given moment, but it is none the less real, since it existed in the past, and will exist in the future (I, 72). It is in conjunction with Space that Time possesses permanence. Every past event appears within the one single universe, which centres in the present, by reference to which it is placed and dated. Thus Time is "the soul of Space". In its 'restless-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

ness' it is like the individual mind, which is never at two successive moments precisely the same, though it is always identical with itself; nay, Time is more entitled to be called "soul" than individual mind, which, though remaining identical with itself so long as it exists, yet begins and after an interval more or less comes to an end. Time, on the other hand, never begins or ends, but always is. Taken in this way, the universe is one; its unity being due to the all-comprehensiveness of Space-Time. That is substantially your view of Time, is it not?

Alexander: I am quite satisfied with your statement, Socrates.

Socrates: I should like to enquire how far this view of Time secures the unity of the universe, as you assert it does.

You admit, or rather contend, that though the universe is one, yet, through the character of Time as a succession, it is never absolutely complete. It cannot, I should say, be complete, because, as you represent it, it is an indefinite continuum. It must therefore be incomplete both in its past history and in the history of what has not yet emerged. This surely means that it is not an absolute whole, for such a whole cannot be obtained by any possible combination of parts. So, as the universe is for you limited by Space-Time, neither of which is a whole, it cannot be an absolute unity.

Alexander: But incomplete as I admit it is, the universe is nevertheless a unity, because it is always the same.

Socrates: Yes, I know you say so, but I am not clear that you have any right to do so. Waiving that point your view is that incomplete as it is, and must be if it is to have a history, it is self-contained, because it is not within any further space or time.

I quite agree that there is not and cannot be more than one Space and Time, but I cannot see that you have established the unity of the universe. Your view of mind as contributing nothing to the comprehension of reality, makes it imperative that you should find the unity of the world entirely from a consideration of the character of the physical universe as never transcending the limits of Space and Time. That means that it is never a true unity. The unity of the universe implies the fundamental identity of every mind, without which

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

no true judgment is possible. Without this identity, there can be no whole in which our apprehension of the past enlarges our present experience because it implies the whole or unity which is presupposed in that experience. On your view there is no universality of intelligence, and therefore no community of minds in the family, society, the State, or in religious experience. Certainly no one can have my experience, nor can I have the experience of another; but our various experiences are not a replica of one another; on the contrary, the identity of our experiences implies variation and co-operation. Your view of each mind as a particular thing among other particular things seems to me, if I may venture to say so, to be the reproduction of an exploded atomistic superstition. Even granting that the only defensible unity is that of the compresence of all the things, including minds, in the one space and time, the unity so called is at the most of a low order. It is not an infinite individual unity. Now I do not believe that thought can be satisfied with anything short of a perfectly coherent system.

Alexander: But surely thought cannot accept a contradiction.

Socrates: No, certainly not; but the contradiction against which thought rebels is the supposition, implicit or explicit, that the universe is not a perfect system. A contradictory universe is one that must remain for ever unintelligible.

If I am right, and thought always works within a whole, Realism is based upon the fundamental mistake of assuming that the universe as a whole is subject to change. Certainly, there are changes within the one universe, but to suppose the universe as a whole to change is to posit its unintelligibility. The Universe is not a whole of parts, for such a so-called unity is merely an aggregate; it is not a unit, such as we apply to any distinction made within it; it is not a substance standing in relation to other substances; it is not a cause, if that means a particular event indissolubly related to other events. We may call it one, if we understand by the term a complete whole. This whole is presupposed in all the progress or decay of finite things, but it cannot without contradiction be supposed to suffer progress or decadence itself. Nor is it relevant to urge

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

that there are unrealized possibilities in the universe; for the only possibilities, apart from our ignorance, are those which are consistent with the whole unchangeable system of things (Loud applause).

The Principal: If no one has any further questions to ask Professor Alexander, we will adjourn the meeting till to-morrow at four o'clock p.m.

Whitehead: Without attempting at present to discuss the important issues raised by Professor Alexander, and so wonderfully illuminated by Socrates, I venture to remark that ignorance seems to me the sheet-anchor of Realism. (Laughter).

Alexander: Yes, if you are already a realist (Renewed laughter).

(The meeting then adjourned).

PRONUNCIATION WITHOUT TEARS

IN the midst of a rather dreary search of early American books on grammar and spelling in order to get material about eighteenth century pronunciation, I was greatly cheered by a departure from the beaten track in the form of a rimed guide to the pronunciation of English. It seemed a pity that this heroic effort should be left in the obscurity to which it has been consigned; it is worthy of attention, if not for its intrinsic merits, at least as an example of what information about the early American language can be gleaned from works of this type. Such books appeared literally in hundreds during the late eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth and many of them ran into an enormous number of editions. It seemed to be the privilege of any writer to dogmatize on American pronunciation and, curiously enough, he always managed to get a publisher and a public.

Our poetic guide is called *The Columbian Monitor* and contains not only this remarkable account of contemporary pronunciation and a partly rimed English grammar but also a good deal of advice on the practical conduct of life, including a series of religious and moral dialogues and a "variety of useful and entertaining letters" on such subjects as requests to borrow money, refusals to lend money, "to break off a rash contract in love affairs," "from a lover to reproach a scornful mistress," and other practical matters. The author of this useful book was Donald Fraser, presumably of Scottish descent, who had already published *The Young Gentleman's and Lady's Assistant* and, encouraged by its favourable reception, now followed with *The Monitor*, which was published in New York in 1794. A glance at the first few lines of Fraser's verses will indicate his method. He begins with a discussion of vowels and consonants and the nature of a syllable. It will

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

be seen that his verses suffer on occasion through the exigencies of a technical discussion, as, for instance,

But *y* a vowel is when't don't begin
A syllable, as in *fly, Egypt, Lyn*;
And *w* is often wrote for *u*
In th'end and middle of a syll'bl', as
May be exemplified in *owl, raw, few*,
But (as it always the assistance has
Of *a* or *e* or *o*) it at the most,
Can but the name of half a vowel boast.

He then takes each letter of the alphabet and discusses, with examples, the varieties of its pronunciation. I select some of the important facts that can be deduced from his remarks and try to show their relation to the general development of the language and the modern pronunciation of English in America.

On the diphthong *oi* Fraser writes as follows:

The sound of *oi* custom reconciles
With that of *i* spoke long; as witness *toils*.

This clearly means that *toils* was pronounced *tiles*, the usual eighteenth century pronunciation, confirmed by dozens of writers and by such rimes as Pope's well-known couplet

While expletives their feeble aid do join
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

Many similar rimes are found in Spenser and Byron, though in Byron's case they can scarcely reflect the pronunciation but have become a mere poetic convention. To pass from the sublime to the ridiculous, we find mentioned in an American soldier's diary of 1758 a "biled Pudén", which indicates the same pronunciation. It will be noted that Fraser himself rimes *reconciles* with *toils* in the above couplet and he also frequently rimes *joined* and *find*.

The pronunciation of *eu* is indicated by a curiously incongruous group of words:

Eu do to the sound of long *u* cleave
As you'll in *Euclid, eunuch, rheum* perceive.

This can hardly denote the modern sound *yoo-* in these words, as it would be very difficult to pronounce this after *r* in *rheum*. It probably indicates a combination of *ee+oo*, a pronunciation

PRONUNCIATION WITHOUT TEARS

that is described, though not commended, by Noah Webster in 1789.

The stanza on *i* contains some valuable information.

I sounds like *e* in *shire*, *machine*, *fatigue*,
marine, *chagrin*, with *magazine*, *intrigue*;
And 'fore *r* when a vowel don't ensue,
As in *mirth*, *girdle*, *squirrel*; save like *u*
In these, *first*, *thirst*, *fir*, *sir*, *thirty*, *dirt*, *flirt*,
bird, *third*, *birch*, *thirteen*, *shirt*, *mirth*, *stirrup*.

The muse seems to have become exhausted in the last couplet.

The first line indicates the pronunciation *sheer* for *shire*, very common in the eighteenth century and recorded by an English writer in 1633. It may still be heard in the English dialects, e.g. Yorksheer, Lancasheer, whereas the standard language has *-sher* in *this position*. Nothing, by the way, irritates an Englishman more than to hear such names pronounced with the full form *-shire*. In the third line Fraser presumably means that *mirth*, *girdle*, *squirrel* have the short *i* sound (as in *bit*), less usual in the 18th century than the short *u* sound (as in *but*), but one that has persisted in the pronunciation of *squirrel*, though the *u* sound is often heard from American speakers. The last group has the short *u* sound, which has given the usual modern American pronunciation; *stirrup*, however, has *i* in English but often *u* in American. The same short *u* sound was heard in such words as *work*, *world*, etc., as is indicated by Fraser's line

O sounds like *u* 'tween *w* and *r*.

On *oo* Fraser writes as follows:

The sound of long *u* double *o* explore,
As in *rood*; but long *o* in *door*, *floor*, *moor*,
In *good*, *hood*, *stood*, *wood*, *wool* sound broad *u*; but
Like short *u* sounds in *blood*, *flood*, *brook*, *foot*, *soot*.

This illustrates well the chaos in the distribution of the sounds *oo* and *u* (as in *but*) in words spelt *oo*; of Fraser's last group only *blood*, *flood* have an *u* (*but*) sound to-day, but earlier writers often extend this category, *roof*, for instance, often appearing as *ruff* in the eighteenth century, a pronunciation not unknown nowadays. Note that Fraser rimes *but* and *soot*.

Of *e* Fraser writes:

E sounds like *i* in *chicken*, *garden*, *pullen*,
Linen, *sudden*, *warren*, *woolen*, *women*, *sullen*.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Very few of these words have an *i* sound (as in *bit*) in the second syllable in modern speech; in English pronunciation possibly *women*, *linen*, *chicken*, *woolen*, in America not even these. But formerly the *i* sound in such words and also in the ending *-on* was much more widespread and it has a very respectable ancestry, dating back at least to the fifteenth century. In the sixteenth century Sir Thomas More writes *hevyn* for *heaven*; Queen Elizabeth has *heavin*, and forms like *wapyn* (weapon), *opyn* (open) are frequent. Nowadays the *-in* forms are more common in English than in American speech.

These are the chief points about the vowels. The differences in the consonants are fewer; consonants are generally a more stable element in pronunciation

A mute *l* is indicated in such words as *vault*, *Bristol*, *Ralph* and *scalp*, all good historical pronunciations; in *vault* the *l* had already been lost in French before the word was borrowed in English, just as in the case of *fault*; *Bristow* is the historical form of *Bristol*, the ending being *stow*, 'a place', as seen in Chepstow's 'the market-place'. In 1787 an English grammarian prophesied with regard to this word "Affectacion (dhe dubble ov Ignorance) can never render *l* effective", a warning to linguistic prophets. The *l* in *Holborn* is fast following the same path towards audibility.

In the words *anthem*, *apothecary* the *th* is pronounced as *t*. In the much disputed word *lieutenant* Fraser says that *u* is pronounced *v*, indicating the English pronunciation *lef-* rather than the American *loo-*. The form with *v* is recorded in England from 1633.

For *apron* Fraser recommends a pronunciation *aporn*, also well supported by other writers and given by the English grammarian Cooper in 1685.

Rimes, Syntax.

Rimes are notoriously dangerous as a criterion of pronunciation, but when they fit in with other evidence they may be used. There can be no doubt that the following lines from his letter *On the Choice of a Husband*, by a Lady, indicate Fraser's pronunciation of *nature*:

Tho' to shew you at once, my good sense and good nature
I'd not quarrel much should it [the husband's fortune] be greater.

PRONUNCIATION WITHOUT TEARS

nater, etc., was the historical (and fashionable) pronunciation recorded from the fifteenth century onwards; cf. *moister* for *moisture* in 1420. Even Shakespeare has *tortering* for *torturing*; Bishop Latimer has *unscripterlye* (cf. *onscripterl* in Lowell's Biglow Papers).

The following rime also probably denotes a genuine pronunciation,

A syll'ble is so many letters as
Make an intire sound (for instance *was*).

was was pronounced with the vowel *a* until the end of the eighteenth century; an English grammarian of 1770 gives *wash* the same sound as *hat*, while Noah Webster (1789) recommends the *a* sound in *quantity*, *quality*, etc.

The syntax and inflections show some interesting variations from modern speech. In the first extract given above the participle *wrote* will be noted. It was very common in earlier English, used, for instance, by Lady Mary Montague Wortley among other distinguished people. *Spoke* as a participle is seen in the verses on *oi*; that great *arbiter elegantiarum*, Lord Chesterfield, uses the same form. It ought to be some comfort to children struggling with the illogicalities of English grammar in primary schools to know that they are in such distinguished company. *You was* occurs frequently; it was common in the eighteenth century and Pope uses it in his correspondence; by the time of Jane Austen, however, it is beginning to be felt as vulgar, as she makes her more polite characters say *you were*, *you was* being generally restricted to hussies and inferior people. *It don't* will be seen in the first extract, and in his paradigms Fraser gives the alternative forms *loves* and *loveth*, etc., for the third person singular of the present tense. The *-th* form still persisted in the eighteenth century, though rarely except in common words like *hath* and *doth*.

A study of this scattered evidence thus reveals several interesting facts about eighteenth century American speech. First, as might be expected and as Lowell has so convincingly pointed out in his prefaces to the Biglow Papers, that it generally represents an earlier stage of English than the contemporary language in England. Second, that many of its pecul-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

iarities have persisted in the colloquial language. Third, and this is of fundamental importance if we wish to get a correct conception of the historical development, these colloquialisms were often formerly highly fashionable. Finally that in most cases these forms of pronunciation have been changed not by any natural linguistic process but by convention and the assiduous efforts of well-meaning but ignorant pedagogues to inculcate a standard form of speech which is considered generally acceptable but which often is merely due to a blind following of the written word.

HENRY ALEXANDER.

Note: For some of the information about contemporary and earlier English speech I am indebted to Wyld's *History of Modern Colloquial English* and Jespersen's *Modern English Grammar*.

GIOVANNI VERGA¹

One of the outstanding Italian critics of the day, Luigi Russo, does not hesitate to single out Verga as the greatest Italian narrative writer who has arisen since Alessandro Manzoni. It is perhaps due to Russo alone that Italy sees in the fullest light his unsullied glory; in his book *Giovanni Verga*² he is bold enough to undertake the exceedingly difficult examination of so profound an art. Students of literature, examining the work of Verga, noticed the force and rugged solidity of its structure; they recognized that they were in the presence of a writer of exceptional power, and they saluted him as such, but did not take the necessary pains to study him deeply, confining the results of their researches to the general delineation of his characteristics as a great writer. And this is partly due to the fact that Verga makes no ostentatious display of useless elegance of form; he does not abandon himself to the easy and artificial play of psychological complications or pleonastic moralizings; he scorns such far-fetched lyrical rhapsodies and such elaborations of form independent of experience as can offer to the literary scholar rich material for a new work of fancy. Verga's art appears to repel any desire for collaboration on the part of another. It has of itself fully attained the highest degree of simplicity and clarity of style. It is indebted for its effect solely to that majestic yet humble natural humanity that he has chosen as his theme. This he renders into living words, placing it immediately at a distance from him and from his emotional nature as a writer, and treating it according to the rigid rules of absolute objectivity.

The initial stage of Verga's literary activity offers no particular points of interest. The subjective nature of his earlier work caused it to be lost among the mass of mediocre work with tendencies towards autobiography. It was only by degrees that Verga realized his special talent and discovered instinctively what was to be his natural line of develop-

¹Born at Catania, August 31st, 1840, and died at Catania, Jan. 26th, 1922.

²Naples, Ricciardi, 1920.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

ment. With maturer years it became manifest what was the definite bent of his literary powers, namely, the complete emancipation from the subjectivism that characterized the romantic writers. Russo fixes with very fair accuracy that point of transition which is marked by the abandonment of works of normal structure, and by the introduction of a hero who is quite different from the standards of the romantic school. This character appears in a volume published in 1874, called *Nedda*, wherein is traced, though perhaps a little timidly, the new method of depicting life from the objective point of view. And here Russo reminds us how, through various manifestations of spirit and form, Verga attains the unconquered heights of Manzoni's art, and pauses to show how in the fully developed literary work of the Catanese writer the fundamental resemblances to that of the great Milanese narrative-author evidently spring from the same characteristics of mind and the same interplay of spiritual forces. In both writers, indeed, are to be found, as a dominant tone, those qualities which appear to perfection in the finest of their pages, namely, Humour and Religion.

In Manzoni the humour is gay, diffusive, open-hearted; in Verga it is tinged with pity, and has a somewhat melancholy tone. In Manzoni, the religion is marked by deep feeling, that of a sincere Christian and believer, because it is inspired and sustained by God himself, the personal God, the Crucified God; in Verga the religious element is vaguer and spread over various cults, free from the unction of any creed; in fact, a religion of the kind which Russo calls elementary, if deep-seated, Christianity.

Yet another sapient remark of Russo's (applicable to both writers) refers to their manner of thinking and speaking of *love*, in the usual sense of the word: "The development of love, the supremely lyrical sentiment, will be found to be without those positive forms of development with which it is usually associated in the works of other writers, and which Verga in his younger days strove to give it; the love story is always negative, it is always choked by poverty or bloodshed. In his maturer writings the author has gradually come to omit love episodes; just as in Manzoni's works for Christian reasons,

so in the Sicilian writer's, for reasons connected with a different and more elementary religion, the theme of love is soon exhausted. In the masterpieces of his riper years it either disappears altogether, or is confined to reticent and timorous expressions, like those by which Alfio expresses his love for Mena in *I Malavoglia*. In Manzoni all earthly passions must be satisfied in the loftier ideal of sacrifice to the Lord; in Verga the passion of love, also considered from the ethical standpoint, must find its limits in the religion of the domestic hearth."

Russo plainly perceived, in his researches into the question of love as it appears in Verga's work, that the author's dominant religion is what he calls a "vague and silent religion," "the religion of the home, of the family, and of honour." It is, therefore, from this religion that Verga's love derived its inspiration. It is a love "that must submit humbly to the stern law of life," "not represented so much in possessions as in privation," "not in heroic sufferings, but the pangs of poverty," "not the drama of life alone, but that of sordid life," "the bearing of a burden imposed by fate, a narrow round of duty, not of daydream, but prosaic fact." In short, in Verga's works even love is absorbed into the religious logic of family life, and in love itself the interplay of circumstances is stronger than the affections and desires of mankind.

Casting a broad glance over all Verga's writings, Russo is at some pains to give greater preciseness to this comprehensive description of the literary work of the Sicilian writer, and often gives us very apt comments, such as the following: "This objective out-look on life has fundamentally all the force of a religion. The temple of this religion is the home; indeed, the home fireside is the sacred spot whence proceed all the struggle and grief. The tragedy in Verga's stories is always connected with family life."³

After showing, a little further on, how Verga, whenever he moves away from this "locus sacer," shows such tendencies to vacillation and weakness, as distract his mind and compel his melancholy humour to give place to an analysis, which, though correct, lacks definiteness of colour, Russo concludes by giving prominence to what is indubitably of the greatest value in the creations of Verga.

³*Giovanni Verga*, page 134.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

"Verga creates a man, where other writers have seen but the brute, and Jeli the shepherd, as well as Rosso Malpelo are, as it were, the Christian transfiguration of the barbarian.⁴ Those derelicts, those brutes, those *humble* beings, adopted into the kingdom of art for the first time by the believer Manzoni, who were studied by the realists in all their repugnant animalism, passed into the stories of the Sicilian writer, tragically responsive to the call of their primitive and religious humanity. However realism may be denied in his intellectual tendencies, yet Verga himself is fundamentally as much a realist as he appears to be in his works."⁵

* * *

We have insisted on these general ideas of Russo with reference to all the literary output of Verga, so as to show how they can without wider application be found fully and immediately illustrated in a single work of the writer, *I Malavoglia*, which we believe to be also his masterpiece.

Let us examine the novel itself. In the opening lines the author rapidly sketches the circumstances and persons forming the nucleus of the story: Trezza, the scene of the story; the family of the principal characters, the Malavoglia; the more important objects referred to, which are the famous boat, christened "La Provvidenza," and the no less famous "House of the Medlar Tree"; and lastly, the characters of secondary importance. It is felt that the novel has begun calmly and impressively: "Once the Malavoglia were as numerous as the stones of the old street of Trezza; they were to be found even as far as Ognina and Aci Castello, all good and brave seamen, as far removed from what their nick-name seemed to imply as they could be. To be sure, in the parish register they were called Toscano, but no one could give any information about this, for ever since the world was the world, at Ognina, Trezza, and Aci Castello, they had always been known as Malavoglia, from father to son, and had always had boats on the water and tiled-roofed houses in the sunshine. Now at Trezza there only remained of the Malavoglia, Skipper Antoni, of the House of the Medlar Tree, and the 'Providence,' which was moored on the shingle of the river, under the public laundry, beside

⁴That is the justification of the theory of Verga's innate Christianity as maintained by Russo.

⁵*Giovanni Verga*, page 135.

the 'Concetta' of Uncle Cola and the craft of Skipper Fortunato Cipolla. The squalls that had scattered broadcast the other Malavoglia had blown over, without doing great damage to the House of the Medlar Tree, or the boat moored under the laundry; and Skipper 'Ntoni, to explain the miracle, used to say, showing his clenched fist—a fist that seemed made of walnut: 'To handle the oar it is essential that the five fingers should assist one another.' He would also say, 'Men are made like the fingers of the hand; the big finger must act as a big finger and the little finger must act as a little finger.' And the small family of Skipper 'Ntoni was really arranged like the fingers of the hand. First came the man himself, the big finger, who arranged the festivities and the quarant' ore; then his son Bastiano, or Bastianazzo, because he was as big and stout as the S. Cristoforo, who was painted under the arch of the fish-market of the city; yet, big and stout as he was, he did just as he was told in the handling of the boat, and he would not have blown his nose, if his father had not said to him, 'Blow your nose'; so much so that he had taken to wife 'Longa' when they had said to him, 'Take her.' Then Longa came, a little girl woman who spent her time weaving, salting the anchovy, bringing forth sons, like a good housewife. Lastly, the grandchildren came in order of seniority: 'Ntoni, the elder, a great idler of twenty years who was continually suffering from a box on the ear administered by his grandfather, and a kick lower down to restore his equilibrium, when the cuff had been too violent; Luca, who had more sense than the older one, as the grandfather was wont to say; Mena, surnamed St. Agatha, because she was always at the loom, and who was called 'the lady of the loom,' 'the hen of the roost,' and 'a January mullet'; Alessi, a dirty-faced little urchin, the very image of his grandfather; and Lia, as yet, neither fish, flesh nor fowl. On Sundays, when they entered the Church, one after another, it seemed like a procession."⁶

But misfortune begins to dog this family just at the moment when, in their desire for prosperity and improvement, they are entering on an unusual undertaking, in the full belief that it will bring them speedy profits. A quantity of lupines had just been acquired on credit, and put on board to be sold

⁶*I Malavoglia*, pp. 1-3.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

at a distance. Bastianazzo with the precious cargo crammed into the old "Providence," disdaining the ill-paid and humdrum work of fishing every day, dared the sea and went. A squall overpowered him, and overwhelmed him with the cargo. Though the "Providence" was later fished up as best it could be, the family of Malavoglia never succeeded in getting its head above water again. Skipper 'Ntoni, to be sure, fought tooth and nail to straighten out the tangle; he laboured and made others labour, urging himself and rousing others to repair the loss, to pay the debt, to repurchase, after they had been forced by necessity to sell it, the House of the Medlar Tree. But mishaps followed one after another. Even the "Providence" had later on to be sold. Even the family little by little dwindled away. Some disappeared. The plague, that sometimes ravages that land of humble heroes, bore away its victims. At last disgrace broke the heart of the old skipper 'Ntoni, a disgrace brought upon him by his grandson 'Ntoni, who was led into evil ways by loose companions. With the death of Skipper 'Ntoni, who passed away without seeing the House of the Medlar Tree again in his possession, the family is almost destroyed. There remained 'Ntoni, who after a brief return, on his release from prison, goes away again, and Alessi, who at last, by marrying Nunzia, buys back the House of the Medlar Tree, and preserves, so to speak, the last link of the unfortunate chain.

Such is the story, reduced to its simplest and most essential elements. It may appear sordid, or at least devoid of any constituents capable of development or interesting complications. But in the reading of this book the attention is not concentrated on the plot. What chiefly moves our feelings, and really constitutes the writer's special forte, is the way in which the story is made to live and move before our eyes. In other words, it is the psychological content and the formal structure of the book that win our attention, for we are face to face with the realization of a magnificent ideal. In fact, Verga has, in this book, succeeded, with the intuition of unmistakable genius, in avoiding all the tempting allurements towards the more tortuous, if more trodden ways, which would have been revealed to him by the "naturalist" formula, "the struggle for existence." Had he confined himself to these ways, as did

GIOVANNI VERGA

the writers who flourished in the days of a more restricted and uncompromising positivism, Verga would have had no other fundamental idea on which to base his representation of this "struggle" than that of instinct conceived as a supreme force dominating the will of all mankind. Hence he would have been constrained to give us a common, elemental picture of human passions, analyzed on a system which we may perhaps be allowed to describe as rigorously and exclusively scientific. This would have diminished the dignity of mankind, and would have represented it as still existing in the early stages of its development when its manifestations were almost mechanical and passive.

This conception, which in the case of other writers would have been limited in its development to the consideration of the instincts, pure and simple, and which would have allowed love to degenerate into mere animalism, work into pure brutal drudgery, religion into superstition, or the sense of duty into servility, in Verga has attained to degrees much more worthy and far more varied. Even if, for him, economic considerations also form the harassing problem of every class of society, and particularly of that class which must struggle every day, lest it starve, yet he feels that in the never-ending attempt to solve this problem all the spiritual life of a people should not be continuously exhausted. Instinct is certainly the strongest force that impels the current of human life, but instinct may be opposed, modified, and largely subdued by the marvellous force of the spirit that is indestructible and inexhaustible. Hence we find that in this book instinct is overlaid with the moral sense. That is why we see Skipper 'Ntoni successful in drawing from his old human frame unheard-of energy to enable him to make headway against the debt laid on him by the wretched lupine enterprise; hence too we see how toil may become the religion of a whole family, who amidst the sternest hardships and the most painful sacrifices derive their highest satisfaction from self-respect and hope for the future; hence, lastly, we see Skipper 'Ntoni, like the magnificent old man he was, whose simple and serious conversation is adorned with proverbs and wise maxims, finding in God faith for resignation under the fiercest blows of

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

fate, and for the strength to snatch from the precipice his grandson 'Ntoni, who has wandered from the path of right.

Notice what power of suggestion is displayed in this magnificent dialogue between grandfather and grandson: "When his grandson used to come home drunk at night, Skipper 'Ntoni always did his best to send him to bed, without letting any of the others see him, because this sort of thing had never happened among the Malavoglia, and the tears would come into his eyes. At night when he had to rise and call Alessi to go with him to sea, he used to let the other one sleep, for he would have been good for nothing. At first 'Ntoni was ashamed and would go and look for them on the shore, and meet them, with downcast face, as soon as they returned. But little by little, he grew callous and would say to himself, 'So to-morrow we will have another Sunday.' The poor old man strove in every way to touch his heart, even going so far as to have the devil driven out of his shirt by an exorcist at a cost of three 'tari.' 'You see,' he would say, 'this has never happened among the Malavoglia.'

"If you take to the bad ways of Rocco Spatu, your brother and your sister will follow after you. One rotten apple spoils all the others, and the little bit of money we have got together with so much trouble will all vanish in smoke. The boat may be lost through the fault of one fisherman, and what shall we do then?"

'Ntoni would hang his head or mutter between his teeth, but the next day he would begin it all again, and one day he said to his grandfather, 'What would you have? When I'm fuddled at least I don't think of my troubles.' 'What troubles? You have your health; you are young; you know your trade; what more would you have? I who am old, and your brother, who is still a boy, have drawn ourselves out of the mire. Now if you would only help us, we could again be what we once were, if not with glad hearts, for the dead never return, at least without any other cause for anxiety, and all united, as the fingers of one hand should be, and with bread in the house. If I should close my eyes forever, how would you others be left? Come now, do! It hurts me to be afraid every time we go aboard for a long journey. And I am old. . . .'

When the grandfather succeeded in touching his heart,

'Ntoni began to cry. The brothers, who knew all, renounced him, and saw him come and go almost as if he were a stranger, or as if they were afraid of him, and the grandfather, with his rosary in his hand, would murmur, 'O blessed soul of Bastianazzo, O spirit of my daughter-in-law, Maruzza, work a miracle on his behalf'."⁷

Later on, too, when Skipper 'Ntoni realizes that he is about to depart, and that he can give no more help to the family, not even by mending the nets, sitting in the sun outside the door of his house, this is how his sense of right and wrong makes him reason:

"Even he was about to leave them. The greater part of his time he spent in bed, like a cray-fish under the pebbles, and barking worse than a dog. 'What am I doing, left here?' he would murmur. It seemed to him as if he were robbing them of the soup that they gave him. In vain Alessi and Mena strove to persuade him that this notion was wrong. He would reply that he was stealing both their time and their soup, and would ask them to count out the money that lay under the mattress. If he saw that it was gradually melting away, he would mutter,

'At least, if I were not here, they would not be spending so much'."⁸

Even the grandson, 'Ntoni, cannot be said to be wilfully outside the struggle of intelligence against instinct. Even after having fallen to the lowest depths, and having expiated in prison the crime to which he had been led by bad company and by the unpleasant experiences he had undergone outside his little native village, when he wished to try his luck in the wide world, his conscience could still awake, and in those astonishing pages that conclude the book, we see him weeping bitterly before leaving forever Aci Trezza, to which, at night, he had been constrained to come by his love for the old spots, for the old house and for his family.

"Then 'Ntoni halted in the middle of the street to look round at the dark landscape, as if, now that he knew everything, his heart could not bear to leave it all, and he sat down on the low wall that bounded Massaro Filippo's vineyard. There he stayed a long time, thinking of so many, many

⁷Page 253.

⁸Pages 319-320.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

things, looking at the dark countryside and listening to the sea that roared below him. There he lingered till certain noises began to be heard that he knew, voices calling to one another behind doors, the slam of shutters, and footsteps on the muddy streets. He raised his head to look at the Three Kings, that by this time caught the light of morning, and Puddara now announcing the dawn, as he had so often seen them before. Then he turned, bowed his head on his breast, and thought over all his past life. . . .

He turned once more to look at the sea, now grown purple, all dotted with boats, which, like everything else, had begun their daily work. He then picked up his satchel and said, 'Now it's time to be off; people will soon be passing'."⁹

Here, too, we find Goodman Alfio and Mena, who have for long loved one another in secret and in silence, and who in the end, with many a tremor of timidity have at last confided to one another the secret of their hearts, but who at the same time have found, from the most delicate scruples of conscience, strength to renounce all ideas of a loving union. Since similar observations could be made from an examination of the many other characters who people this book, we can easily infer that in this novel instinct plays but little if any part. It is therefore the spirit of man that rises to paramount importance in this romance, a spirit that is manifested and embodied in its various forms of self-sacrifice, honour, strength of will, religion, sense of duty, hope and modesty. In perfect harmony with this guiding principle, moreover, is the gradual development of the element of irony, which throughout the whole story reveals a most delicately poised sense of justice and pity.

Indeed, Verga has most cleverly distributed the irony with due regard to the characters and dispositions manifested by the personages described in the book. Thus it is that, while he spares to the last the Malavoglia, he takes a delight in attacking Uncle Crocifisso, who, even while he grinds the poor with his exorbitant usury, still claims to be doing them a kindness. He is equally willing to attack the druggist, Don Franco, who never misses an opportunity to air his revolutionary and republican theories, but who on the first glimpse of a

GIOVANNI VERGA

brigandier's plume, or of the Secretary of the Commune, cannot find a word to bless himself with; or Vespa, or any of the other characters who give life to the incidents in the book, and who play around the Malavoglia the roles of wretches or scoundrels. The sense of justice, then, does not so weigh on the mind of the author as to render him callous or inhuman towards the creations of his imagination, but rather does he show that he loves them, because in them is embodied his conception of life, as it is, or as it should be, for one who observes it impartially, without passing judgment upon it.

The creative artist simply feels the under-lying necessities of life, and knows that anyone who seeks to break through them is straightway smitten down by them as by the fragments of a heavy chain, but these necessities of life are physical and economical, not spiritual and moral. Nor are they such as to ensnare the soul of Skipper 'Ntoni, or of Longa, or of Mena, or of Nunziata, or of Alfio. If such necessities do succeed in ruining them, in slaying them or causing them to be slain, they do not succeed in reducing them to the level of brutes, or of annihilating their spirit.

Verga is therefore consistent with himself even in what is really fatalism. Nor is his fatalism so tragic that it may with truth be called pessimism. Pessimism seems to mean a conception or vision of life so unchanging or so one-sided that everywhere the evil and uselessness of things impresses itself on the mind, leaving no hope of liberation or salvation save in death. To Verga, on the contrary, the world contains saints as well as sinners; life offers both good and evil, joy and sorrow; humanity must struggle, and does struggle, against adverse fate, without ever giving up or renouncing the combat, which would be to abandon oneself to regret, hatred or remorse. Men must ever strive for that which is the glory of the soul. And, after all, the book which has as its fundamental theme the circumstances and misfortunes of the family of the Malavoglia, does not end (as till the very last moment it leaves the reader to infer) with the destruction of the whole family. On the contrary, this family on the very verge of the precipice of supreme disaster, rises again and is purified. The last child of the Malavoglia, indeed, does at last reap the fruit of their persistent labour and daunt-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

less resistance to ill-fortune. After her marriage, the good and virtuous Nunziata at last succeeds in repurchasing with her money, accumulated coin by coin, the famous House of the Medlar Tree, and begins at last the reconstruction of the unfortunate but exemplary family.

Even 'Ntoni, it should be noted, by whose ill-doings the rude tempests of life had been unchained, since he was the only one of the Malavoglia who trod the road to ruin and despised the faith, who seemed to be a prey to fiercer attacks than those of adversity,—even he, just at the end of the book, is shown to us in an attitude suggesting that the miracle so passionately implored in the days of struggle by Skipper 'Ntoni, his grandfather, has been accomplished.

There in the sweet dawn at Trezza, in presence of the world waking from sleep, wrapped in the murmur of sea and earth, the soul even of 'Ntoni casts a look of regret behind, and is filled with all an exile's longing for the honourable life of by-gone days. So even in him does the spirit triumph, and faith in the future blossom like a purple flower in the earliest ray of sunshine.

It is just in this exquisite blending of irony, pity, realism and idealism, which displays in *I Malavoglia* the fullest manifestation of Verga's powers, that we may discover those qualities that connect his work with the most glorious traditions of Italian romance.

Though in the author of *I Promessi Sposi* the irony is deeper, the sympathy more frankly Christian, the idealism more manifest and the faith more constantly upheld by unfaltering optimism, yet there are to be found, equally in either masterpiece, the qualities of sound psychologic insight and spiritual outlook.

So far we have dealt with the essential matter of Verga's art. With respect to form, *I Malavoglia* gives us also, in the best way we could desire, a clear idea of what the technique and style of the author can attain to. As for technique, we must especially note how the author never has recourse, since he never needs it in the least degree, to artificial expedients in order to attain any so-called artistic effects.

Simplicity is in this case the best ornament of the book. But even the simplicity is entirely the writer's own and

characteristic of him. The incidents succeed one another without allowing us to catch a glimpse of any pre-arrangement of them made in the mind of the author. They are bound and fused together with such delicate intuition, that among the various threads of the story, we have great difficulty in deciding which are of principal importance and which of secondary only, whether they are those parts which relate to such persons and things as stand out most clearly, or those which relate to persons and things merely sketched in outline. A pleasing rhythmic movement constantly preserves the balance of the artistic elements, whose interplay acquires a solemnity almost like that of the gospels.

The completely impersonal method employed by the author undoubtedly contributes to the attainment of such perfection. He merely tells his story without ever indulging, as the usual practice of novel-writers would suggest, in digressions filled with subjective appreciation and personal comment. Dialogue is the principal device to which the author has recourse to connect and develop his episodes and the various threads of his story, which therefore remains consistently objective. Hence, circumstances appear, not as the author would have seen them, or would like to have seen them, but as they appeared to the various minds of those who saw them, which means as they really appeared to characters in the book. It is, therefore, rather difficult to find in the pages of *I Malavoglia* any descriptive selections. If, however, from stern necessity the author allows his hand to be seen, or finds it absolutely essential to depart from the dialogue, in order to describe the surroundings, or to sketch the place where the incident occurs, the subjective element in the description never fails to be reduced to the minimum required to avoid misleading the reader, and is accordingly held together with short passages of conversation. We may read as a specimen the passage wherein is described the second wreck of the "Providence." This is the part where the author has allowed himself the greatest freedom with respect to personal touches:

"The lad kept jerking his legs to and fro and snorting as if he were doing the whole work. Meanwhile 'Ntoni was singing, sprawled on the seat, with his hands under his head, watching the white gulls fly across the boundless sky, and the

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

'Providence' swayed gently on the green waves that came from far away, far as the eye could reach.

'How is it that the sea is sometimes green, and sometimes black, and then again it may be white, and then blue? Why is it not always one colour, like water, which it is?' inquired Alessi.

'It's just the will of God,' replied his grandfather, 'so that the mariners may know when they can put out to sea without fear, and when it is best not to go.'

'Aren't those gulls lucky to be always flying up there, never afraid of the waves, even if the sea is rough?'

'But then they have nothing to eat at such times, poor little creatures!'

'Then everything needs fine weather, just as much as Nunziata, who can't go to the fountain when it rains?' concluded Alessi.

'Good weather or bad weather never lasts forever,' observed the old man. . . .

Suddenly it grew so dark that they could not even see one another well enough to find fault with each other. Only the billows as they passed near the 'Providence' glinted as if they had eyes, and as if they would have liked to devour it. No one dared to utter a word, in the midst of a sea that sent forth a howl from its remotest bounds.

'I have a sort of idea,' said 'Ntoni suddenly, 'that to-night we shall have to give the fish we've caught to the devil.'

'Hold your tongue,' said his grandfather. His voice through the darkness made them all crouch up on the seat where they were.

They could hear the wind whistling in the sails of the 'Providence,' and the rigging that hummed like the string of a guitar. All at once the wind began to shriek like the whistle of the engine, as it comes from the tunnel in the mountain above Trezza. There came a billow from an unexpected quarter, which made the 'Providence' creak and rattle like a sack of nuts and tossed it into the air.

'Down with the sail!' cried Skipper 'Ntoni. 'Cut it loose! cut it loose! quick!' 'Ntoni with a knife between his teeth had scrambled like a cat to the yard arm, and right on

the end, to act as a counterpoise, he dangled over the sea, that howled at him from below as if it would devour him.

'Hold fast! Hold fast!' cried the grandfather amidst the din of the waves as they strove to dash him off, flung the 'Providence' into the air, and threw the whole boat on its side, so that those in her had the water up to their knees. 'Cut it! Cut it!' repeated the grandfather.

'Heavens!' exclaimed 'Ntoni, 'If I cut it, how shall we do when we need the sail?'

'Don't say "Heavens"! when we are in the hands of God!' Alessi had gripped the tiller, and when he heard his grandfather's words he began to shriek,—

'Mother! Mother!'

'Be quiet!' shouted his brother as best he could with the knife between his teeth. 'Be quiet, or I'll fetch you a kick.'

'Cross yourself and be quiet!' repeated the grandfather in such a tone that the boy dare not breathe another word.

Suddenly the sail fell all of a heap, so taut had it been. 'Ntoni gathered it up in a twinkling and furled it tightly.

'You know your trade as well as your father,' said the grandfather; 'you are a real Malavoglia.'

The boat righted, made a great bound and then began to roll wildly about on the waves.

'Give me the rudder; this needs a strong hand,' said Skipper 'Ntoni. And notwithstanding that the boy too kept a tight grip of the helm, there still came certain waves that threw the tiller violently against both their chests.

'The oar!' shouted 'Ntoni; 'row with all your might, Alessi! Row as hard as you can! Oars are more use than the rudder now.' The boat groaned under the huge strength of his two arms. Alessi, too, with his feet pressed against the footboard gave his whole soul to rowing.

'Steady on!' cried the grandfather, who could scarcely be heard from one end of the boat to the other in the shrieking of the blast. 'Steady on, Alessi!'

'Ay, ay! grandfather,' replied the lad.

'Are you afraid?' said 'Ntoni to him.

'No,' replied the grandfather for him, 'only let us commend ourselves to God.'

'In the devil's name,' exclaimed 'Ntoni, gasping for

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

breath, 'this would need arms of iron and strength like a steam engine. The sea is beating us.'

The grandfather made no reply, and they all stopped to listen to the squall.

'Mother must be looking for us by now on the shore, to see if we are coming back,' said Alessi.

'Never mind about mother now,' said the grandfather, 'it is best not to think about her.'

'Where are we now?' asked 'Ntoni, after another long spell, panting furiously with fatigue.

'In God's hands,' replied the grandfather.

'Then let me cry!' exclaimed Alessi, who could hold out no longer. He began to shriek and to call for his mother in a loud voice, amidst the howling of the wind and sea. No one had any longer the heart to rebuke him.

'You sing out loud enough, but no one can hear you; and it's best to be quiet,' said his brother to him at length, in a voice so changed that it could be scarcely recognized as his. 'Keep still, do! It's no use going on like that now, either for you or anyone else.'

'The sail!' ordered Skipper 'Ntoni. 'The helm to the north-east, and then trust to God.'

The wind fought hard against this operation, but in five minutes the sail was unfurled, and the 'Providence' began to roll about furiously on the crest of the waves, leaning over to one side like a wounded bird. The Malavoglia held together gripping the other side of the boat. At that critical moment no one spoke a word, for, when the sea speaks as it was doing then, man dare not open his mouth. Skipper 'Ntoni alone said, 'Just now they are telling their beads for us over there.'

Not another word was spoken, as they ran with wind and wave, through the night that had now completely fallen, and cast them all suddenly into pitchy darkness.

'The harbour light!' cried 'Ntoni. 'Do you see it?'

'To starboard!' cried Skipper 'Ntoni. 'To starboard! It's not the harbour light! We are driving on the rocks! Down with the sail!'

'I can't get it down!' cried 'Ntoni, in a voice choked with

his efforts and with the tempest. 'The rope is all under water. The knife! Alessi, the knife!'

'Cut it, cut it, quick!'

At that moment a crash was heard; the 'Providence' which till that moment was leaning all to one side, jumped up as if on springs and for an instant ceased to toss on the waves. The spars and sail together fell on the boat, snapped like a stem of straw. Then a voice was heard as of one in the agony of death. . . . 'Oh! Oh! . . . '!"¹⁰

This strict economy in words is continued without any disproportion throughout the whole of the book, so that we may without difficulty regard it as one of the distinguishing features of Verga's style.

The language had for Verga not only an intrinsic value, but a value like that of a musical accompaniment. It would be quite useless and vain to proceed to analyze the periodic structure of his sentences and endeavour to pass judgment upon them. The truth is that in this style there is undoubtedly a well-balanced, though by no means coldly calculated, correspondence between the words and the sentiment, between the phrases and the events of the story, and between the sentences and the general impression of the scenes imagined or seen by the author. The material in Verga's works is a compound, in a continual state of ferment, which refuses to be easily confined within the traditional forms and modes of expression. The form of sentence follows faithfully the subtleties and intricacies of the plot, often attaining magnificent effects, where others, more devoted to traditional forms, would have used many more words to say or hint much less.

Read, for example, this strange paragraph in the novel:

"The boys would sit listening with their chins resting on their hands to those discourses spoken on the balcony or at table after supper, but 'Ntoni, who had been abroad, and knew the world better than the others, found it tedious to listen to such chatter, and preferred to go and stroll round to the public house, where there were so many people idling about, and where Uncle Santoro, who was as bad as well could be, used to carry on a nimble trade by extending his hand to

¹⁰Page 167.

every stranger, and mumbling an Ave-Maria; or he would repair to Master Goodman Zuppiddo's, on the pretext of seeing what had become of the 'Providence,' so as to get a chat or two with Barbara, who would come and put branches under the tar-boiler, when Master 'Ntoni was there."¹¹

How could one judge such a sentence on strictly linguistic principles? How very many points could be found to ridicule or pulverize were we to judge it with methodical pedantry based on the strict rules of grammar and syntax. From an artistic point of view it is a magnificent sentence. In the whirl of little phrases, we see presented a whole world of characters, and also a rapid interplay of incident. This style is eminently synthetic with no pretensions to logical sequence. If it does not reveal the patient, daily study undergone by Manzoni, who spent years and years in polishing, rounding off, and retouching *I Promessi Sposi*, even to the punctuation, yet it does answer to what are universal, and perhaps more effective standards, namely, those of good taste. It follows, not a fixed scheme of thought, but rather the changeful current of inspiration and impression. It is, in short, the result of a perfect correspondence between that indescribable and imponderable genius which characterizes a literary artist and the truth which he strives to represent. Hence are derived the fresh vigour and mysterious force which give to his literary work the power of commanding respect and admiration. His art is therefore truly great, original and immortal, one which will brook no comparison save with the sacred and majestic truth of life.

Let it not, however, be imagined on coming to the end of this examination of Verga's work, that, because it is permeated with such instinctive power of style and inspiration, therefore it cannot exhibit any tenderness and delicacy, or give us any of those pages, which, in every good book, we may always find, and which serve to make us remember it, and often fascinate us into reading it again. As we remarked above, what most attracted Verga in the world around him was the human element, and inanimate nature finds place in his works only so far as she is in touch with human deeds and living, moving man.

¹¹Page 78.

GIOVANNI VERGA

Thus it is only when he has to investigate and represent this indwelling humanity that Verga's writings attain the most delicate, most tuneful, harmony, wherein tones of sad, tender, passionate longing are heard, worthy of the most exquisite and soul-stirring poet.

Let us read for example, the following very brief passage. Poor Longa is speaking to her son 'Ntoni, trying to dissuade him from the ill-omened intention of abandoning the house and the district, to tempt fortune beyond the sea in unknown lands:

"And if we succeed in repurchasing the House of the Medlar Tree, when we have corn in the bin, and beans for winter time, and Mena is married, what more shall we need? After I am laid to rest, and the poor old man also has passed away, and when Alessi can get his own living, then you can go away where you like. But then, as I tell you plainly, you won't wish to go away, when you understand what we all here felt in our hearts, when we saw you so set on leaving your house, though we all went on doing our daily duty, without saying anything to you about it. Then you won't have the heart to leave the land where you were born and brought up, and where your loved ones died and were buried, before the altar of Our Lady of Sorrows, under that marble slab, which has been worn smooth by our kneeling on it Sunday after Sunday."¹²

How sweet, too, and how poetical is that resurrection that Alfio Mosca makes of his past life, which once appeared sad, and which now seems, on the contrary, almost happy.

"Now, you see, I have the mule, and everything I wanted; so much so that, if an angel had come from heaven to tell me I should have it, I should not have believed him. Now I am always thinking of that evening when I listened to all your voices, as I drove my donkey, and saw the light in the House of the Medlar Tree, that's closed now. Later, when I came back, I found nothing remaining of all that I had left behind; even my friend Mena appeared no longer to be so. A man who goes away from his native land does better never to return. You see, I've just been thinking of that poor donkey that worked with me so long, and always plodded on, sun or

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

rain, with bowed head, and wide-spread ears. Now who knows where he is being driven, with what burdens, through what streets, with ears drooping still more; for he too draws into his nostrils the scent of the earth that is to be his resting place; he is getting old, poor beast!"¹³

This breathes a truly poetic spirit, a quiet pathos, welling up spontaneously; but, that we may understand it and follow it fully, we must first understand the hidden, mysterious sources whence it springs. For to such noble literature as this we must not come with careless souls and lukewarm hearts. It is only after patient study that the deathless beauties of the work appear; only after slow and faithful assimilation that we can realize what an earnest, serious, illuminating book this *I Malavoglia* is. It is like a text from the gospel, sweet and pure as a perfect poem.

It is a book that teaches us to love and to live. It is a book we should always read whenever we feel in danger of losing those powers that are the most mighty and mysterious in human nature—faith and will.

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THE PURITANISM OF MILTON

IN the pursuit of a certain vein of thought, I found myself puzzled by the fact that the Elizabethans, in spite of their matchless words and deeds, were somehow wanting in conduct. The knight is hard to find. Drake has in him something of old Hawkin's tarbrush. Raleigh is not only the Raleigh of the gesture with the cloak, calculated as that gesture may have been. His woful end wins back our sympathy, but that end is but the sequel to a whole series of desperate bids for self-glorification and advancement, in which rebellion, treachery and unsuccessful piracy all have their part. Sidney's name naturally presents itself, but there is about Sidney just the suggestion of a prig: surely he should not have failed to marry the lady of his love, and for a youth as he was to give William of Orange advice on his duty to the Protestant faith savours of some conceit.

In a way it is refreshing that we know the worst of poor old Bacon, but his thoughts and plannings, plainly set down all his life through, are earthly enough. Only Gilbert indeed is left untarnished, Gilbert with his ill luck and his cheeriness to face the wintry sea. If we turn to the ladies it is a Dark Lady that comes first to the mind. Portia and Rosalind are assured Helens in the kingdom of the mind, but the real Duessa is half a Gloriana and Gloriana fully half a Duessa. And yet how sweet spinnet and bass-viol play.

"There is a Lady sweet and kind
Was never face so pleased my mind . . .

Where then are the genuine Elizabethan worthies, the men that ought to be? Again, what manner of a Table Round would after all gather round that Virgin Queen, cynical, indifferent, with her one veiled love in her soured barren heart? The only virtue we find is energy, the master virtue of the age. Cervantes is right, the old chivalry is dead, long dead. But a generation later the question begins to answer itself, and as birth and breeding still count for something, it is answered by the Puritan Squires of England.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

When the grim visage of the puritan first appears it is greeted with a howl and a jeer. The men of letters, the playwrights are against him and with reason. Haled before bishop or judge, he reduced the former to speechlessness with his theology and roused the latter to fury with his law.¹

Puritans were looked upon as unsocial, as Pharisees thanking God that they were not as other men. Touch an Englishman's—no it was only a mince-pie that was in question, but take from the Anglo-Saxon his pie and you leave him poor indeed. In religion they were drawing apart, not finding in Elizabeth's establishment true satisfaction for their spiritual needs. They were beginning to pay a 'lecturer' to preach them a real sermon after they had 'conformed' at mattins in the established church. For this Elizabeth clipped their ears, and James in a rage swore he would 'harry them out of the country.' But all the time they were growing in number and in importance. They had formed the habit of family worship. In many cases they brought to their religious meditations, the culture and learning made more general by the renaissance; the Bible was the great popular educator. In places their descendants may have overdone the glories of their sires. There is a hectic note in the colouring which Green gives to his portrait of Colonel Hutchinson. It needs as an offset, a study of that other Colonel, Harrison, the regicide and Fifth Monarchy man, who has a grain of the tawdriness of the revolutionary. But surely you have the true portraiture in the wonderful galaxy of types in Woodstock. You find the thing itself in the lives of Hampden, Elliot, Pym, Falkland who also was of them, though he cast in his lot with the other side. Their true blues, their Jacobins are Cromwell's Ironsides, as Rupert playfully nicknamed them, but the body which best represents them is the company of simple squires and gentlemen who met together in the Long Parliament. Here were the men sober, moderate, thoughtful, who in a homely unassuming way had been thinking out the first problems of western democracy, had learned laboriously the craft of Parlia-

¹"Schismatics, bellie-gods, deceivers, flatterers, fools . . . puffed up in arrogance of themselves, girders, nippers, scoffers, biters, snappers at superiors, smelling of Donatistrie . . . Pelagians"—such was Archbishop Parker's terrible indictment of them—having recovered his speech.

THE PURITANISM OF MILTON

mentary discussion, the details of the business by which the nation laid hold on its share of power in government. That their labours ended amid the clash of arms, when their ranks were broken and divided, that after the matter was fought out no settlement was possible and the purpose of the struggle lost sight of, is a tragedy due on the one hand to the 'Stewartry' of Charles I, on the other to the fact that the greatest of the Puritans, John Hampden, died in the skirmish of Chalgrove Heath. Power then passed to the extremists, and Cromwell the strongest of them did not know what to do with it. As the Puritan becomes an intolerant bully, the tide of national support ebbs from beneath their vessel, leaving it a stranded object of ridicule at the Restoration.

But if Puritanism was narrowed and its political cause perverted by some sinister "spirits of the upper air," there still remains one great exemplar of its spirit, and that too in its widest possible sense.

One studies Milton with a feeling of positive awe, for here a great cause seems to find a well nigh supernatural embodiment: naturally there is no question here of the mistakes and defects and limitations of his active life, the accidents of the man, for essentially Milton was poet, philosopher and thinker. If Shakespeare as more purely artist is left out of account, it would seem that only Michael Angelo of his age can compare with him. He still belongs genuinely to the Renaissance, but in him literature passes at one stride to its purest classicism. Here all the French are after all only second-rate. This classicism is not only a question of form, it is also a question of a state of mind, and the classic mind surely sees a thing true and sees it as a whole.

Milton, I would seek to show, saw what Puritanism, as a development of Protestantism, was, and that he sets out to make manifest in his masterpiece of *Paradise Lost*.

In Dante, with memories of whom he is fully charged, he sees the expression of medieval faith. With conscious or unconscious rivalry Milton seeks to express the faith that is in him, confident that it supersedes the former as surely as Copernicus does Ptolemy. And with the serenity of one entering on a great and mighty task he undertakes in his own person to express to the full the creed of the Puritan. As he

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

alone could do it he summons to his service all the attributes of past learning, ancient mythology, medieval imagery, renaissance portraiture, the language of Shakespeare, the inspiration of the Old Testament. He hangs a new planet in the firmament of Rationalism and—a miracle—it balances. He goes to the extreme length of the modern development, anticipating that 'we are all Arians nowadays.' There is still formal recognition of the incarnation of the Redeemer. Christ indeed figures in the heavenly council before and after the Fall but somehow there is a coldness, a prefectoriness about references to the Redemption, just as one is taken aback with the fact that Paradise Regained ends with the Temptation, as if this were the all-important test of strength for the Saviour.

The failure indeed of *Paradise Lost* as a justification of Puritanism is only rivalled by its success as an exposition of Puritanism, and in saying this I do not forget that Milton gave to his conception a breadth and scope which none other could have achieved. He who was minded at one time to enter the Anglican ministry, who in *Il Penseroso* shows himself fully alive to its charm, and in the hymn to the Nativity makes a great contribution to the celebration of a festival which his fellow-Puritans frowned on, in this his masterpiece seeks apparently to show in what way in his church he would arrange those attendant spirits, the muses and the Graces, to hymn the chorus of beatific praise.¹

In fact that is the outcome of Milton's 'long musing.' He strove to give Puritanism a universal content including the philosophic and aesthetic. Although he failed in this he showed what Puritanism was, viz., a stoic rule of conduct. To demonstrate this a brief analysis of the poem is necessary, with some consideration of its matter, form and essence. The plan of *Paradise Lost* is carefully made and followed out. This is an abridgement of the 'Arguments' of the successive books:

1. The fallen Satan after the infernal Council sets out to find creation—and man.

2. God seeing his aim, prophesies man's fall, pronounces sentence for it, and accepts the Son's offered sacrifice.

¹ (En passant it may be noted that he even solves the puzzle of how the unmusical will comport themselves in Heaven).

THE PURITANISM OF MILTON

3. Satan resolves how to tempt man. Raphael warns Adam, telling Satan's story and that of the creation.

4. Eve, tempted, falls. Adam voluntarily joins her, with resulting consequences. Adam and Eve penitent.

5. The Son presents this penitence to God who promises final deliverance.

6. Adam and Eve accept the sentence conveyed to them by Michael with the banishment from Eden.²

Here is the place perhaps to say something on the Manner of the poem. Milton has thrown the Genesis story into a full epic form, on the classic model, but he is obviously most closely influenced by the *Divina Commedia*. There is this curious difference in treatment that whereas Dante's scenes pass chiefly in cavernous and subterranean regions, Milton like Turner uses space to achieve sublimity, cloud abysses, starry heights and the avenues of sunset to mark out his perspective. There is a certain medieval cumbrousness in the machinery of Dante, which one accepts and allows for. The wider Renaissance culture shows Milton how to rise above this by a lighter, more suggestive treatment, though indeed he has his own gaucheries, as when he makes the fiends invent cannon to breach the walls of heaven. Dante's finer feats of physical imagination Milton can only imitate and not surpass.

While adhering closely enough to Genesis, Milton seems to anticipate modern criticism that Adam is to be taken rather as poetically than literally true, by his constant use of the title 'our first parents' or an equivalent. Adam is the type of man generalized, with simple needs, a certain naïveté, and yet sketched with the titanic greatness that you find in Michael Angelo's frescoes. Doubtless Milton kept his eyes open on that journey to Rome when Cardinals greeted the "Angelic Angel" as 'wanting no beauty but the faith'. It is of course constantly objected that Milton's Adam is a Puritan arguing with a puritan phraseology. Dialectically this may be true, but after all Adam is arguing on first questions, he is dealing with those obstinate root-ideas on which men at this time were reconstructing their theories. Milton in fact, for whom the

²It will be noted that no support is given here to Predestination which he mentions as an error—as he does R. Catholicism as a perversion, although he supports 'Faith and Works.'

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Westminster Assembly was no advance on the Council of Trent, is here working out his position for himself.

And here a highly significant fact comes into play, on which this discussion largely turns. Because Milton was a Puritan, because Puritans have the name of a rigid austerity of life, it is commonly supposed that he was some ice-cold creature, calmly contemplative and detached. Scholar critics such as Morley and even Macaulay take this view of such Puritans as Bunyan and Cromwell. 'We need not believe what they charge themselves with, say the critics, this state of mind is well known.' In other words, 'they had a conviction of sin, but it didn't amount to anything really.' Yet I doubt strongly whether any scholar who was also a divine would share this view. For Dr. Alexander Whyte indeed all interest and significance would go out of life if it were so. Can it be suggested that St. Paul's confessions are not to be taken seriously? And Milton the briefest examination will show was a 'man of like passions with ourselves'. How otherwise could he have been a poet? In *l'Allegro* there is all the sensuousness of Botticelli with his wanton zephyrs. Macaulay, quite unjustly, speaks of the "harem views" of Milton's Adam: harem is a libel but here Milton states his own case for any one who cares to read *Paradise Lost*, Bk. V. What again are the salient facts of Milton's private life? Intended for the ministry he sternly prides himself on a mind tutored in chastity (v. Comus). On his way to Rome he is smitten by the charms of Leonora, the world's greatest singer. To her¹ he composes odes and sonnets in Latin and Italian. He is at any rate impressionable. Back in England and his school established, he pays a mysterious visit into the country and returns with a bride, a cavalier's daughter quite outside the circle of his ordinary acquaintances. Moreover, this blind Sampson had had dealings with his Dalilah already, for three years before he had advanced a considerable sum to his future father-in-law. After a few months, his wife refused to return from a visit home to his solemn abode. (When Adam and the angel Raphael begin to philosophize, Eve discreetly withdraws; not that she cannot follow but because Adam in private

¹Or possibly to another Italian lady.

THE PURITANISM OF MILTON

gives her the gist of these learned discourses: it was this perhaps that horrified the cavalier's daughter with her harpsichord and her "Cherry Ripe"). Milton contemplated divorce proceedings and to the scandal of the Presbyterians wrote a book to defend divorce for him, John Milton. Meanwhile he found platonic entertainment with Lady Margaret Ley and prosecuted vigorously the courtship of Miss Davis. His wife appeared again and implored reunion and condonation. Milton in compassion took her back. She bore him three daughters. They were reasonably happy. He sheltered her parents in the days of the Commonwealth. When she died he took another wife, and a third in 1660 (aet. 52). Such are the outlines of Milton's domestic life.

Now the seeking for autobiography in a poet's works can be carried too far, and one who tries to prove a theory up to the hilt, as does Frank Harris with Shakespeare and the 'dark lady,' runs the risk of discovering a 'BILSTUMPSISMARK', but there is still room for broad general treatment.

Milton in his epic of 'Man's first disobedience and the fruit thereof' has to consider the case of erring woman and her husband led astray by her: he accepts literally Adam's plea 'the woman tempted me', whereas general opinion seems to hold that this was only man's cowardice: he even goes farther and suggests that Adam sinned heroically to keep Eve company in damnation, although if this were so, surely he would be a strong sinner such as Satan or Prometheus. Be this as it may, Milton returns to the orthodox version by depicting the confusion of the erring pair when confronted with the wrath of their Maker. It may be worth quoting some passages here, which are submitted to the reader as evidence that Milton in representing the type man perhaps does not quite lose sight of the man he knows best and most intimately. "Dans tous les romans c'est toujours notre roman que nous cherchons et que nous finissons par trouver," may be a two-edged saying. 'Our first parents' are envisaged in the poem when Satan coming to earth and perched like a cormorant (a Dantean touch this) on a tree in Eden watches them, overhears their words, in their idyllic position in the garden. A circus of amiable wild beasts is entertaining them.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

"Sporting the lion ramped and in his paw dandled the kid . . .
The unwieldy elephant to make them mirth—wreathed his
lithe proboscis."

What, however, rouses Satan's envy is the spectacle of the pair

"Imparadised in one another's arms."

And Milton is quite honest about Adam's dominant preoccupations. To Raphael who is sent to warn him of approaching danger, who tells him the story of the Fall of Satan, the strife in heaven and the creation, Adam narrates in detail the all-powerful fascination Eve exercises over him. He presupposes his own superiority—"He for God alone, she for God in him". Yet notwithstanding this

"What seemed fair in all the world seem'd now mean or in her summed up . . . "Here only I am weak" he admits, For well I understand in the prime end of nature . . . her the inferior . . . Yet when I approach her . . . her loveliness . . . What she wills to do or say seems wisest, virtuous, discreet, best . . . Wisdom in discourse with her . . . like folly shews."

To this the angel "with contracted brow" answers that Adam is too moved by externals and should fall back on a wise self-esteem to counteract his uxoriousness, remembering too that these passions and feelings are shared by the brute creation. Adam rebuts the accusation, protesting that the things he values most are: "Those graceful acts, those thousand deficiencies", the union of mind, the harmony of married life. One half wonders in fact how many venial sins had Milton's Adam committed, for certainly twice he lays himself open to the charge of prevarication.

Enough has been suggested by these quotations, if the reader will reinforce it by a perusal of Books V and VII of the Epic, to show the position which Milton takes. Are we to say he was theorizing from general ideas, that his is a synthetic Adam, or that he is describing human nature as he knows it? The modern reconstructor of primitive man will dwell on man 'the beast with a hand', the tool-forming creature, his struggle for life, his activity and his insatiable curiosity. Milton is

THE PURITANISM OF MILTON

dealing with an Adam before the fall with a higher nature and an easier existence. He does give him curiosity and a bent for speculation. This is how he answers Eve when on the eve of the fall she is troubled by a dream: "In the soul are many lower faculties—That serve reason as the chief, among these Fancy . . . and when reason sleeps mimic fancy takes its place." Here we see Adam lays down the first law of our modern psychologists. Again he presses Raphael to decide for or against the Copernican theory and gets an orthodox answer that "it would not be good for him to know!"

Such is Adam, a philosopher and moralist though a true primitive and yet owning one weakness, mated to a Rubensesque Eve, and hymning vigorous Epithalamions. It seems impossible to avoid the suggestion of the beautiful youth Milton and the Cavalier's daughter with her songs, duly accompanied in season by Milton's bass-viol. But all this the student of literature recognizes as common ground. Your Whitman, your Hugo, your Milton, are magnificent animals and each in his own way justifies himself.

But the crucial point of the epic is reached in the book which tells of the Fall, and *en passant* it may be said, that the criticism which makes Satan Milton's great creation is beside the mark. There can be no doubt that the poet's interest centres in these "mortal" books. His *dramatis personæ* are the Father and the Son, Satan, our first parents, angels and fiends, Death and sin—two creatures mysteriously apart.¹ Angels and fiends it may be noted fill up all the space emptied by the suppression of saints on the one hand, and on the other the personification of forces characteristic of classical mythology. Of the leading figures the Father is necessarily traced on formal lines. But the characterization at all is a mistake. Comparison is immediately evoked with Jove, and artistic truth at once suffers. Dante's method of suggestion only is immensely superior. Satan on the other hand is adequately treated, and there is necessarily this difference between him and the mortals. He must be on an infinitely bigger scale. But

¹It is curious how here the machinery suggests the rather uncouth methods of Spencer.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

what the mortals lose in extension they gain in intensity. They are presented in an idyll which turns into a tragedy. But while we are with them we get them from every possible angle. Anyone who has not the patience to pierce through the externals, to allow for the limitations in the delineation of Adam and Eve, is wanting in the vital sympathy necessary for this poem. The story of the fall is told with a poignancy and pathos which make it absolutely unrivalled. There is an ethereal sweetness and final serenity about Dante's meeting with Beatrice in Paradise, the tenderest scene in the Divine Comedy. But Milton conjures up a pathetic humanity in Adam and Eve accepting their fate and leaving the Garden for the new and lonely life before them.

Some natural tears they dropped but wiped them soon
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand with wandering steps and slow
Through Eden took their solitary way.

If we seek the completion of this 'Legend of the Ages' we find it, not in *Paradise Regained*, which is strangely limited in scope, but in the *Pilgrim's Progress* of Bunyan.

Enough has been said perhaps to show that Milton has striven to express what has been attempted some three or four times in Christian literature, and at any rate he has succeeded in bringing home its significance. There only remains to call attention to one point which seems to define Milton's view of man's relation to God. In the third book of the poem God foresees man's fall, and accepts the sacrifice of the Son, but the method by which this is put into operation is apparently Milton's own. After the fall Eve suggests suicide rather than the responsibility of ushering into the world a doomed race. Adam rejects this and repents spontaneously. This repentance the Son presents to the Father as meriting the sacrifice, and the Father now ratifies his promise. Yet in repenting of his own volition, Adam it would seem can claim to be the captain of his soul. The old British weakness of Pelagianism seems to bob up here. Adam's subsequent gratitude for the promise to his posterity is almost surprising, but it is triumphantly successful as part of the delineation of Adam as the

THE PURITANISM OF MILTON

first father. The question does not come in of whether he will save his own soul, but he is content with the promise here made to his posterity aeons of time hereafter. This is stoicism indeed, and yet that is all there is for Milton. Even prayer at one moment he seems inclined to cut out of the due worship of God, allowing only praise. He is without the conviction by which the Calvinist assures himself of Salvation. He is wanting in Bunyan's evangelical grace. It may seem unfair when his Epic stops where it does to expect more, but why does it stop there? Why is the sequel, *Paradise Regained*, so inadequate? Milton at one time according to Dr. Johnson meditated a poem on the Passion, the opening stanzas of which are encased in Raphael's story as told to Adam. Was it because his own feelings and views about the Passion were no longer clear that he falls back on his idea of recalling Cædmon's 'Fall of the Angels'? An epic is an epic and must be as exhaustive in its treatment of its subject as a proposition of Euclid. *Paradise Lost* though it treats of before the dawn of Christianity, should nevertheless at its close throw up great mountain peaks, catching the light and reflecting the majesty of the coming sun, and that should be the last great impression of the poem. My contention is that this is done formally and inadequately. The last vital impression is of a sinner who has saved himself by the will to repent. It may be answered, that is enough, to which I would say, what need then of the Redemption?

Is it that they who set out too presumptuously to pen their version of Jerusalem relieved, find themselves in the case of the priest who laid his hand on the ark, and are smitten by the way? Milton has proved so much and no more. Of Pascal's *Apology for Christianity* there remain some Teufelsdröckh bags of tattered notes, in our day arranged in order by a free thinker and meaning nothing.

There is a curious contrast between the masterpiece of Milton and that of Dante. Milton we have seen has magnificently represented the image of this sorrowful pair, after the lost happiness of their simple natural state, starting out on their pilgrimage, and that of the race to come—and how lonely their path. There he closes with a colossal sense of things to

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

come. Dante as it were a spectator and yet an actor, goes the whole journey of the soul's progress, but in Paradise meets for a moment his lost Beatrice who first checks him for his weakness and then forgives him, whereon the poem passes to a celestial hymn to the Virgin which leads up to the contemplation of the Beatific vision. In Dante it is already as if Time is transcended. In Milton time is all before us, the whole race to be run.

W. M. CONACHER.

THE MULLEINS

Here are the mulleins, steadfast at their posts,
A lost battalion, sere and grim and tall,
They hold the line where ran the old stone wall
Between the meadows. On its rampart coasts

Once broke the waves of timothy, the hosts
Of busbied clover. Time has felled them all
Save the lank mulleins standing sentinel
Above the snowdrifts. These are Summer's ghosts.

Rigid they rise where oft the bobolink
Swung the sweet censer of his ecstasy,
Or, hovering, swayed their dizzy spikes around.

Like them I shiver with the wind and think
Of bobolinks that nested in the hay
And how June's passion slumbers underground.

R. W. CUMBERLAND.

BOOK REVIEW.

Citizenship, W. H. Hadow, Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University, Oxford. Clarendon Press, 1923. Oxford Press, Toronto, \$2.00.

"The war destroys Kant's formal universal", runs the title of a section in Giuseppe Rensi's recent 'Outlines of Scepticism'. Absurd though that statement is, one could wish that all post-war books on political theory made at least some attempt to cope with the concrete problems aroused in men's minds by the war. Judged from this point of view, Sir Henry Hadow's "Citizenship" is disappointing. There is little here that might not have been written in 1910 or earlier. And what few references there are, to Treitschke, to the "tramp of German forces marching through Belgium", and the like, seem to indicate a mind arrested, as far as the war goes, at the comfortable certainties of August, 1914. In a book which treats of loyalties and their proper distribution, this to my mind is a defect: for the conflict of loyalties has never been more acute, never more keenly felt than in the war.

"We have learned to know the moral majesty of war in the very thing that appears brutal to the superficial observer. . . . A man must sacrifice not only his life, but also the natural and profoundly justified feelings of the human soul: he must yield up his whole ego to a great patriotic idea." This is one of the quotations in which Treitschke is held up for our reprobation. Yet it expresses with essential frankness the truth of our own attitude toward our own soldiers from 1914-18. And the soldier who realizes that but for the accident of birth he would be fighting on the other side, with identical "moral majesty", from the same motive of submission to a "great patriotic idea," has reached a critical *impasse* in the adventure of loyalty; and he must find some deeper reason for continued obedience than the mere fact that he *does* obey.

It is true that some sort of an answer may be pieced together from the three central chapters of the book in which

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Sir Henry Hadow rejects in turn the view which would make the individual, and that which would make the State, final arbiter and sole end. But his own view suffers, I think, from ambiguities which are due to a failure to face the problem fairly. The conflict between the State and the individual, we are told in a phrase which betrays the author's affiliations and his whole background, "disappears if we regard them as interdependent, as constituent elements in a whole which is not merely an aggregate of parts, but a self-determined reality." Very well: we can agree to call the State a One-in-many: but at what degree of solution? The category is an extremely fluid one: a mountain is a One-in-many of a different 'strength' so to speak than a hive of bees: and the relation between bees and hive again is not as close as that between the mind and its states. Sir Henry Hadow elects, as we should expect, for the Over-individual of Bosanquet. The State and the individual are "persons bound together by mutual rights and duties, mutual responsibility and a common purpose." Lest there be any ambiguity attaching to the word 'person', we are further told that "the attribution of personality to the State is the basis of all tenable doctrine" on the subject. The relation between individual and State "not in metaphor, but in actual truth, must be described as personal." In fact the author allows his enthusiasm for this concept to make inroads on his grammar, to the extent of calling the State "her" (p. 130).

Now 'organic' and 'organism' are dangerous words: and it is with no shock of surprise that we go on to learn that "the personality of the State is not less real than that of each constituent member: it is more real in proportion as its life is fuller." After all, the individual is to be swallowed up in the super-individual. To my mind, if there is to be overemphasis, it should lie not on the State, but on the individual; with bees it is undoubtedly the hive that works; with men, the efficient unit is the individual: or at least, you get further from the facts if you forget the reality of the human individual than if you slur that of society.

The author is so occupied with insisting that the State is a Will, that he hardly touches the most pressing problem in practical loyalty: how are we to know when this Will expresses itself? The familiar distinction between real or

BOOK REVIEW

rational will and mere caprice, "which is not will at all," is not, of itself, a solution. By what infallible logic of loyalty are we to recognize the invasion of Belgium under pressure of strategic necessity as a "temporary impulse, or aberration," an irrational caprice; at the same time seeing the military occupation of neutral Greece under similar necessity as the manifestation of a real or rational will? * Who is to say what is just or reasonable or right? The State or the individual? Sir Henry Hadow answers, "Both, if possible" (which is an evasion: where there is agreement there is no problem): "if [not] the individual should try to persuade the State, and if he fails should be contented to obey orders." Clearly the author does not underestimate the ease with which the State may be "persuaded." In brief, where there was to have been give and take between co-equal elements, we find in the issue that the State end of the balance has been definitely, overwhelmingly, and I should say unfairly, weighted.

The definition of political Equality in Chapter III brings it into that large family of curious paradoxes, such as that 'law forces men to be free,' that 'a right cannot be used to do wrong,' or that 'Liberty must be limited in order to be enjoyed.' Equality, says our author, "is the disregard of irrelevant inequalities." Which implies in the next paragraph that "relevant inequalities are paramount." Which yields the startling, but possibly correct conclusion that equality in politics is a due and proper regard for relevant inequalities.

The book as a whole is full of information, and very scholarly: unfortunately much of it is not strictly *à propos*, and the total effect is patchy. In fact the author has tried without success to do homage to two ideals at once, the historical-empirical, or factual, and the abstract-deductive-evaluative. The attempt is indicative of where much modern political theory stands. Sometimes the transition from one manner to the other is so abrupt as to be amusing, as where, in the course of the chapter on "the State as Means," we are told that "a community can progress only by exchange of ideas. It may therefore be worth while to give a brief sketch

*But apart from the ethical question involved in the Great War Greece, under her ruler's direction, was surely acting as a tacit enemy of the Allies.—(Ed.).

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

of the history [not as one might expect, of the exchange of ideas, nor even of what sort of ideas were exchanged, but] of road-making in this country."

Chapter IX on Education in Citizenship is very stimulating and interesting, and puts forward a valuable practical suggestion.

H. R. M.

POESY

Friedrich von Schiller

Through starry heights supreme, through deeps unsounded,
I seek the songs that never yet were heard,
The realm of thought my heritage unbounded,
My wing-projected instrument, the word.
The dreams that lie in Nature's heart unspoken
Must be proclaimed in accents free and strong,
The veil be lifted, and the seals be broken;
No bands may check the tameless power of song.
But fairest still gleams my desired goal:
Within the lovely form—the lovely soul.

—Translated by Marjorie McKenzie

CURRENT EVENTS

Marked Progress in Europe

The past quarter has seen more progress towards a resumption of normal economic conditions in Europe, and indeed in the entire world, than any quarter since 1918—one might almost say, than the entire period since that eventful year. The reason seems to be a general psychological one rather than any particularly brilliant act by any particular governing body. The fact is that humanity cannot live for a long period of time in a state of nerves. The individual whose nerve-ends have been unduly exposed and lacerated either forms a new protective covering over them or dies. Either solution helps the community towards a state of health.

Publicists have been assuring us that Europe was dying ever since 1919. They were doubtless quite sincere, but one suspects that their opinion was influenced by the fact that each of them had a nostrum for Europe's restoration to health, and that they could not get the patient to swallow it. Some of them, horrified at the methods of the practitioners who had been attending the case for three or four years past, went so far as to declare that the patient must be already dead. And truly, if a race of human beings growing in its own accustomed habitat were not a very thrifty plant, some of the European nations might very well have succumbed ere now; Russia to economic experimentation, Germany to financial. And now, without nostrums, without any brilliant surgical operations, without any medical advice more startling than that of General Dawes, Europe has suddenly begun sitting up, looking moderately cheerful, and expressing an interest in business. Germany has a stable currency; Russia has something resembling a concept of property; France prepares to withdraw from the Ruhr; the United States prepares to lend to Europe some of the gold which she cannot possibly use herself; a Labor Government in Britain prepares to restore the gold "fetish"; the price of wheat has returned to a figure at which the wheat-grower can pay his expenses; the world begins to look positively pre-war.

From the moment at which it became evident that the terms of peace imposed at Versailles could not possibly be

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

enforced (which must have been, for enlightened persons, about the moment at which the plenipotentiaries affixed their signatures), the participating nations have been continuously jockeying for position with a view to a new arrangement. In the first four years territorial and governmental dispositions were among those which were forced forward for readjustment; since then the economic details have been the sole concern. It is futile to speculate whether this horribly prolonged and embittered conflict could have been shortened by the existence of a really living League of Nations enjoying the confidence of all the greater nations of Europe and America, and therefore capable of making adjustments when and as required; the League and the Treaty were Siamese twins, and the diseases of the latter impaired the vitality of the former from the beginning. It is only now, six years after the conclusion of hostilities, that we are in sight of a peace which seems likely to be carried out with the goodwill of all parties concerned. And in the 1924 negotiations not a single statesman who had anything to do with the Versailles Treaty is having a word to say.

The main elements in the situation to-day are the signs of acceptance of the Dawes Report by both Germany and France, the attitude of the American government and bankers towards the granting of credits to Germany and the composition of the French debt, and the effect of these developments upon foreign exchange and particularly upon the pound sterling. The position of England in the matter is not a new development. England recovered from the post-war attack of "nerves" long before any other country, and may surely be credited with soothing, by "suggestion", the nerves of France, Germany, the United States and sundry other countries. She was the first to balance her budget, to commence the systematic payment of her indebtedness, to arrange definite terms with her creditors. She stood out alike against the Ruhr adventure of France and the preposterous outcries and clowning performances of Germany. For a long time it seemed as if her example was being thrown away, but it now finds its reward.

By acceptance of the Dawes report and evacuation of the Ruhr the French put themselves in a very strong position for claiming a radical adjustment of their indebtedness to the

CURRENT EVENTS

United States. Under the treaty of which President Wilson was a chief negotiator they are entitled to the lion's share of a total of eight billion marks of German money annually, out of which they could easily pay the interest on twenty billion francs which they owe to the United States. It is true, as they have long since realized, that they have not the slightest chance of collecting on the Versailles scale or anything like it; but by abandoning claim to the Versailles scale and accepting a much lower scale drawn up by an American (and a probable American vice-president) they secure a moral claim which the United States, in its present comparatively calm condition, is almost certain to recognize. The extent of the adjustment can be concealed from the ordinary American voter by applying it to the interest rate rather than to the principal; the adjustment itself will be acceptable to German Americans because it is preceded by a friendly arrangement with Germany. With these main items of international indebtedness out of the way, and with a genuinely peaceful atmosphere prevalent in Europe, the road is clear for a rather large-scale lending of gold by the United States to Europe. The present accumulation of gold in that country is preposterous. Under the rigid control permitted by the Federal Reserve System, a great part of it is being kept out of all use as money or as credit basis; if it were not, the country would be now undergoing a spasm of wild inflation. This unemployed gold is rendering no service to the United States, while the lack of it is postponing the restoration of stable currencies and easy credit in Europe. This fact has long been recognized by American financiers, but the financiers by themselves cannot do anything effective towards the required transfer of a billion or more of dollars to Europe. Private owners in the United States could never be induced to purchase even a small fraction of that amount of European securities, and the loan must be effected by the Government. By the time it is due for repayment, Americans will have acquired that habit of spending abroad which is incumbent upon a creditor nation, and the repayment can be effected in goods and services so that the gold may remain where it is needed.

The Imperial Question

There could hardly be a better example of the illusoriness

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

of the idea of direct decision of questions of government by the electors themselves, than the utter impossibility of any such decision in any of the vital group of questions affecting the relations of Canada with the rest of the British Empire. So far as the future of our own descendants and of the rest of the world is concerned, there is probably no problem before us to-day so weightily fraught with consequence. Yet there is no problem on which it would be more impossible to consult the electors by means of a referendum, and none which is less likely to be the subject of a definite statement by any political party or leader in the discussions prior to an election. There are only two kinds of election battle-cries, those which raise funds and those which raise enthusiasm; and there is no particular solution, or fragment of a solution, or step towards a solution, of the problem of status-within-the-Empire which would have the slightest value for either of those purposes. As for referendums, they are admirable for the settlement of tangible questions such as the precise method for dealing with the liquor problem for the next two or three years (especially when the proposed method is the simple and comprehensible one of driving it underground), but nobody could put the slightest faith in them as providing an eternal and irrevocable and absolutely wise solution of the delicate problem of the nature of intra-Imperial nationhood.

For these matters we must still put our faith, as our ancestors did for many other matters also, in the character and temper of our governors—the leaders of our political parties and the men who surround them. For a generation and more, our attitude towards these leaders has been becoming more and more egotistical. We expect them to do everything that we bid them and nothing that we do not bid them. Yet when they are dealing with such questions they are responsible not merely to us, the electors of the day, but to the Canada of the future, and, if one may risk a charge of disrespect for the idea of “representation”, they are perhaps responsible also in some measure to the Empire of to-day and the Empire of the future, although that Empire did not elect them and does not pay their salaries. And if they do not know more about that Empire than the average Canadian elector, the Empire is in a bad way. It is a pity that questions of very local and tem-

CURRENT EVENTS

porary importance, such as the rate of duty on farm tractors and the amount of railway bonds to be guaranteed and the number of government jobs held by a given section of our population, have of late bulked so much larger in our election contests than the personality of the men who are to rule us. In the circumstances it is surprising that we have got as good rulers as we have.

The next ten years must inevitably see great progress in the definition of the Imperial organism. That progress will be registered by acts rather than by words. The course that it will take does not by any means depend exclusively on Canada, but the action of Canada is for many reasons more important than that of any other portion of the Empire save the mother country. Every step taken involves a certain measure of risk, the risk of friction with other parts of the Empire, of misunderstanding by other nations, even of hardship to some element in Canada itself. But these risks can be reduced to the minimum by statesmanship. And it is highly desirable that serious Canadians should not be unduly alarmed and hostile to the progress of this work of definition, because it involves risks. There are risks also in remaining stationary.

The question of a Canadian representative at Washington is far less important than that of the personality of the man who will set the precedents and establish the significance of that office by being its first occupant. The question of the names appended to treaties affecting Canada is far less important than the attitude towards the Imperial and Overseas Governments of the men at Ottawa who will have to handle what we may just as well begin to describe frankly as the foreign policy of Canada. That foreign policy of Canada is a new thing, but it exists, and will increase in importance. It differs from internal policy, about which we are now fairly well experienced after sixty or seventy years of self-government, in that it cannot be constantly explained in detail either to the House of Commons or to the electorate, and that it therefore makes greater demands upon the trust and confidence reposed by the nation in its leaders. In these circumstances it seems advisable not to attach too much weight to such matters of formality as the creation of new Canadian diplomatic officers or the making of gestures about treaties or even the

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

number of votes that Canada is to enjoy in League of Nations polling.

Group Parties

These are indeed days in which a compact and strongly convinced minority need never despair of gaining control of the political machinery of a nation. The Bolsheviki showed the way, and since then we have had so many examples nearer home that enumeration would serve no purpose. The two-party system lives and draws its breath in compromise; by the time forty per cent. of the electors have agreed upon a common policy every individual of them has compromised at least half of the planks that he would have liked to insert, and in order to enlist the necessary eleven per cent. of additional voters he will have to throw overboard half of what remains. When he has finished making these compromises his party gets into power, and he finds that its actual achievement is perhaps, in a good Parliament, about one-tenth of what it promised, and therefore one-fortieth of what he personally wants it to do. If he be a very wise man, he comes to realize after many years that it is better for the state that thirty-nine-fortieths of the ideas of even its wisest citizen should be jettisoned, rather than that the whole of them should be put into force upon a community inevitably unworthy of them.

An indisposition to tolerate these compromises seems to be at the bottom of much of the present widespread revolt from the two main parties in all countries. The small-group party, if party is can properly be called, can be much more definite and more positive in its programme, more "gingery" in its action, than the party which aims to include at least half the electorate. Moreover, it seldom has any lengthy history behind or future in front of it, and hence enjoys an irresponsibility which makes at any rate for picturesqueness. Mr. LaFollette's convention must have been vastly more fun than either the Republican or the Democratic; and if we had to attend caucuses, which fortunately we do not, we would much rather go to those of the "Ginger group" than to Mr. King's or Mr. Meighen's.

There used, in the days of "laissez faire", to be a certain reluctance about imposing legislation on a community which

CURRENT EVENTS

had done very little to show a desire for it; but that is no longer the case. A group possessing only one-third of the seats in Parliament cheerfully puts through its own pet legislation, however sectional in character, just so long as it can secure the support of another group possessing a quarter of the seats, and voting with the first group simply from the desire to keep a third group out of power. Or a group may find itself with a majority in Parliament although, owing to three-cornered fights, it has little over a third of the electoral votes; nobody, whether follower or opponent, will seriously question its mandate. A good deal of minority legislation thus gets on the statute books, and is tolerated by the majority (itself made up of numerous minorities which hope to do their own legislating) because much of it is more or less unenforceable.

There is no doubt that the "Ginger group" of the Progressive party is much nearer to this modern conception of tactics than is Mr. Forke's regular following. Mr. Forke does not detest compromise, and is willing to pool his ideals with a political merger which is large enough to carry some fragments of them into effect. The Gingerites would rather contemplate the ideal outlines of their whole loaf, wrapped, not in waxed paper, but in the mists of futurity, than eat crumbs of it to-day at another party's table. Whether they are right or wrong depends upon the direction in which the political instincts of Canadians are presently turning. If the dissatisfaction with the two old parties and the tendency towards groups is going to continue, then the Progressives have a gambler's chance of attaining power; and in that event the more they preserve their identity and their uncompromising enthusiasm for their ideals, the stronger they will be. But the signs are against them. The strong centrifugal tendency in recent politics all over the world seems likely to have been one of the nervous consequences of the war. and to be wearing off like other nervous consequences. The war, and still more the post-war readjustment, were terribly hard on the old parties. They wore out many of their most powerful leaders, destroying them physically and mentally. The sufferings and discomforts inseparable from war and readjustment were blamed on the old parties and their policies, and people were easily led to believe that a new party could not fail to be

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

better than the old. But the new parties have signally failed to justify themselves, and the old are gradually developing new leaders and getting further away from their wartime disrepute. Their chief lack at present seems to be the power to enlist the enthusiasm of the young, a lack which in Canada may be largely due to the exceedingly uninspiring character of the main issues between the two old parties. .

The Oriental Problem

It is quite possible that in the perspective of the historian within fifty years after the event, the most important feature of the year 1924 will be the Japanese exclusion measures of the United States. Ever since it was realized in the Republic that the statement "All men are born free and equal" is limited in its application not only to white men but to the races of Northern Europe and South America and no others, there has been a constantly increasing effort to prevent the entry of any other races into the favored land, and this effort has been carried on with an increasing disregard for the feelings of the excluded. In no quarter of the world is that disregard so productive of bitterness and resentment as it is in Japan.

The Japanese are in the painful position of being Orientals by geography and, in many respects at least, Occidentals by attainments. The Chinese have been providentially able, partly through the size and impenetrability of their country and partly from reasons of temperament, to preserve a contempt for Western civilization which must be highly consoling to themselves and would be very beneficial to the West if only the West could appreciate it. With the Japanese it is not so. For several generations now it has been their chief pride that they can do everything that the West does just as well as the West, including making war upon a reputedly Western country and defeating it. They have in fact already abandoned so much of their traditional Orientalism, in economic and political organization and probably also in thought, that it would be impossible for them to return to it and make it their national boast—and a national boast is indispensable to any nation's happiness and contentment. In these circumstances their intense desire for at least the appearance of recognition as participants in Western civilization is easily compre-

CURRENT EVENTS

hensible, and the off-handed rejection of that claim by the Washington legislators appears unkind and inconsiderate.

Japanese writers are now seeking to make it appear that that rebuff will have the effect of turning Japan's eyes back to the Orient, and directing her ambition towards supremacy in Asia as a substitute for fraternity with Europe and America. This is natural enough as a gesture of annoyance, but unsatisfactory as a permanent policy. Those portions of the world which are still capable of sustaining increased populations of temperate-zone type are all in the hands of the European and American nations. And no Japanese can be expected to forget that when argument and diplomacy fail there is always one remaining way of establishing a claim to civilization—that, namely, of defeating a civilized country. A claim to racial superiority, such as that which is now being so forcibly made by the United States, has one liability attached to it; it may have to be defended. And a defence by word of mouth, whether conducted in the legislative halls of Washington or in the courts of a League of Nations, may in certain circumstances become just the least bit unsatisfactory.

The attitude of the United States in this matter is of special interest to Canada, because we share that Pacific outlook (the reader will note that the word is capitalized) which is the cause of the whole problem. The element most keenly interested in the question, in both countries, is that of organized labor, which appears to be so profoundly convinced that war is the product of capitalism and nothing else that it does not have to bother about the peacefulness of its own policies. Public opinion in all sections of the Canadian people is a trifle more amenable to American influence than one might desire, but in the labor element it is particularly so. The success of the extreme and impolite exclusionists in the United States is pretty certain to enhance at some future date the difficulty of our own rulers in harmonizing the local opinion of the West with the general interests of the Dominion as a nation and as a member of the British Empire. Meanwhile the idea that the Japanese earthquake has rendered that nation unimportant as a military and naval power by weakening its economic basis seems capable of being greatly exaggerated.

B. K. S.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

The Labor Government

The table of events with which the Labor Government has been associated is now beginning to mount up. The most important of these is the London Conference which is almost entirely due to the tact, persistence and optimism of the British Prime Minister. Behind him were marshalled all the forces of sobriety and sanity in both hemispheres, not forgetting Mr. Secretary Hughes, whose fortunate and highly fortuitous presence in Britain supported unofficially the American Bankers whose stubborn resistance to the Ruhr occupation compelled or assisted the utmost of accommodation from M. Herriot. The Poincaré party beat their tom-toms menacingly on repeated occasions, but the popular reception which Herriot received on his return to Paris will probably prevent anything more than a protest from the French pessimists. The net result will add enormously to the prestige of Ramsay MacDonald's cabinet and party. With the prorogation of Parliament the period of defeats in the House, humiliating and awkward to a degree, will come to an end. The Wheatley houses are going up, although it is said that the main difference between them and those of Chamberlain and his successor is that now the government contribution is more than doubled. The pact concluded with the Soviet Government will have to prove its utility. The Black Hand of Communist propaganda seems to be still sapping at various points at home and abroad, but Ramsay MacDonald has shown he is a practical idealist, by his firmness in handling difficulties in Egypt and India.

To other quasi-imperial questions have arisen, the new Irish crisis, and what might be called the last Canadian constitutional crisis. The Labor Government, in its innocence it might be said, has called a conference to settle what *are* Imperial relations in questions of joint foreign policy, but the Dominions are fighting shy of the issue involved. The difficulty in Ireland is due to the refusal of Ulster to join in the Boundary Commission. Ramsay MacDonald, capitalizing the fact that he was a child in these matters, took legal opinion as to what he was to do, and learned it needed an amending act passed at Westminster and Dublin to override Belfast. Such is the law be it noted, and Asquith never thought of this adroit device in all his difficulties from 1912-14.

CURRENT EVENTS

But the matter is of special importance at Dublin because apparently the Cosgrove administration is trembling before its fall, and if it is defeated no central nucleus of government is left. If Ulster now threw in its lot with the Free State, Craig might possess the key cohort, and DeValera, however wry-faced, could but acquiesce.

On the whole the Labor government accomplishments outweigh its defects. This is not to deny that there is—to borrow Peter MacArthur's witticism on the formation of the farmers' government in Ontario—a sound of stropping of knives in the purloins of Westminster. Many things are urged against the Labor party in the House, blustering shilly-shallying, administrative incompetence, inaudibility but how many of these things count in the country with the broad judgment of the electors? What alternative is presented by the dual Rump of the Liberal party? It may well be that Liberalism is the safest and sanest course for Britain—Conservatism is dead as a policy though the Conservative party is quite alive—but how is the moderate progressive party whose victories were won by Radicalism to regain the lead and win the popular ear? One cloud small but black has appeared on the government's horizon—the abandoned prosecution of a Communist paper, which preached sedition to soldiers. This may mean the splitting off of the left wing of Labor, and a fusion with the Liberals—the dishing of Lloyd-George and Nunc Dimittis for Asquith.

ED.

The British Association, Toronto, 1924

Canada has no national forum devoted to the advancement of science and education. The Canadian Royal Society is inclusive in its intellectual range but restricted in membership, and while the several societies devoted to special subjects effectively serve their respective fields yet we lack a general organization devoted to science as a whole, an organization in which the pressonnel of scientific effort might be brought into friendly and academic intercourse. This lack is, however, to a considerable degree obviated by our hereditary connection with the British Association and our neighbourly cooperation in the American Association for the Advancement of Science. These connections are shown in the fact that all Canadian scientists belong to one or both of these associations and per-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

haps more conspicuously in the comparatively frequent holding of their annual meetings in the Dominion of Canada. Three years ago the American Association for the third time held its annual meeting in Canada when the English geneticist William Bateson was the principal orator and guest of the occasion and when Professor J. Playfair McMurrich of Toronto was elected president for the ensuing year. This month the British Association, for the fourth time, has honored us with its annual meeting under the distinguished presidency of Sir David Bruce, with some five hundred British scientists, nearly all Canadian and many American scientists in attendance. The Association enjoyed the hospitality of the University of Toronto and the Royal Canadian Institute.

The Toronto meetings were not marked by the announcement of epoch-making discoveries or profound generalizations, but consisted rather of a long list of enormously valuable scientific papers (some three hundred and fifty) which add to the general and substantial wall of scientific advancement, together with a number of lectures and addresses of a more general character.

Sir David Bruce's inaugural address, "The Prevention of Disease," following the tradition of British Association presidential addresses, was a critical review of the recent development of the subject to which he himself has been one of the most distinguished contributors. He reviewed the researches which have resulted in such bacterial diseases as Malta fever, typhoid, diphtheria and tetanus being rendered controllable. The Island of Malta, formerly the chief centre of the fever which bears its name, became a health resort during the latter part of the war as a result of restricting the use of goats' milk in which the germs of the disease are distributed; typhoid was practically eliminated from the British, and to almost as great a degree from the allied, armies by a protective vaccination of the total personnel; tetanus was extremely rare in the British armies, except during the first three months of the war, as a result of the protective treatment of all wounded men with antitetanus serum. From these evidences of advancement it was predicted that other bacterial diseases, particularly tuberculosis, would be brought under control. The very recent history of protozoal diseases of the

CURRENT EVENTS

tropics is in every way similar. Malaria it has been demonstrated may be controlled and yellow fever, the great scourge of Central and South American ports has been eliminated from all but a few isolated regions by exterminating the mosquito which constitutes an essential intermediate host of these two diseases. The tsetse fly bears the same relation to African sleeping sickness and the disease has been controlled by avoiding this insect. Typhus and, it was discovered just at the end of the war, trench fever may be transmitted only through the agency of the body louse: in no future war will the cootie find a place. Contributions from chemistry and chemistry and physiology over the last two decades have been equally striking, the discovery of the vitamins and the knowledge of dietary deficiencies has rendered rickets, scurvy and beri-beri completely avoidable, while the discovery of the action of the various ductless glands has not only rendered controllable several obscure conditions but has thrown new light upon the entire development of the body.

The same trend of thought pervaded the technical deliberations of several of the thirteen sections of the Association. The president of the physiology section, Dr. H. H. Dale, discussed the problem of chemotherapy, particularly the search for chemical substances which when introduced into the body will act destructively upon the parasitic organisms and at the same time have no deleterious effect upon the patient. Conspicuous successes have been achieved in the case of malaria, syphilis, African sleeping sickness, and much promise is indicated of future development. Among the most significant papers in the section was a series, in conjunction with the chemistry section, on vitamins, especially their chemical constitution, the nature of which is just emerging. Professor H. M. Evans described a new vitamin, the fourth type, necessary to reproduction.

In the anthropological section Dr. Schrubail further developed the theme of improvement in man's physical status by demonstrating from a mass of statistical data that notwithstanding all forebodings, any pessimistic view of the physical or mental condition of the people of England is unnecessary. Stature and weight are at least not less than in the days of

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Agincourt, or of Waterloo, the general health of the nation is better, the expectation of life longer, and education is more general than at any previous period.

Another line of thought developed by a number of papers in several sections was concerned with distribution and increase in population. Professor Gregory in his presidential address before the Geographical section presented much data in support of his contention that the white man is not physiologically disqualified from manual labor in the tropics. This it is believed will supply a further outlet and a spacious home, so far almost neglected, for the European race. This is particularly pertinent in view of the United States restricted immigration policy, and the indications of what seems likely soon to follow in other temperate climates which have not yet reached their population limits.

The lengthy and inconclusive discussion on the limiting returns from agriculture appeared to support these advocates of emigration and immigration restriction. Yet the able address of Sir John Russell, director of the Rothamstead Agricultural Research Station, was more reassuring in that he demonstrated that modern agricultural research was tending to widen the scope of the industry through the adaptation of economic plants to varying soil and climate; Professor V. H. Blackman in his presidential address before the Botanical section gave evidence that a much wider control of plant parasites is imminent, and Sir Robert Robertson in his address on Chemistry and the State found evidence of increasing contributions of chemistry and chemical industry to the agricultural production of food.

Much time of most of the sections was devoted to problems of a more fundamental nature or with material less directly applicable economically, according to the point of view. In the Physics and Mathematics section Sir William Bragg further developed his method of the X-ray analysis of crystal structure. By this means he has been able to determine the arrangement of atoms and molecules in the crystal unit to such a degree that he remarked in concluding his address: "It is the chemistry of the solid that comes into view, richer in its variety even than the chemistry we have studied for the past century." Sir Ernest Rutherford reported additions to his

CURRENT EVENTS

epoch-making researches, in presenting further evidences of the disruptibility of the atom. A series of papers dealt with the newest physical problem, the scattering of X-rays and their indication of the constitution of matter.

In the two Biology sections the principal papers had to do with problems of heredity and the question of the mechanism of the chromosome transmission of hereditary characteristics. The Geology section was concerned chiefly with problems of historical geology, particularly the pre-Cambrian.

It is obviously impossible to estimate the influence of such a meeting as this upon Canada or Canadian science, but at least we have as a tangible aftermath of the previous meetings of the British Association in this country: the establishment of the Canadian Tidal Survey, the beginning of meteorological observations, the extension of paleontological, ethnological and botanical surveys, the establishment of the first marine biological station and the foundation of the University of Manitoba. Whether any such material benefit will result from this meeting is not yet apparent but we have felt the inspiration of making or renewing the acquaintance of a distinguished group of scholars who, may we hope, will feel that they have gained some benefit from the visit to our country and institutions.

G. B. R.

The International Congress of Mathematicians

The first international congress of Mathematicians to meet in America was held in Toronto from August 11 to August 16 under the auspices of the University of Toronto and the Royal Canadian Institute. Six previous congresses have been held at intervals of four years with one omission during the war. The fifth congress met at Cambridge, England, in 1912 and the sixth at Strasbourg, France, in 1920. Delegates representing most of the scientific countries of the world participated in the various sessions, the papers being read in either English or French. A feature of the congress which most Canadians will deplore was the absence of delegates from Germany. It can be productive of no good either to the cause of science or of international good will to deny representation in a scientific congress to a nation which in

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

mathematical achievement is in the first rank. It is gratifying to note that steps were taken to consider the question of making succeeding congresses really international.

The list of subjects under which the six sections of the congress met will give an idea to readers of the *Quarterly* of the various lines along which present day mathematical research is being directed. The list follows:

- Section 1. Algebra, Theory of Numbers, Analysis.
- Section 2. Geometry.
- Section 3. (a) Mechanics, Mathematical Physics.
(b) Astronomy, Geophysics.
- Section 4. (a) Electrical, Mechanical, Civil and Mining Engineering.
(b) Aeronautics, Naval Architecture, Ballistics, Radiotelegraphy.
- Section 5. Statistics, Actuarial Science, Economics.
- Section 6. History, Philosophy, Didactics.

What must strike even a casual reader of this list is the prominence of what is usually called applied mathematics. The applications in other fields of science furnish an important stimulus to mathematical activity not only by reason of the specific problems which they propose for solution but also by suggesting lines along which pure mathematics may develop. For illustration we may point to two theories which have grown up within recent years and which figured prominently in the proceedings of the congress, viz.: the theory of relativity and the theory of statistics. In the first of these the mathematician shares interest with the physicist and the astronomer; in the second with the economist, the biologist, the educationist and many others.

The theory of relativity is in the first place an attempt to explain the observed facts of the universe and in this respect it has met with encouraging success. The definite physical hypotheses on which it proceeds form the foundation for a mathematical structure which has called into play the methods and results of widely different branches of mathematics besides stimulating research in these branches.

The most important impetus to the study of statistics came from the direction of biology. The problems proposed

CURRENT EVENTS

by Sir Francis Galton and succeeding biologists have given rise to an elegant body of mathematical theory. Other biological problems are still awaiting the solution of more intricate statistical problems.

Besides the brief reports of papers read before the several sections, more extensive lectures were given by some outstanding mathematicians, including Professors Severi and Pincherle of Italy, Cartan and Le Roux of France, W. H. Young of England, L. E. Dickson and J. Pierpont of the United States.

At the election of officers Professor de la Vallée Poussin of Louvain, Belgium, was succeeded in the presidency of the International Mathematical Union by Professor S. Pincherle of Bologna, Italy.

The committee in charge of the arrangements in Toronto is to be congratulated on the entertainment provided for the delegates to the congress.

N. M.

Queen's Quarterly.

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POETRY

FREEHOLD

We till a corner of this earth to-day,
And call it ours, because we do not see
That it belongs to those who led the way,
And to the men and women yet to be.

For every acre of these fertile lands
Lies monumental to the buried past;
A heritage from half-forgotten hands,
We hold for those who follow us at last.

For just as long as sun and wind and rain
And all the changing, changeless earth shall live,
Men, sowing seed in doubt and fear and pain,
Shall harvest as the passing seasons give;

Shall reap but that their weary hands have sown;
Shall till, as we have tilled, the stubborn sod;
Upon the soil he may not call his own
The farmer labours ever on with God.

MARY I. GATES.

R.R. No. 1, Kingston, Ont.

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

THE last number of *Queen's Quarterly* contained Socrates' report to his friends in Athens of Professor Alexander's exposition of Neo-Realism. An account of the proceedings at the adjourned meeting follows.

Scene: A Hall in Glasgow University; persons present, as before; time, the year 1907.

The Principal of Glasgow University:—Gentlemen,—It gives me very great pleasure to call upon Mr. Bernard Bosanquet to tell us how far, if at all, he agrees with the form of Idealism associated with the names of Professors Croce and Gentile. Unfortunately neither of these distinguished thinkers is able to be present, but I feel sure that the cause of Neo-Idealism will not greatly suffer from their absence when expounded by so competent and sympathetic an interpreter as Mr. Bosanquet.

Bosanquet: Mr. President and Fellow-students:—Before I attempt to state the main points in the philosophical doctrine so ably expounded by Professors Croce and Gentile, I should like to say a word or two in regard to Mr. Alexander's vigorous attack upon Mr. Bradley's view as to the nature and origin of contradiction. According to Professor Alexander, contradiction is not in any sense a law of the mind itself; it is a law based on the nature of things. Thought must in all cases accept what is given to it, and though it enables us to determine more precisely what is so given, it cannot in any way change the character of the object. But, capable as it is of apprehending the thing as it is independently of thought, the mind for various reasons may affirm a thing to possess an attribute that does not belong to it, or may deny it to have an attribute that it actually possesses. In such cases contradiction arises.

So far as I am aware, Mr. Bradley has not taken any notice of Mr. Alexander's view of contradiction, but it would not surprise me to find Mr. Bradley expressing his astonishment that any sane being who has thought at all should be satisfied with so superficial a doctrine! (laughter, in which

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

Professor Alexander heartily joined). Mr. Bradley would say, I think, that Professor Alexander's explanation of contradiction assumes that the universe is a thing of shreds and patches. It cuts up the real world into bits and assigns to these isolated bits qualities that they could not possibly possess. Isolate a rose from everything else, and it has no attributes whatever: it is in fact a mere fiction of the abstracting intellect. Of course the red of the rose is its own red, but this red it possesses in virtue of its place in the universe as a whole; and this whole, though it is an idea that accompanies all our experiences, is never completely grasped by thought. Contradiction therefore arises from taking a part for the whole. For Mr. Alexander, of course, there is no whole; and until he really faces the problem as to the relation of particulars to the whole, he is merely shooting in the air. This is a very general indication of the manner in which I should expect Mr. Bradley to deal with Professor Alexander's theory of contradiction. Leaving the question of contradiction, I shall try to state as simply as I can the main points in the doctrine known to us as Neo-Idealism.

Neo-Idealism must not be confused for a moment with Speculative Idealism, as represented, with variations, by Green and Caird, Bradley and myself. Neo-Idealism regards thought as the creator, condition, and only genuine type of reality, while Speculative Philosophy conceives of human thought as not creative, but recognitive, and as recognitive because it is capable of expressing what is true for all intelligences in so far as it properly interprets the facts of experience with all their implications. Thus the two forms of philosophy are fundamentally different, and it is because neo-realists and critical realists confuse these entirely different types of philosophy that they are able to make plausible their animadversions on all philosophies that in the general sense may be called idealistic. Neo-Idealism is led to reject Absolute Idealism or Speculative philosophy, because it has formed a fundamentally false conception of the nature of thought. Thought has no power of creating anything, nor does it reproduce a transcendent world, which exists in its completeness independently of all relation to the world actually experienced by us. This, speaking generally, is the great mistake into which

Kant fell in his effort to give an intelligible account of the conditions of experience. Contrasting phenomena with noumena, he inevitably fell into self-contradiction, maintaining that beyond all experience of finite beings there is a world of things-in-themselves, the existence of which, as he argued, is implied in our experience, but which never comes within our knowledge. Not that there are not indications of a better theory in Kant, but these glimpses of the truth he never succeeded in following out to their logical result, which would have entirely transformed his view of the nature of reality as a whole. Now, the Neo-idealists, rightly rejecting the transcendent world of Kant, have drawn the inference that, since experience involves the operation of thought as the condition of all knowledge and all action, it follows that reality is a creation of pure thought. Speculative philosophy, on the other hand, finds in Kant's three Critiques suggestions that, when followed out, lead to the conclusion that beyond our ordinary experience, as found in common sense and in the results of science, there are realities that thought by its very nature is compelled to recognize. Thus it holds that thought transcends, not *all* experience, but only the type of experience embodied in common sense and science. This latter experience is not based upon a fundamental error: it is true within its own sphere, but that sphere, it is held, is a limited one. The work of thought does not consist in copying a reality that apart from its relation to thought is already formed; it consists in interpreting experience as a whole in a self-consistent way. "Certainly," it says, the "great life and spectacle of the universe" is not a creation of discursive thought, nor is it the product of philosophical speculation. The world of sense-perception is not to be set aside as having nothing to do with reality: it has, as the neo-realist contends, its own right, and the splendour and values which we seem to contemplate directly are apprehended by us as they truly are. But, accepting our world of fact and externality as real, speculative philosophy goes on to ask what is implied in this reality, when it is viewed in relation to the universe as a whole. Thus the speculative idealist claims that he is the true "radical empiricist," and rejects such a one-sided interpretation of experience as that which Professor James has given us, refusing to accept his

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

fundamental postulate that ultimate reality is entirely beyond our ken. "Our mental life is a feeble and isolated thing until it has learned in some degree to draw force and volume from the real which is in nature and in the world—in all the great forms of experience." (Bosanquet, "Contemporary Philosophy," pp. 2-3).

Neo-Idealism, as we find it in Croce, Gentile and their followers, affirms that the basis of reality is historical. "The universe not merely includes, but is and consists in, an advance in time, primarily at least a succession of events." Thought, it is maintained, is a creative agency operating within itself and driven on by its own inherent dialectic. "From the cosmic point of view," says Croce, "reality displays itself as a continual growing upon itself; nor can a real progress be conceived, because evil, being that which is not, is unreal; and that which is, is, always and exclusively, good. The real is always rational, and the rational real. Cosmic progress, then, is itself also (as well, that is, as nature) an object of affirmation, not problematic, but apodeictic" ("Practica," p. 175: tr. p. 253).

"The Spirit, an infinite possibility overflowing into infinite actuality, has drawn, and is drawing at every moment, the cosmos out of chaos, has collected the diffused life into the concentrated life of the organism, has effected the transition from animal life to human life, has created and is creating modes of life ever more lofty. The work of the Spirit is never completed, nor ever will be so. Our aspiration to something superior is not vain. The yearning itself, the infinity of our desire, is a proof of the infinity of that progress. The plant dreams of the animal, the animal of man, and man of superman; this, too, is reality, if it is reality that in every movement of history man surpasses himself. (Cf. Alexander's view of Deity.) A time will come in which the great exploits and achievements which are now our memory and our pride will be forgotten; as we have forgotten the exploits and achievements, no less great, of those beings of genius who created what we call human life, and who appear to us as savages of the lowest grade and, so to speak, men-monkeys. They will be forgotten, because the proof of progress is in *forgetting*; that is in the fact in which, and not in itself, it has value." (A

fundamental fallacy: see Wicksteed: "Religion of Time and Eternity.") Yet the spiritual activity has the fullest consciousness of its own eternal categories." (*Pratica*, p. 180.) We cannot predict the concrete forms which progress and perfectibility will take (because it is our business to make them, not to know them), but we can decide upon issues which are not of fact but of thinkableness or unthinkableness of conceptions—e.g. of individual immortality or the existence of God. It is demonstrated that these are unthinkable in the traditional form. "Man does not seek a God external to him, like a despot who arbitrarily commands and benefits him; nor does he aspire to an immortality, which would be insipid rest; but he seeks that God whom he has in himself, and aspires to that activity which is Life and Death together" (*Pratica*, pp. 179-181: tr. p. 258).

Speculative Idealism, as I understand it, cannot admit the conception of the Neo-idealist that the ordered universe is a creation of the mere thinking activity, and so far it agrees with Neo-realism. Nature, we say, is real in all its concreteness and beauty, and is certainly not created by our thinking activity. But, insisting with the neo-realist that this is not only the common view of the unsophisticated man, but philosophically beyond dispute, we are not prepared to accept the neo-realist's contention that things are not merely elements of the real universe, but unite in themselves and apart from their connection with one another, all those features which they present to thought and perception. It is supposed that Idealism has committed itself to the doctrine that the *esse* of things is their *percipi*. In truth it does nothing of the kind, if it is meant that reality is that which immediately presents itself. What we hold is that reality is that which thought, operating within the whole complex of experience, compels us to affirm. Reality, as the object of thought, is always mediate and transcendent, not indeed of all experience, but of immediate experience. Neo-realism, on the other hand, in affirming that the beings of normal apprehension are self-contained existents, converts the qualities of things into a mass of contradictions, and therefore does not account for the objects demanded by the physical sciences.

For Professor Alexander, the unity of the universe lies in

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

Space-Time, which he declares to be the whole in the sense that, though it is a creative being, it is not within any further space or time. This is a doctrine that we cannot accept. Where there is no universal mind, no all-inclusive experience, there is for us no unity. There is no whole in which the past is apprehended as an enlargement of our present experience. There is no common mind either in the family, the state, or in religious experience. Every mind is a thing among other things, and unity or any kind of whole becomes meaningless.

When we read in distinguished thinkers to-day of mere logical coherence, or of the vice of going to thought and not to things for the standard of contradiction, I feel for my part that to such language no clear and consistent meaning can be attached. There is no such thing as a special logical coherence—a coherence which can be discerned by mere thinking. The coherence for which we contend is the coherence of all that is. The only contradiction we can admit is an *impasse* which all the experience available fails to resolve.

Speculative Idealism, then, affirms that the whole cannot change, because the whole includes all that is, and change, while it must fall within the whole, can not be a change of the whole. This is a view which, as I believe, can be confirmed by an appeal to experience. Professor Alexander goes so far with us as to say that his universe is not a whole of parts, nor a numerical one, nor a substance related by causality to other substances. On the other hand, by denying that there is a universal mind, he removes the foundation on which alone these negations can be based. The universe, we contend, is no aggregate of finite and individual things, and to talk of it as if it were a finite being, or even an organism, comes perilously near to the meaningless. It is one thing to attribute change, progress, and decadence to finite things, as interfering with one another and supplying to each other new conditions, and quite another thing to ascribe these characteristics to the total itself of all that is, the nature of which is *ex hypothesi* the unique and only source and foundation of all that in any way comes to pass. I do not believe that we can consistently think of the whole as ceasing to be what it is and becoming something altogether different. I do not think that anyone

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

who clearly realizes all that is implied in this view will be found to believe it for a moment.

It may be argued that the universe must be capable of change on the ground that it contains unrealized possibilities. The gates of the future, we are told, lie wide open, and besides what is, the universe is in relation to what may be. My answer is that possibility is not the possibility of anything whatever, but only of that which is involved in what is. Nothing is possible but what proceeds from conditions within the real, which if completed in a certain way which we do not know to be excluded by the nature of things, would carry a certain consequent, which is then, as hypothetically conceived, an actual possibility. There is nothing, then, in possibility properly conceived, which helps to bring absolute and unconditioned alteration into the totality of what is. Its possibilities are rooted in itself. They can derive from nowhere else, for there is nothing else from which anything can derive. A being that has a purpose, a career, is a different sort of being from the universe. It is one among others, a finite, a partial nature which in the conditions that meet it in the world of all there is finds stimuli, ends to attain, defects to make good, positive but partial conditions calling for completion.

European civilization, the human race, the earth on which we live, any one of these tends to run a course which we can describe. We can estimate generally at least how any of these objects will within limits proceed. But even with them there seems to be an element of stability as well as an element of alteration, and it would surely be unreasonable not to attempt to assign the limits or principles of it to the self-alteration of the whole. The real point surely is that its evolution need not involve moving away from its centre, diminishing itself on one side as it intensifies itself on another. That is no doubt true of a finite creature, but an infinite whole, it seems to us, must live out equally on all sides. If the basis of the universe were changeable, the basis of our argument, if we are to be either reasonable or to attach any weight to religion, consists in the stability of the whole. The whole can be said to change only if it departs from its unity of character and value. But no one, so far as I am aware, appears content

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

to abandon the fundamental conviction that the whole of what exists cannot move away from its fundamental nature.

In conclusion, let me say that the conflict of principle which most profoundly divides the thinking world to-day is seen on the one hand in the temper of the ethical movement, the Italian neo-idealism, the humanistic and neo-realist currents of life, and on the other hand in that speculative philosophy which penetrates and apprehends the unity that is grasped by faith, a philosophy which, while recognizing the series of events as the vehicle of revelation, is aware that the concrete perfection which the finite spirit essentially needs to lay hold of cannot appear in its full nature within the succession of temporal events. No doubt Time is as real as the finite; but the infinite whole is beyond it.* (Applause).

One cannot but sympathize with the doctrine asserted in the passages already quoted, that reason is the organ by which we are enabled to grasp the fundamental nature of reality. Croce makes use of the formula of Hegel, that "the real is rational, and the rational real." But he does not understand it as the Master understood it. For Hegel it meant that reason is indeed the faculty by which we interpret what presents itself to us in experience; but he maintained that experience is infinitely wider than what at first appears to us. Nor did he admit that the universe as a whole is in progress, as Croce asserts it is. To say so makes human progress impossible. For a universe that is in progress must, as Plato pointed out, be advancing from lower to higher, and must therefore be limited as we finite beings are. Croce, holding that not merely nature, but the universe as a whole, grows with the advance of man, makes progress—all progress ultimately—unmeaning. Nature, he therefore asserts, "if it is, is in evolution: if it is in evolution, it cannot be without some consciousness." In other words, that which is not conscious must be mechanical. There is "*una natura, immobile, esterna, meccanica.*" But this is to regard Nature as a fixed point beyond which we cannot go. Beyond nature, which remains opaque and immovable, we are conceived to be lifted by thought, which generates the true out of its own self-centred activity. It is of

*Bosanquet: *Contemporary Philosophy*, pp. 200-201.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

course true that "the stars do not smile, nor is the moon pale with melancholy"; but when we have discovered the confusion of thought implied in the "pathetic fallacy" we have left untouched the place of Nature in the cosmos. Nature is not fixed in icy isolation; it is not "immobile, esterna, meccanica", but develops into the forms of life and mind; and to treat it as if it were in itself nothing but a separate fragment, having a separate reality, severs it from all connection with the whole, and makes both its progress to higher forms of being and the progress of man self-contradictory. Nature is only a point of view, an abstraction from the unity of the whole, and only when this is recognized is it possible to have a really rational view of the whole.

But it is just as untenable to say that Nature, if it is not mechanical, must be conscious in some sense.

Croce holds that reality is continually becoming, and this fact shows that its very nature is to become. There can be no end to the process, he contends, since it is a movement in time, and time by its very nature is endless. This argument depends for its plausibility upon the assumption that the whole is becoming or is in progress. It is true that Croce repudiates the conclusion that the progress is endless. "The progress *ad infinitum*, he says, never reaching its goal, is not a progress; and the idea of approximation is an illusion." "The true conception of progress must therefore fulfil at once the two opposite conditions, of an attainment, at every instant, of the true and good, and of raising a doubt at every fresh instant, without, however, losing what has been attained; of a perpetual solution of a perpetually renascent problem demanding a new solution; it must avoid the two opposite one-sidednesses of an end completely attained, and of an end unattainable, of the *progressus ad finitum* and the *progressus ad infinitum*. This requirement might also be expressed by saying that a true conception of progress should make synthesis of the Oriental idea of cycles or recurrences, or of perpetual constancy, and of the Western idea of a breathless career towards novelty, or of perpetual change, supplementing the immobility of the first by the mobility of the second. Without this amendment, two and two come to the same."

Now it is true that progress presupposes stability; but a

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

progress by succession in time does not. Croce argues that a "progressus ad infinitum" is not a progress, since it never reaches its goal. And it is true that, for one who denies that there is any "goal", as Croce does, the conclusion is sound. But the denial of a "goal" is but another way of saying that the form of time is absolute. Certainly, if that were the case, there would be no progress. If man sets up the idea of an end of life, which does not correspond to the nature of the whole, what he calls progress is nothing but change from one state to another. To progress means to be advancing in a fixed direction—not merely changing. Perceiving this consequence of his assumption that the universe as a whole is "growing", Croce turns round and asserts that there is progress, not towards a definite 'goal', but at each instant. But a progress that is only instantaneous is not progress at all. To progress, a continuous advance towards a definite end must be presupposed, and this Croce has denied. To combine in one progress at the instant and the negation of progress is only a desperate expedient. We must make our choice: either there is merely a marking of time, or an actual advance; the combination of these two mutually exclusive ideas is self-contradictory.

"The contradiction," Croce says, "for us can be no other than this: that every particular form is particular, and this spirit does not stay still, but rather is never as the whole in any one of its particularizations, and therefore its true being is just its circular movement, which in its perpetual rotation produces the perpetual increment of itself, the ever new history."

Now the "whole" here spoken of cannot be the true "whole," which is not a mere alteration in time, but a systematic whole or true infinite, revealing itself in relatively stable finite forms. For Croce reality is a movement which eternally repeats the same monotonous circle *ad infinitum*. His conception of the real as beyond experience makes it impossible for him to escape from this conclusion. Reality in itself is separated from human experience, and thus logically becomes unknown and unknowable. When ultimate reality is sought for in the actual transcendence of every finite and relative form of experience, it is possible to combine change with stability; but when it is severed from all the

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

forms of our experience, it ceases to be anything but a vague and indefinable something-we-know-not-what.

The same fundamental error of identifying the universe with a truncated part of itself we find in Gentile. For him also time is a mere succession of events. "Nor can there be progress," he says, "for an idealistic philosophy which places the ideas or the Idea and the truth outside history and the effectivity of the real; because, if progress is the realization of the better, of the true being of things, this realization is impossible, by definition, when this true being is outside the things. And as there is no progress, there is no history; since, at bottom, the two terms are synonymous, as there cannot be development without amelioration, or the manifestation (*esplicazione*) of a law which constitutes the telos (*fine*) of the development" (Gentile, "Riforma della dialettica Hegeliana, p. 237).

Here Gentile obviously has his eyes fixed on the inadequate view of history as simply a series of events in time. Reality, he thinks, is successive, and without it there could be no progress. But by reality he only means what presents itself to us in the contemplation of historical facts. He does, indeed, elsewhere speak of the world as "una teogonia eterna," but by this he seems to mean merely that human thought is aware of the succession of all events as in time: it is "eternal" only in the sense that it is an endless succession. The "eternal", as the expression of unchanging laws in the many finite forms, seems to be unthought of in his philosophy.

This interpretation is confirmed by his account of the work of the creative thought which, in its self-production, is reality. "The synthesis of subject and object in the subject, as concrete reality of self-consciousness, is precisely the process which is not fact, but act, living and eternal; whence to think truly means to realize it. And at this realization who does not know that the spirit labours, to inaugurate the fullness of liberty, the reign of the spirit, or that *regnum hominis* in which consists the whole of human civilization, the mastery and subjection of nature to the ends of man, which are the ends of the spirit; and hence progressive spiritualization of the world, and realization, in a word, of that synthesis which

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

resolves the opposition, while preserving it along with the unity in which is its *raison d'être* and its significance?"*

"But this human perfectibility (Cf. Croce, *Pratica*, p. 180), this ever more potent mastery of man over nature, this progress and increment of the life of the spirit which is always triumphing more securely over the adverse forces of nature (there seems to be no idea of nature as that through which man's own nature is being communicated to him), and conquers and subjugates them in the inwardness of the mind itself, turning the passions themselves into virtues, as our Vico says: what is it, as we commonly represent it, the journey of humanity from stage to stage throughout space and time—what else is it but the empirical and external representation of the immanent eternal victory (full and absolute victory) of the spirit over nature, of the immanent resolution of nature into spirit, which, according to the conception achieved by us of the necessary resolution of history in time into the real and eternal history, is the only possible speculative conception of the relation between nature and spirit?" (Gentile, *Spirito*, p. 214). And just below Nature is emphatically and repeatedly described as the "limit", or the "obscure limit", of our spiritual being.

Expressed in other, if not more definite, terms these passages of Gentile argue that ordinary Idealism pays no heed to the actual history of human life as presented to us in the succession of events. It conceives of reality, it is declared, as entirely beyond and apart from actual events as they occur in time. Progress is the actual advance from the less to the more perfect. Hence the real of the old Idealism, having no possible connection with the actual, has, by its very definition, nothing whatever to do with actuality. If there is no progress, there is no history, for history is the formulation of man's advance from lower to higher, and therefore progress and history are at bottom the same thing. Development implies the transition towards an end, without which it is inconceivable.

Here Gentile argues that the idea of a reality beyond actual experience is a pure fiction. If this were a true account

**The World as Eternal History.*

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

of the theory of the speculative idealist, he would be right. We must, it is argued, either accept the Unconditioned of Kant or the view of Neo-idealism that the only reality is in the procession of events in time. Gentile never comes within sight of the view of reality held by speculative idealism, which is that reality is "an infinite whole, expressing itself in many finite forms, which more or less are charged with its values" (Contemporary Philosophy," p. 59). Instead of this we have presented for our acceptance a narrow Humanism, in which the whole reality consists in the perpetual struggle of man against a mechanical system which is directly antagonistic to spirit.

The source of this narrow view is revealed to us in the passage in which Gentile explains reality as the creation of human thought. "In self-consciousness," he says, "we find the synthesis of the subject and object. This synthesis implies the concrete reality produced by our thought. It is not actual fact: actual fact is its content, but Thought is essentially an activity, which functions continually, or as Gentile would say, "eternally." To think of this content is to give it reality. The self-conscious mind is ever engaged in striving to create this reality. In so far as it succeeds in freeing itself from the tyranny of Nature or immediate fact, it attains freedom, real self-activity. Thus it builds up that *regnum hominis* in which civilization consists. Despite the dogged opposition of Nature, man succeeds in mastering and subjugating it to his own ends. This triumph over nature, which converts the passions into virtues, is the condition of man's progress. It is the full and absolute victory of spirit over nature. This, Gentile declares, is the true idea of the relation between nature and spirit.

The fundamental weakness of this theory is that it conceives of progress entirely in terms of man's conquest over nature. In nature, it is implied, there is no ideal element: it is dead processless being, to triumph over which man must retreat into the depths of his own soul. Now, it will be at once admitted that man does rise above nature, but not by retreating from it. Reason does construct an ideal world, but this ideal world is not the opposite of the real world, but the real world properly understood. It presupposes ordinary ex-

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALISM AND REALISM

perience, which it gathers up into itself, and discerns to be a partial manifestation of the whole system of things which constitutes the nature of the universe. Man's experience begins in the apprehension of everyday fact and, though he rises above this immediate world of his experience, he does so because, in virtue of his intelligence, he is able to comprehend the principle presupposed in that world. He cannot, and ought not, to get rid of nature, because to do so would be to assume that it is not in its own way a manifestation of an unchangeable and eternal reason. History itself witnesses to this inseparable connection of mind and nature. It is impossible to explain the various stages of an advancing civilization without taking into account the natural conditions, outer and inner, which are presupposed in its various levels. On the other hand, civilization is more and more a recognition of the higher elements of human life; and without this recognition those elements become unintelligible. The neo-idealist rightly emphasizes the power of the intelligence, but he wrongly attributes that power to intelligence in its isolation from ordinary experience; the neo-realist is right in insisting that mind is nothing in its separation from ordinary experience, but he makes a fatal mistake when he takes ordinary experience at its face value as something simply *given* to the mind. Thought certainly transcends immediate experience, as the neo-idealist contends, but it does so by relating it to the whole. In this sense, and in this sense only, can it be said that "the real is the rational, and the rational the real."

Gentile speaks of spirit as "turning the passions into virtues." This is one of the ways in which, in his view, spirit triumphs over the natural. The passions are conceived to be necessarily antagonistic to reason, and virtue an entirely new achievement. But 'passions' that are absolutely exclusive of reason cannot be "turned into virtue": there must be in them a "promise and potency" of rational action in which virtue consists. Thus the relation of reason and passion is not merely negative. Reason negates the irrational element due to narrowness of outlook or exaggerated egoism, and, affirming the rational element, leads to normal virtuous action. Love of one's children, of one's neighbour, of one's country, of humanity, is not to be regarded as the opposite of virtue, as it

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

would be if the passions were simply irrational. The true life of man is not to be found in the choice between egoism and altruism, but in their union. Virtuous conduct combines the truest egoism with the truest altruism; and it is only when either element is exclusively emphasized that vice in some form is the result. (Applause.)

JOHN WATSON.

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA SUBSEQUENT TO THE DURHAM MISSION, 1839-1842

THE part played by Edward Gibbon Wakefield in the Durham Mission and the Durham Report has been recognized ever since 1838, but his intimate connection with Canadian affairs during the next few years has not yet been clearly understood. We have known that he revisited Canada twice, and that he was the "secret adviser", as the Dictionary of National Biography puts it, of Sir Charles Metcalfe in his battle with the legislature; that he wrote a most moving estimate of the good governor's character and a rather disingenuous account of the crisis. But what he was doing in Canada, how he came to be in close touch with Metcalfe, and—most puzzling of all—how he was found engaging in what was actually, all plausible explanations notwithstanding, a struggle against that responsible government which the Report had advocated, we have not known. The only life as yet written (R. Garnett, 1912) merely remarks that these points have never been cleared up. Material has, however, been found which makes it possible now to trace his movements during those years not exactly accurately, but at least intelligently.

It is impossible within the compass of one article of reasonable length to deal with all the material, and so I propose here to confine myself to the period which ends with October, 1842, and which therefore includes the weeks that saw the formation of the first Baldwin-Lafontaine ministry. The whole Conservative press of Canada accused Wakefield with much virulence of having made that ministry; at the moment he and his friends were silent, but after a year or two they also asserted his influence, though in general terms and without offering proof. The interesting task confronting the student of history is to decide whether these claims were true or false, and to it we must know something of Wakefield's position in Canada, his interests, and his connections, and we shall have to give a good deal of space to a preliminary investigation of these points.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

On October 20th, 1838, Wakefield left Canada for England, preceding Durham by twelve days. The date of his departure was doubtless determined by dates of sailing from New York, since he could not return with his chief on the *Inconstant*, but it enabled him to prepare the way for the arrival of the late High Commissioner, and also to set promptly about another piece of business which must have been planned in Canada.

Here and there in Lord Durham's Report* are hints that the writers favoured "speculation" in wild lands, construction of public works by private loan, the establishment of new banks. It seems to have occurred to Buller, Wakefield, Durham, and possibly Edward Ellice, Jr., who were all colonial theorizers† as well as personal friends, that it might be possible to form one Company which should engage in all these activities, a land company which should lend money to the state for public improvements and also carry on banking operations, and that they might themselves organize it and foster the project. So at least one judges from Wakefield's movements.

Three years before this, on September 9th, 1835, a company known as the North American Colonial Association of Ireland had been incorporated by Act of Parliament for the purpose, as the preamble of the act sets forth, "of providing suitable means for the conveyance of emigrants to His Majesty's said North American possessions, and furnishing to such emigrants all suitable accommodation, implements, and necessaries for their immediate settlement and the due cultivation of the land which such persons may acquire . . . ' and with power to use its capital "in purchasing, building, equipping, fitting up, hiring, and chartering, ships and other vessels for the purpose of carrying and transporting persons willing and desirous to emigrate to His Majesty's provinces and colonies in North America and their dependencies, *and also to receive money and other deposits of emigrant settlers and other persons, . . . and also to make loans and advances of money, notes,*

*e.g. (a) Report of the Assistant Commissioners of Municipal Inquiry, Vol. III, p. . . , Lucas Edition.

(b) Main Report, Vol. II, p. 48, Lucas Edition.

†They were all engaged at that moment in the undertakings of the New Zealand Association.

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA

or bills of exchange to emigrant settlers and others resident within His Majesty's said provinces . . ."* It was one of many such companies formed at this period of national distress, and like many others had not succeeded in getting enough paid-up capital to attempt any operations worth while. But its charter conferred the powers needed by the Durhamites. Wakefield promptly seized upon the derelict body, and proceeded to put life into it. His old associates in the South Australian and New Zealand enterprises lent their assistance. A controlling interest was quickly acquired. An agent, a solicitor named Pearson, was sent through Ireland in January, 1839, to sell stock, apparently with some success, but already in the closing weeks of 1838 enough capital had been guaranteed to make action safe. Before the year closed Colonel Kingscote, the governor of the reorganized company, bought from Edward Ellice the seigneurie of Beauharnois. There was a thin pretence that the purchase was a personal one, but nobody was deceived. The facts are contained in a letter written by Ellice to the *Times* of March 8th, 1843, in reply to a hostile leader which had appeared in the issue of the 7th. "I did not sell my property in Canada to the association. I had no thought or intention of selling it, and never offered it for sale. Lord Durham, after his return from Canada, wrote to ask whether I would entertain proposals from parties desirous of purchasing it. On receiving my answer in the affirmative, he referred me to Mr. Wakefield through whose agency it was sold, in 1838, to Mr. Kingscote." On August 7th, 1839, he goes on to say, Kingscote with his consent transferred the land and the responsibility for payments to the North American Colonial Association of Ireland.

Thus far no time had been lost. But now ensued a period of suspense and inactivity. The second rebellion had broken out in Canada. Beauharnois had been attacked in the rebellion, Edward Ellice and his wife, who had lingered on the seigneurie after Durham's departure, made prisoners, and the whole countryside burnt and laid waste. It was no moment for colonizing or digging canals, and the moment for such work would not come until something had been done to heal the divisions of the country, a consummation which as yet

*The italics are not in the original.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

seemed remote enough. Canada merely marked time while waiting for her new governor, whose appointment was delayed.

Meanwhile the game was played in London. All through January the Durhamites must have been busy on the Report. On February 5th, had they but known it, Lord John Russell threatened to resign from the Cabinet unless Lord Glenelg left the Colonial Office. On February 8th Wakefield, fearing that the report would be quietly pigeon-holed somewhere, got a large part of it printed in the *Times*. Immediately thereupon began an agitation which the *Spectator* early in March described thus: "... all sorts of intrigues are on foot to counteract the influence of Lord Durham's disclosures. Colonial officials, absent from their posts (he is thinking of Haliburton and John Beverley Robinson), are writing in the newspapers in defence of the 'Family Compact' of Upper Canada. Some of the Canada lumbermen in the City, pretending to represent the colony, but really trembling for their monopoly, which is of no value to those who deserve the name of colonists, are very busy in framing bills and resolutions, and pestering Members of both Houses with their narrow-minded importunity. A certain clique of Tories, with the aid of absentee Colonial officials, are also said to be preparing a scheme of settlement to be brought forward in case of need against that of the Ministers." The Legislature of Upper Canada voted Sir Allan MacNab, J. B. Robinson, and W. H. Merritt £3000 in order that they might go home and "malign Lord Durham," as the *Examiner* complains on April 10th. For some months, therefore, the principal object of all the Durhamites was to persuade or force the Government to carry out the main recommendations of the Report, and we can trace their activity most clearly in the paper they founded for the time.

On December 1st, 1838, about a month, that is to say, after Wakefield's return, appeared the first number of the *Colonial Gazette*, a weekly paper founded ostensibly as the organ of the London Colonial Society. Proof is not as yet available, though the circumstantial evidence is strong, to show that the paper was even at the very beginning established by the Durhamites, who hoped to use it for their own purposes under cover of the name of the Colonial Society.

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA

But in any case it soon became theirs both in name and in fact. After running along for eight months as a colourless vehicle for colonial news, it came to a sudden break. The number for August 3rd, 1839, announces that in consequence of disagreements into which it is not necessary to enter the *Colonial Gazette* will henceforth be published at the office of the *Spectator* and will have no further connection with the Colonial Society. The announcement was tantamount to a notice that in future the paper was to be Wakefield's own, for the *Spectator* and its editor, Robert Rintoul, had been his powerful and unfailing allies ever since 1830, when he had no other friend; or, if any further evidence be required, it may be found in the new tone which henceforward distinguishes the publication. It becomes anything but colourless. It is marked by the ardour with which it advocates its views, and at the same time by the wide and intelligent surveys on which it founds them. In this combination of breadth and clarity and warmth its main articles are such as only Wakefield could write. Undoubtedly he had broken with the London Colonial Society because it had refused to let him use its columns for the political purposes he had planned. The paper becomes his own organ, and during the next four years it is the most trustworthy index of his mind.

To the *Colonial Gazette*, then, we turn to see what he was doing and thinking during that confused pause that preceded the appointment of Poulett Thomson. All through the first seven months we get but one hint, a bare announcement on July 13th that "a deputation from the North American Colonial Association of Ireland (here follow the names) had an interview with the Marquis of Normanby, yesterday, at the Colonial Office." But as soon as he gets things into his own hands he keeps the Association out of view and begins to hammer tirelessly on the need for action in the Canadian matter. It must be remembered that the Government had just prolonged for three years the suspension of the Canadian constitution, thereby, as it seemed at the time, furnishing a fresh example of the policy of drift. Wakefield demanded week by week a definite policy and some immediate action. The paper of September 4, 1839, announced that Lord John Russell had gone to the Colonial Office, and that he was "reported" to have

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

offered the Under Secretaryship in vain both to Henry George Ward and to Charles Buller. If he had really done so (and unless it was pure bluff the "report" was certainly truth, for Wakefield could not have been misinformed on a matter touching Buller) Lord John was giving a strong guarantee of his intentions in regard to Canada.

The *Colonial Gazette* did not accept him heartily, however. Some say (to summarize its leading article) that he has taken the office for the sole purpose of settling the business in the right way. If so, well. Yes, but some say that as usual the Government is thinking anybody good enough for the colonies; Lord John knows nothing about them, but wants an easy berth after working hard as Home Secretary. If so, let him look to it. The *Colonial Gazette* is all the more doubtful of his good intentions, because the very same number has to announce the appointment of Poulett Thomson, and as to Thomson—and then the article lapses into unrestrained and bitter mirth on the subject of his ineptitude, his lack of personal dignity, his weakness, etc. It is so unrestrained that one wonders if it were not written with calculation to try to alarm Thomson into making terms with such formidable opponents. By the next week, at any rate, something has happened. The *Colonial Gazette* for September 18th announces that Mr. Thomson has had several interviews with Lord Durham, and proceeds, with that clarity and spaciousness which distinguish all Wakefield's writing, to explain exactly what his policy in Canada is to be. Put briefly, it is: to go quickly and decisively to work; to bring about a Union, making use of Mr. James Stewart in Lower Canada; to organize municipal institutions; to come to some settlement in the matter of the Clergy Reserves; and to give (so says the article) "practical Responsible Government." Wakefield goes on to say that he can if necessary produce legal proof that this policy has actually been declared. He exults openly in the fact that the *Colonial Gazette* will travel by steamer, and will reach Canada long before the governor on his man-of-war. Canadians will be armed by its information, and will hold the governor to his declared policy even although he may have been trying to play a double game. It is a repetition of the tactics which forced the hand of the Government by sending

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA

Lord Durham's Report to the *Times*. We shall see the same tactics employed a third time, at a moment critical for Canada. At present, however, he was probably wasting his thunder, since there is no reason to doubt that from the first Lord John really did mean business.

The remainder of 1839 is filled with Buller's famous articles on Responsible Government, and the early part of 1840 with broad and statesmanlike comments on the measures Poulett Thomson was carrying out in Canada. Except in the single case of the Colonial Office and the arch enemy Mr. (afterwards Sir) James Stephen—"King Stephen", the *Spectator* pleasantly calls him—who never could do right, it was not Wakefield's way to indulge in petty criticism. Seeing that Thomson means "to finish what Durham began" he gives him consistent support, although he often disagrees as to details. Here are two samples of his articles at this time:

"We fully expect, therefore, that Governor Thomson's measure (his Clergy Reserves Bill) will be disallowed (by the Lords). If it should so fall out, there will be little cause for regret. For those must be ignorant indeed of the state of feeling in Canada on this subject, who imagine that the colonists, who objected to one established church, would be content with two. Whatever may happen here, the question is as little *settled* as ever. Perhaps the best thing that could happen here would be such a decision of the specific measure as should soonest compel Parliament to place the whole subject in the hands of the Colonial Legislature. To that it must come at last, sooner or later, and the sooner the better."—March 4th.

"The distinction of Upper and Lower Canada may be deemed at an end; and we must henceforth look at Canada as one great colony, relieved by British preponderance in the Local Legislature from the miserable contest of races, and strong enough to manage its own affairs in its own way. . . . It is this general view of the benefits promised by the Canada Union which has made us unwilling even to notice defects and errors in Lord John Russell's measure that have not escaped condemnation in the colony. The bill provides the means of hereafter correcting what is objectionable in it; and is not that enough? . . . Let them (the colonists) be content for the present with a great and unquestionable good; the first Parlia-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

ment of United Canada will easily secure the rest." . . .—June 3rd.

But now, with the Union a fact, and the Canadian political future so hopeful, the North American Colonial Association of Ireland begins to prepare for operations. The article from which I have just quoted goes on smoothly:

"Meanwhile it is satisfactory to observe that the prospect of the Union has already been productive of advantage to Canada. We have just received a pamphlet published by Smith and Elder for "the North American Colonial Association of Ireland," from which it appears that this prospect of the Union has induced a powerful Company to determine on carrying into effect an important plan of colonization in Canada. The Directors say in their prospectus—

"The unsettled state of affairs in Canada has hitherto prevented the Company from exerting itself for the purposes of the Act. *But as the bill for the union of the Canadas and the settlement of their government has passed through Committee in the House of Commons,** the Directors are of the opinion that the time has now come for exercising the extensive powers bestowed on this Company, with profit to the shareholders, with advantage to those who may emigrate under the auspices of the Company, and with very great benefit to the existing population of the Colonies . . . Political tranquillity being restored *by the union of the two Canadas*, this Company may thus become the means of supplying the Colonies with people and capital from the Mother Country, where both are equally superabundant.'

"The spot selected for this new enterprise in colonization is the county of Beauharnois, near Montreal; and the plan proposes the investment of a large amount of capital in effecting public works there, in banking, and in promoting emigration to the Company's territory, which is offered for sale in this country on 'terms and conditions' similar to those which collected bodies of settlers for South Australia and New Zealand. The Directors, so far as the peculiar circumstances of the case permit, adopt the principle of colonizing which has proved so successful in other parts of the world.. . .

"But this is not a mere imitation of the colonizing plan

*These italics, and those immediately following, are Wakefield's.

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA

of the founders of Adelaide in South Australia and Wellington in New Zealand, servilely adopted by persons not familiar with its principles and operation. The very men who have accomplished so much elsewhere engage in Canadian colonization. Among the list of Directors we find Lord Durham the Governor, and Mr. Somes the Deputy-Governor, of the New Zealand Company, and the principal founders of South Australia, such as Mr. Wakefield, Mr. Hutt, Mr. Angas, Mr. Kingscote, and Alderman Pirie; while such names as those of Mr. Andrew Colville, Mr. Simpson, the Deputy-Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Edward Chapman, Mr. Russell Ellice, and Mr. Auldjo, are a guarantee of familiar knowledge with respect to Canada."

This pamphlet published by Smith and Elder has not as yet been discovered, so that in the meantime we must remain ignorant of the precise terms on which the Association proposed to sell its land. They were probably very similar to those offered by the Canada Company.

The pamphlet and the article in the *Colonial Gazette* were for public consumption. But the North American Colonial Association of Ireland had some necessary business to transact privately with the Colonial Office and the Governor-General of Canada. The negotiations were conducted, like so many others in which Wakefield played a part, almost entirely by private interview, a fact which makes their progress very difficult to trace. Yet it has proved possible to form a fairly clear idea of what was going on.

The crying need of Canada was of course for public works to improve communications, the construction of which would at the same time provide occupation for poor immigrants. With a happy blend of concern for the public weal and regard for its own, the Association proposed to lend to the Canadian Government the money needed to link the Lachine Canal with the rest of the St. Lawrence system, on condition that the new canal ran through its own property of Beauharnois. The land revenue was to be pledged as security for the loan, and this condition obviously threatened the whole scheme, since at present the land revenue was part of the consolidated fund of Canada, and as such was pledged already to existing debts.

The campaign was opened with extreme caution. The

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Colonial Office must have been approached in the latter part of 1840, for on January 26th, 1841, we find Lord Sydenham replying to a question of Lord John Russell's, "In respect to the North American Colonial Association of Ireland, I can only say that their operations have been very much kept out of view in this country, but as far as they are known, I should be very sorry to see the Government in any way connected with them. If the shareholders were to be the only sufferers, it would be of little moment, but I anticipate serious consequences whenever the unfortunate persons who may have made purchases of land of this company shall arrive to take possession of their property, if it has been acquired on the terms set forth in the prospectus." Early in 1841 joint meetings of the Directors of the Canada Company, the British American Land Company, and the North American Colonial Association of Ireland, were held in London, instigated by Wakefield, so his detractors alleged with probable truth, although he did not attend them and the ostensible agent was John Abel Smith, a Director of the North American Colonial Association. At these meetings the companies debated in common the urgent need of Canadian public works, and the difficulties of Canadian finance. The Canadian Emigration Agent, Dr. Rolph, was approached and won over; so was the North American Committee of the London Colonial Society; and two separate memorials, one from this committee, the other from the three land companies, were presented to Lord John Russell, and in due time found their way across the Atlantic to Lord Sydenham, to whom Rolph also sent a long letter. The first memorial and Rolph's letter were pompous and pithless effusions which need not detain us; the second memorial drawn up by Wakefield (again, according to his enemies, for his friends are silent as to its authorship) was a very different affair. Briefly, it urged that not merely the revenue from Crown Lands, but the actual lands and timber, should be turned over to the Canadian Legislature to dispose of at its own pleasure.* It went on,

"That your Memorialists entertain a confident belief that

*Appendix B to Lord Durham's Report had recommended complete central control as the best course, but, failing that, complete colonial control. Lucas Edition, Vol. III, pp. 39-40.

if the Crown should adopt this beneficent course the new Legislature of Canada, impelled by an anxious desire, in which every British settler in the colony participates, to set on foot improvements similar to those which have been executed with so much advantage in the State of New York, and to restore the stream of British emigration to its ancient Canadian channel, would zealously co-operate with the views of Her Majesty's Government for the attainment of objects so essential to their prosperity, and would frame such a law for the future disposal of public domains and for the security of parties advancing monies on the security thereof, as would induce your Memorialists and others to concur in procuring an advance to the colony of the funds required for the most important public works, and for the promoting a large measure of emigration to Canada.

"That a committee of the three companies, whose designations appear at the head of this Memorial, have conferred with Dr. Rolph, the organ at present in this country of a great body of the colonists, who ardently desire that no time may be lost in adopting measures to promote public works and emigration, and that Dr. Rolph vouches for the concurrence of the sentiments of the parties by whom he has been delegated in the views expressed in this Memorial."

There is of course in these documents no hint of the special project regarding a Beauharnois Canal nursed by the North American Colonial Association of Ireland.

These ideas, however, even thus cautiously advanced, did not commend themselves to Lord Sydenham, who acted with his usual decisiveness. On April 3rd he sent an official reprimand to Rolph, and on April 6th a despatch to Lord John Russell in which he disavowed Rolph's opinions, and remarked, "I have no doubt that on the presentation of these memorials which he transmits, your Lordship will have explained to the societies by whom they had been drawn up the objections to their proposals." His Lordship had, however, done nothing of the kind. There is a good deal of evidence to suggest that he was favourably inclined to the scheme, and that Wakefield was the man who had persuaded him. There can be little doubt that Vernon Smith, the Under Secretary, wished it well. On the back of this despatch is a vexed note from the

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

latter to his chief: "... it is a pity, however, that Lord Sydenham did not foresee as he might have done what Dr. Rolph was likely to do, or at least give you a more distinct notion of what he intended him to do."

But before the despatch arrived, Wakefield had set out for Canada, sailing, as we learn from one of the very few of his letters which still exist, on May 2nd or 3rd, with the knowledge and what may be called the benevolent neutrality of Lord John, who had paved his way by a long despatch written to Lord Sydenham on March 26th.

He began by informing him that he had "entered into personal communication with the memorialists", and was therefore "able to explain more distinctly than the memorial itself has explained, the precise nature of the measures they contemplate", and went on to state their main objects thus: "The memorialists, amongst whom are some persons of considerable wealth and commercial eminence, propose to raise and to advance as a loan large sums of money, to be applied, first, to the improvement of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and to other similar works; and in the next place, to the introduction of emigrants into Canada and their settlement there. I do not understand them to ask for themselves any participation in the actual execution of the works in question, or any voice in deciding as to the manner in which they should be effected. They would, as I apprehend, stipulate merely that due provision should be made by law for the completion of these undertakings, with the best possible guarantees for the skill and promptitude with which they should be carried on and superintended. As a security for the repayment of their advances, the memorialists look to the land revenue of Canada. For this purpose they propose that there should be some important changes in the law.' He summarizes these changes, which comprise the recommendations of Appendix B, last of which was the all-important one that the land revenue should be pledged by law as security for the loans. He goes on, speaking always for the memorialists, to meet the inevitable objections by representing (1) that the increase in prosperity resulting from the new works will be such that all existing obligations will be met by the fund even *minus* the land revenue, and (2) that the Canadian legis-

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA

lature will be willing to impose some tax in the meanwhile which will bring in a sum equal to the present land revenue should it ever be required. Although he adheres to his usual policy of leaving Sydenham free, he is plainly interested in the project.

"Your Lordship," he goes on, "will observe that I strictly confine myself to an exposition of what I understand to be the views of the memorialist, without hazarding any opinion of my own as to the practicability or the wisdom of those views. That is a question which you have far better means than any which I possess of estimating aright. If such a project as this could be rendered feasible, and could be actually reduced to practice, there can be no reason to doubt that the command of a large capital for the prompt execution of the public works in Canada would be an advantage of the greatest moment to that province and therefore to this Kingdom. The difficulties which would seem to oppose the execution of this project are at once numerous and formidable; but I have not thought myself at liberty, as certainly I have not felt myself disposed, to discourage on that account the experiment which the memorialists are anxious to make for expediting the development of the great natural resources of Canada. Without attempting to anticipate your Lordship's judgment as to the practicability of this scheme, still less to fetter in the slightest degree your discretion as to the adoption or rejection of it, I would only commend the subject to your attention. No final measure pledging the land revenue must of course be taken without the previous sanction of Her Majesty's Government, and probably of Parliament; nor could the Queen be advised to make a surrender of the interests of the Crown contingent on the expiration of the existing civil list, unless some adequate indemnity for that sacrifice were provided. But, subject to these qualifications, your Lordship is at perfect liberty to lend whatever sanction or assistance you may deem it prudent to give to the project of the memorialists, as I understand and have explained it.

"I am informed that the memorialists propose to despatch some person as their agent to communicate with your Lordship on this subject . . ."

The "person" referred to was of course Wakefield, who,

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

however, went not as the agent of all the memorialists, but as that of his own company alone. Whether the Canada Company and the British American Land Company began to suspect that the North American Colonial Association of Ireland had fish of its own to fry, or whether they merely distrusted Wakefield, as many people did, at all events they withdrew from the negotiations at this point, though evidently not until the despatch had gone.

Lord Sydenham answered it with his usual promptitude and decision. His reply, dated May 6th, has often been printed and need only be mentioned here. Briefly, he would have none of the project. He had just completed a financial scheme of his own, and he would hear of nothing that seemed to menace it in any particular.

The notes on the back of Lord Sydenham's despatch are interesting. Stephen writes to Vernon Smith: "This is Lord Sydenham's report on a project which Mr. E. G. Wakefield had gone out to superintend. It gives little reason to expect that the projectors will be very successful. Is it necessary to write any answer to this despatch? I should presume not. I annex the former papers. J. S." Vernon Smith writes Lord John: "Might not Mr. J. A. Smith see this? It certainly is a strong opinion for the seductive power of Mr. Wakefield to overcome. R. V. S. June 11th." And the final word is added on June 12th: "This may wait till the Assembly meets, and Mr. Wakefield has detailed his scheme. J. R."

The last stage, so far as the imperial government is concerned, came with a despatch of Lord Sydenham's, written July 26th, which had better be quoted entire.

"Government House,
Kingston, 2nd July, 1841.

My Lord,

I have been happy to avail myself of the presence of Mr. Wakefield in this country to learn the present views and intentions of the association with which he is connected, called the North American Colonial Association of Ireland, by whom the Seignury of Beauharnois has been acquired, and as I had occasion formerly to express my doubts of the course, which it was understood that body intended to pursue, I deem it but

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA

just now to say that so far as I am acquainted with them, the objects which the association at present have in view and the proposed mode of carrying them into effect are likely to be attended with great advantage to the Province. I understand that their efforts will be directed to the improvement of this property by the direct expenditure of capital there, or by advances to the local authorities for the construction of Roads and Communications, and to affording assistance to the Provincial Government in providing means by which some of the great improvements in contemplation may be effected; likewise that it is not their intention to speculate in wild lands, or to act under the banking powers which it is supposed the original charter conferred.

“Mr. Wakefield informs me that a Bill has been prepared for Parliament remodelling the constitution of the Association, and that no objection will be entertained to the abandonment of the very extensive, though at the same time very vague and doubtful powers which were conferred under the old Act of Incorporation, whilst on the other hand the Company wish to obtain clear and defined powers for the purposes I have mentioned. I consider both objects to be very desirable, and I shall be very glad if your Lordship and His Majesty’s Government will afford their assistance towards obtaining for the association such a Legislative revision of their charter as will on the one hand put an end to the unlimited power of holding land in the Colony and to any Banking privileges, and on the other afford the means to the Company of safely improving their estates and of making advances by way of loan to the Provincial Government and to the local authorities for works which may be undertaken by either, or upon mortgage to private parties.”

To this Vernon Smith appends the laconic note (Aug. 17th), “Mr. Wakefield has won,” and Lord John replies sedately (Aug. 18th), “I am glad to find Mr. Wakefield proposes to restrain the powers of this Company within proper limits. Providing (?) that so limited, I approve.” No doubt Wakefield really had “won”, although he had been obliged to curtail his project before the bargain could be struck; he had given up his intention of carrying on a bank, and henceforth we hear nothing more of a first call on the land revenue, per-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

haps because that revenue was found to be too small to be allowed to block negotiations. The mountain in this respect had brought forth a mouse. The episode is a curious illustration of the way in which theory often withered up when confronted with local facts.

The Parliamentary sanction requested by Lord Sydenham was unavoidably delayed. The general election of 1841 gave a verdict against Lord Melbourne's Government, and time was consumed before Peel's ministry was formed and ready to meet Parliament, so that it was March 17th, 1842, before Charles Buller was able to bring in a bill, which was passed on June 7th, giving the Association power to loan money for public improvements, but restraining it from acquiring more land or from engaging in banking, unless it were given permission to do so by the Canadian Legislature, which was henceforward to be competent to confer upon it any powers it might choose.

But from the moment of Lord Sydenham's assenting despatch the fortunes of the Association had depended upon Canadian factors. Wakefield had probably* returned to England in July, hoping that all would go smoothly once the governor and presumably a good many other people were on this side. The first session of the Legislature of United Canada opened on June 14th, 1841, and on July 14th Mr. Dunscomb, the member for Beauharnois, moved that the petition of the North American Colonial Association of Ireland praying for leave to make roads and loan money for public works be referred to a select committee. Opposition at once developed, and even on this preliminary step a division had to be taken, although the motion carried. Five days later Mr. Dunscomb, acting for the select committee, brought before the House a bill giving the required permission. It passed its first reading that day, and its second on July 21st. On July 26th, the very day Lord Sydenham sent his despatch, it was brought into committee, only to be hotly debated, and then adjourned from week to week and thus successfully staved off until on August 20th the Governor was obliged to

*In a letter of April 30th he had expressed the intention of doing so.

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA

send down the message containing his proposals with regard to public works. The message explained the loan promised from the Imperial Treasury, enumerated various desirable undertakings with an estimate of their cost, and went on: "There is also one of the works to which, although great importance is justly attached to it, it will, in the opinion of the Governor-General, be just, as well as possible, to affix a condition, by which the annual charge above submitted for the whole may be diminished. The navigation of the St. Lawrence involves the expenditure of nearly one half of the whole sum calculated on. That work is undoubtedly highly desirable, but it scarcely justifies so great an expenditure at present, unless some diminution of the annual charge for interest upon the sum to be raised can be obtained. Nor is such a diminution to be hoped for. Many capitalists in England are interested in the promotion of this work, and especially in seeing the communication between Lake St. Louis and Lake St. Francis established on the *southern* side of the river (through the Seigneury of Beauharnois, that is). The Governor-General has reason to expect that assistance will be afforded upon this condition, and he would not therefore recommend that this undertaking should be sanctioned, unless, as a condition, the greater part of the capital required for it can be raised at a low rate of interest, not much exceeding that which the Province would have to support for such part of its debt as will be guaranteed in England."

It was a clever attempt to "tack" the Company's scheme to a measure everyone desired. But not even Lord Sydenham's genius for management could ensure its success. When Provincial Secretary Harrison brought down proposals in the same sense they were defeated, and Parliament voted for the unconditional completion of the St. Lawrence system. Many voted against the proposals, it is true, who were not as yet opposed to the south shore line but merely objected to being bound to it. The case was not lost, and on August 30th the House at length passed the Bill empowering the Company to loan money. But the attempt to railroad the scheme through had failed. In this unsettled state the business remained when on September 4th Sydenham met with the accident which resulted in his death. A new government was in power

in England; his death necessitated a new governor in Canada; the work would all have to be done over again.

Accordingly we find Wakefield setting off for Canada once more, this time to make a lengthy stay as the acting factor of the Company,* and timing himself so as to follow hard on the heels of the new governor. Sir Charles Bagot reached Kingston on the tenth of January, 1842, and Wakefield left England on the sixth, and landed in Montreal somewhere about the twentieth.

(To be continued)

URSILLA N. MACDONNELL.

*See his address to the electors of Beauharnois, October, 1842.

THE FUNCTION OF TRAGEDY

Therefore we proclaim
If any spirit breathes within this round,
Uncapable of weighty passion
(As from his birth being hugged in the arms
And nuzzled 'twixt the breasts of Happiness),
Who winks and shuts his apprehension up
From common sense of what men were, and are;
Who would not know what men must be: let such
Hurry amain from our black-visaged shows,
We shall afright their eyes. But if a breast,
Nailed to the earth with grief, if any heart,
Pierced through with anguish, pant within this ring;
If there be any blood whose heat is choked
And stifled with true sense of misery—
If aught of these strains fill this consort up—
They do arrive most welcome.

In the days of Elizabeth and the first James, a play with an 'unhappy ending' could draw a large house and appeal alike to the cultivated dandy seated on the stage and the 'groundling' who had standing room in the pit. Why is it that in our time plays not ending happily are unpalatable to all but a few, unless they have the good fortune to be established classics? We have not become spiritually flabby. We are still potentially able to see life revealed in the grimmest and most uncompromising light and still for certain reasons obtain pleasure therefrom. It is not that tragedy has lost its power to please and console,—the word is not too strong—but that we have come to hold a false idea of the function of tragedy. Perhaps journalistic misuse of the word is responsible for the widely held conception of tragedy as simply drama with an unhappy ending—as merely that and nothing further. Whatever its cause, no idea could be more misleading. If the sole or even the principal effect of a tragedy is the depression of the spectator's spirits through the representation of

"The harm of hem that stode in heigh degree,
And fillen so that ther nas no remedie
To bringe hem out of hir adversitee."

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

without any beneficial effect on him except the not sufficiently positive one of enlarging his sympathies; it has by that insufficiency of its effect fallen short of greatness.

The representation of a real tragedy is to a certain extent a challenge to the depth of the spectator's perception and of his faith and optimism. Is his happiness dependent on his living in a fool's paradise, or is he able to see the worst that life can do, and still feel—assisted here by the premeditated effect of the tragedy—that beyond it all there is matter for hope and for solace? The number of those who avoid the challenge and shun tragedies is so great that it affords, perhaps, sufficient excuse for this essay on the function of tragedy. What is tragedy's purpose? Is it merely to depress, to give a sombre view of life; or is it to fortify hope and answer some inner need—often only half realized—in a man's nature?

From the first days of its obscure origin as a ceremonial symbol tragedy has always had some connection with the religious and poetic side of men's natures. It has been suggested by scholars that in its early days in Greece it was, in part at least, a religious performance symbolizing a god's rebirth.¹ The best tragedies have never lost this religious significance; and to this day when men go to the theatre, whether they consciously realize it or not, it is for the purpose of inducing a sort of spiritual rebirth in themselves. What else is the famous Aristotelian "purgation" or "purification" but a spiritual rebirth in the minds of the beholders? Any tragedy which fails in this effect by producing a merely negative feeling of horror or despair or depression or hopelessness is by that very fact not a true tragedy. True tragedy utters a message of hope, not of despair; it has the property of answering in the affirmative a question which men are always asking themselves in real life, never—in real life—receiving a satisfactory answer. It is the purpose of this essay to discuss the nature of this tacit question, and if possible, to find out by a careful analysis of the emotions of the spectator of a good tragedy, the answer which tragedy gives to the question.

'Purification (Katharsis) through pity and fear' is the

¹Cf. among others Mr. Lowes Dickenson's 'The Greek View of Life', p. 31.

THE FUNCTION OF TRAGEDY

classic Aristotelian phrase which is understood to describe the spectator's state of mind at the end of a tragedy. But are we really sure what we—or Aristotle—mean by 'purification'? It is an open question whether 'purification' or 'purgation' is a good metaphor for describing the ultimate emotional state of the spectator at the consummation of the tragedy. And it does not make the definition less vague to say the purpose of tragedy is to 'refine' our emotions and passions. If by 'refining' the emotions, we mean qualifying them as a whole by the strengthening of certain of our feelings through the representation of the play, we do advance the inquiry. A good tragedy has always seemed to the present writer to have had the effect less of purging undesirable emotions—a negative process—than of strengthening and of validating certain emotional convictions which it is desirable to possess, and which in ordinary life it is difficult to hold.

What are these emotional convictions strengthened and validated by a good tragedy?

It is safe to assume without argument that any man who is bearing his share in the world's responsibility wishes to be assured of the worthiness of his work and of its importance in the ultimate plan of the universe. Therefore the first of the two emotional convictions administered to by tragedy is a sense of man's dignity. The second effect of tragedy is equally important. A tragic masterpiece has the power to lessen the individual's sense of his spiritual isolation of that 'aloneness' in life which oppresses him in his everyday life. A good tragedy has a double effect. It makes each of its spectators at one with other men, and it makes its audience feel that man, however uncertain his fate may be, faces what is unknown and therefore terrifying, not utterly naked, but clothed in a certain dignity. That is the answer tragedy gives to the question one may read in the unconsciously wistful expression of thousands of commonplace people who pass one every day. If tragedy can to some extent administer assurance on these two points there is some excuse for calling it, in a deep sense of the word, religious.

A spectator at a tragedy undergoes, to the extent of his particular capacity for receiving emotional impressions, a sort of spiritual rebirth. Whether or not he consciously

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

analyses his emotions, the two convictions just stated are constituents of his new state of mind. First, to consider each conviction separately, every great tragedy is a gloss on man's dignity. It is scarcely necessary to explain that dignity is here used in its truer meaning, as connected with worth. The word nobility might equally well have been used, since by one of the strange perversions of human muddle-headedness, inner worth is most often metaphorically expressed by this symbol of outward, material worth and worldly rank.

By a coincidence, there was exactly the same metaphorical transposition of meaning in one of the symbols of ancient tragedy. The classical buskin was, in part at least, a visible symbol suggesting inner greatness. Its purpose was to enhance the dignity of the actor in the eyes of the audience. Similarly when Aristotle spoke of the necessity for a tragic plot to be 'of a certain magnitude' as regards construction, the idea may well have hovered in his mind that it ought also to be of a certain greatness of emotional quality.¹ It is this greatness in the characters and in their actions which is necessary to secure the tragic effect; they may err, but they must never err meanly. When we see misfortunes similar to our own suffered by men far nobler than ourselves their nobility lends a dignity to their misfortunes, and includes us in that dignity; *mutatis mutandis*, they are the same stuff as ourselves. The power of art is great enough to lend to the protagonist's actions a nobility which, if he were in ordinary life, would be obscured by the bathos of daily existence.

But tragedy is not dependent for this effect upon outward devices like the buskin nor even upon the tragic pomp of the march of Fate amid great events. Any action which can show the nobility of human nature is potentially tragic, even things in themselves incongruous. For example, nothing has been better calculated to produce in us a truly tragic effect than the sight of Mercutio dying with the most inconsequent of jests upon his lips. Mercutio's last jest is humorous rather than witty, because it shows the character of the man. Mercutio has been mortally wounded, and knows it; yet still he jests. "Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall

¹Cf. Poet, XV, 8.

THE FUNCTION OF TRAGEDY

find me a grave man." It is no mere play upon words. It is Mercutio's affirmation of his individuality in the face of dissolution. The thing which we had recognized as the stamp of Mercutio's genius was the ready jest. It was that which gave a sort of facetious illumination to the depths of his character. It was his will to be consistent in this expression of himself even to the edge of the tomb. In that consistency we recognize the power in man which transcends his fate. There is a true nobility in the jest.

Few things in life strike a man so continuously, with such deadening repetition, as the banality of ordinary life and the insignificance of the part he plays. The dullness of routine existence lacks the striking power of the carefully chosen great moments presented in tragedy. Most people's lives are a series of vague urgings to acts, for which they dimly perceive the motives. Adventure and the exalted forms of sacrifice are often means to a dimly realized end; this end is our desire to be convinced against odds that we are worthy agents in a worthy scheme of things. Life is ordinarily chary of the instant, dramatic and overwhelming proof of the spirit's existence. That proof can best be given only when all the elements are carefully measured in their just proportion for the chemical action of the final tragic effect.

The irony of tragedy as represented on the stages lies in the inevitable defeat of man's effort to match his will against the juggernaut of circumstance; there is an unobscured issue between himself and the most impressive of forces—tragic Fate. Whatever is won of human spirituality is won by the power of saying No. It is wrong hardly with the very heart's blood from our instincts. Therefore it is natural that we should see man's spirit at its greatest in scenes of terrific strife between man's will and his unthinking instincts. The protagonist comes to material ruin, but somehow by his greatness saves his soul. All this is presented with convincing vividness on the stage. In real life the conflict is obscure, and masked in the guise of the commonplace; the greatness is there, but it is hidden.

It is a well established canon of tragedy that one of the conditions of the tragic effect is our acquiescence in the material ruin of the protagonist. We do so only on the con-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

dition that we feel he has saved his soul, and that somehow, in spite of his weakness, he has proved himself worthy of our hopes for human nature. Antony proves himself weak in his infatuation, yet at the end of the play we have no doubt of his nobility. After that—such is the exaltation of our mood—we feel that material ruin is merely a means to a significant and larger end, and is of small import.

Why is it that the representation of Lear, beaten, unjustly used, bearing in his arms the dead Cordelia, does more than merely depress, in fact, actually satisfies some need of our nature? It is not because 'poetic justice' has been administered. Surely it is because in some subtle fashion—though we should find it hard to penetrate Shakespeare's artistry, and say how—Lear reassures us of the dignity of human nature. Never, in storm, madness, bodily pain, does Lear lose his dignity. Kent's

"O, let him pass! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

is like the covering of the eyes before a sacrifice: let Lear's greatness be no longer subjected to outrageous fortune; with his death let it come into its own. There is some greatness which it hurts the eyes to see. Pusillanimity one could stand; greatness in suffering may seem unbearable. 'Sometimes,' says Mr. A. C. Bradley, 'from the very furnace of affliction, a conviction seems borne to us that somehow, if we could see it, this agony counts as nothing against the heroism and love which appear . . . Sometimes we are driven to cry out that these mighty or heavenly spirits who perish are too great for the little space in which they move, and that they vanish not into nothingness but into freedom.'

The tragic mask of antiquity is appropriately figured with an expression of suffering, and yet with a degree of dignity about it. The mask of tragedy in real life—if there were such a symbol—would be figured with the commonplace dullness of frustrated effort. So the first purpose of artistic tragedy is to tear from our eyes the veil of the sordid and commonplace, and to show that our misfortunes are as those of others and that in all there is a certain dignity.

THE FUNCTION OF TRAGEDY

Shakespeare will never let us forget the nobility of his characters; neither Macbeth, in spite of the baseness to which he descends, nor Cleopatra, despite her wantonness, ever ceases to be noble. At Cleopatra's death, her faults are outweighed by her moral greatness:

“‘Charmian, is this well done?’

“‘It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.’”

At the end of a tragedy the effect is very far from being one of utter gloom; on the contrary optimism outweighs pessimism in the mind of the spectator; for he has seen a kind of spiritual rebirth in the protagonist. It is true that the spectator hears and acquiesces in the cry of Othello,

‘the pity of it, Iago.’

But that is by no means a cry of utter abandonment to misery, rather it is a sign of grace in Othello. The man who utters the words is a far different person from the madly jealous Othello of a short time before. He is still deluded, and intends to do justice as he sees it; but he is a new man for all that. ‘The deed he is bound to do,’ says Mr. Bradley, ‘is no murder, but a sacrifice.’ He is to save Desdemona from herself, not in hate but in honour. . .

“‘this sorrow’s heavenly:

It strikes where it doth love.”’

Nor is this a matter merely of a rebirth in the protagonist. The whole world, we ourselves, are the better for the spiritual ordeal of the protagonist, and the sanction of greatness which his conduct affords us. Hamlet is dead, but Horatio lives and ‘carries on’ in a world which must have in it great nobility since it can produce such as Hamlet.

If it is true that we sometimes doubt the value of human effort and wish to be reassured of the dignity of life, it is no less true that we are made conscious continually of our spiritual isolation from other men, that we have a desire for unification which is also partially satisfied by tragedy. A hundred things daily conduce to make us feel this spiritual isolation—the impossibility of conveying in its entirety and depth even the simplest of our emotions, the impossibility for even sym-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

pathetic silence to bridge the chasm between two minds. Although we assume for practical purposes that we understand one another well enough, and although our contact on the surface is sufficiently deep to get us through the ordinary business of life, we can not really comprehend one another. If what I have said is true, if a man's ghostly qualities are only won in a life and death struggle with his lower nature, it is no less true that it is fought to the end in utter loneliness; no one else can see or understand, and no one else can give more than a blind help. One's conflicts and dilemmas are incomprehensible. They are won or lost and after a while are forgotten. They remain only as part of our total character, and in the wrinkles of the face, which are at once poignant and obscure. We are isolated, we cannot help but feel it. Huxley has described the feeling well in a paragraph of which the sincerity tells more than the metaphor it contains. He speaks of himself as one who

"has graduated in all the faculties of human relationship; who has taken his share in all the deep joys and deeper anxieties which cling about them; who has felt the burden of young lives entrusted to his care, *and has stood alone with his dead before the abyss of the eternal.*"

It is the faculty of art to illumine the depths of personality, so that we can see farther into them. It cannot destroy the feeling of isolation, but it can show that we approach one another far more closely than we had thought. Mr. Conrad expresses this in one of his prefaces:

"The artist speaks . . . to the subtle, but invincible, conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts; to the solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity—the dead to the living and the living to the unborn."

Tragedy particularly has this faculty; we are brought more closely together by pity for misfortune than by sympathy for pleasure; pity arouses deeper instincts. No other form of art deals so directly with death and material misfortune while at the same time showing man's spiritual ability to transcend

THE FUNCTION OF TRAGEDY

death. "The protagonist", says Mr. A. C. Bradley, "is dead and he has no more to do with death than the power which killed him, and with which he is one." Everyone has in him something of the condemned criminal Bernardine who was 'insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.' Tragedy confers a great boon if it makes us both sensible of our mortality (and so of our common humanity), and less desperately mortal.

But why is it that while ordinary life fails often to strengthen this conviction of unity, great art, in particular great tragic art, almost invariably does so?

The reason lies partly of course in the inherent qualities of the tragedy, and also partly in the spectator's attitude towards the play. Before analysing the latter it will be convenient to consider one only of the artistic qualities of most importance in bringing about the desired feeling of unity to the minds of the spectators; namely, tragedy's power of simplifying complex life, confining it within certain boundaries, while still retaining the illusion of giving a comprehensive representation of it. This tragic simplification of a theme corresponds to a desire of the spectator to simplify his own life. To simplify the feelings is to have a better basis for understanding other people, since the thing in real life which has the most power to isolate us is life's complexity. We are ordinarily at the mercy of a thousand cross currents of impulse and thought. A tragedy simplifies these into a few broad if conflicting streams. For a time—such is the power of art—we are almost led to believe life may be refined to its essence and presented *in toto* within the periphery of a drama. We obtain what Goethe calls the illusion of a higher reality. At any rate to see life simplified is vastly helpful; and this simplification plays its part in helping the spectator to lessen his sense of isolation from other men.

It is this refining of issues to their essence which is the foundation of our pleasure in form exhibited in art. "The endless welter of the world," says Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, "will not itself thoroughly feed the desire [for shapeliness, symmetry, completeness, and the like]. That can only be done by an artistic vision of the world."

This simplifying is achieved in spite of the fact that the

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

tragic plot itself is often complex. *Oedipus* and *Hamlet* are sufficiently complex; yet because of the fact that the plot revealed before us is, *mutatis mutandis*, built up of complexities just as life is, and that in spite of that the tragic effect is simple, we are led to hope that the analogy may be complete, and that there may be some simple meaning in life's complexities. We are thus given a sort of emotional orientation.

When one leaves the discussion of the actual tragedy, and comes to the analysis of the spectator's attitude toward it, a question presents itself. Does the spectator, as is so often stated, project himself sympathetically into the very personalities of the actors? The very opposite is true. While retaining his sympathy with those on the stage, something is, for the time being, added to him which makes him different from them. A sort of sixth sense is given him, a sense of omniscience. He knows what mistakes the protagonist makes when he makes them, and he knows why they are mistakes. He is meant to know. It is for that purpose that the dramatist places before him all points of view and all the sides to the question. He sees life *ab extra*. It is as if he looked at a complete presentment of human life through some peep-hole in the sky and as if he were told: "It is so life appears, when one is not actually in the midst of it."

The human traits which unite us, and the existence of which we would wish proven, are presented to us when we are thus, *ab extra*, omniscient witnesses. When we see the same traits exhibited in ordinary life, they may effect us profoundly, but they touch us too nearly, we can not understand them through and through, as we do in the tragedy. But on the stage:

"When the high heart we magnify,
And the sure vision celebrate,
And worship greatness passing by,
Ourselves are great."

Whatever the faults of the protagonist—and they are not minimized—we are never allowed to forget his moral greatness. The recognition of this greatness increases our conviction of the solidarity of the spiritual things that link together human beings: 'ourselves are great.'

Disinterested emotion is the most striking of these unify-

THE FUNCTION OF TRAGEDY

ing qualities of which tragedy confirms the existence. It is this quality—if one may utter a platitude—which determines the character of modern religion, since the chief purpose of the latter is to annihilate the sense of disunion between individuals, by teaching them to centre their lives in others. Here again tragedy has a religious significance. One of its most important functions is to confirm the existence of this quality. In real life we can never be quite sure that it does exist. But a drama helps to convey the reality of this quality to our subconscious mind—if one may use the phrase—by means of the illusion of art; it is enabled to do so because we, the audience, are in the particular *ab extra* relationship to the tragedy portrayed. "The office of the poet," says Shelley (and let us surely add, of the tragedian) is to cause the keenest and purest joy to others. The language he employs marks the before unapprehended relations of things." So with the tragedian, the language he employs and the actions he portrays mark relations of things, before either unapprehended, or not sufficiently, or insecurely appreciated.

As an example, it will be useful to consider the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius (*Julius Caesar*, Act IV, Scene iii). It is true to human nature. The two quarrel like schoolboys and make it up like wise men. It is human, and yet it is an idealization too; for the play of character going on before our eyes, is presented with all the special vividness that selective art can impart. We look on, vested for the moment with the sixth sense of omniscience. We are judges who watch and pass judgment *ab extra*, and the thing on which we pass judgment is our own human nature; our human nature which once more descends upon us after the play, and which, when we again cease to become merely spectators and are ourselves, muffles our omniscience. Then, there remains only the memory of the judgment we passed on the character who shadowed ourselves on the stage during that brief hour. If the scene can convince us of that thing which we want to know and have come to be told, then it is a good tragedy.

Cassius states his grievance bluntly:

"That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this?"

It is one of the contemptible and inevitable misunderstandings

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

which prove the existence of a pettier side to human nature, though after all a less powerful. They quarrel like children:

"I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions."
"Go to; you are not, Cassius."
"I am."
"I say you are not."

Bitter speeches follow, and Cassius says half to himself, with the sudden grieved perception of the state to which a few hot words have brought a friendship of years, "Is it come to this!" But the long smouldering bad feelings are in flame and have to burn themselves out. The quarrel goes on.

I would break off at this point and ask whether *Julius Caesar* would have been a good tragedy, producing in the mind of the spectator the tragic effect outlined above, if Shakespeare had represented Brutus and Cassius as succumbing to their pettier natures, parting in unworthy anger in the last scene in which they two appear alone before us? Could Antony then with truth have passed final judgment on Brutus, 'This was the noblest Roman of them all'—a judgment which transfers itself in our minds to a favorable judgment on human nature? Could we then have felt that there is truly something disinterested in human nature, which unites us; that we are united because each lives his life partly in his fellows? This is the critical scene in *Julius Caesar*. If a lesser playwright had written the scene, he might here have made the mistake which Shakespeare avoids.

A 'tragedy of blood' like *The Spanish Tragedy* of Kyd fails to produce this unifying feeling, because the feeling of horror and disgust prevails over every other feeling. Judged by these same standards 'Ghosts' and many of the Russian plays fail to produce the true tragic effect. It is true such plays may be regarded as tragedies in a popular sense of the term, in the sense in which plays with an 'unhappy ending' are so regarded. They are not so in the special sense in which the word is applied to the masterpieces of the Greek and Elizabethan eras. Such plays ought not to borrow the name of tragedy. Possibly they should have a name of their own—'misery drama' perhaps?—to differentiate them from true

THE FUNCTION OF TRAGEDY

tragedy. They can be at best only transitory classics representing a phase of pessimism; for the qualities in human nature which resist time are in their nature optimistic. Only those tragedies which in the last analysis appeal to those qualities are true to the deepest in man, and hence are fitted to last.

A good many modern plays follow a false canon by directing our attention to the ignoble or the horrible, and so fail to fulfil the function of tragedy. They impress us neither with man's dignity, nor do they make us feel the bonds that unite human beings. We cannot recognize ourselves in the inhuman creatures of the 'Théâtre Antoine'; for surely it has become a platitude that man's character is to be judged as much by what he desires to be as by what he is. Merely to show unalleviated misery is not enough. What we demand in tragedy is that the emphasis be put on the conflict, since it is conflict which exhibits the presence and action of 'spirit.' Certain kinds of suffering are, of course, tragic because they denote conflict—the suffering of Prometheus, for instance. But the merely sordid, the merely sentimentally melancholy, the merely sensational are not themes fit for tragedy.

There is one characteristic which marks the progress of the protagonist in all great tragedies. Though he may be, and generally is, involved in a material ruin, spiritual ruin is never absolute; sometimes even, as in Antony and Cleopatra and Oedipus, there is a veritable spiritual triumph. Spiritual ruin can never be complete while the hero is still convinced that there is some good in himself. Macbeth speaks of his 'better part of man', his courage; for a moment it is cowed by the discovery that Macduff, not born of woman, is his predestined destroyer, it wavers because it has been undermined by his sense of guilt. Yet in spite of all his sins, the 'better part of man' does serve him to the last, and he dies fighting with defiance on his lips. He has still sufficient of that sense of moral integrity which never quite leaves the worst sinner to preserve his courage to the last. There is a true tragic effect in that. It is not the fact of Macbeth's guilt that matters, patent though it may be to the audience; it is the feeling which Macbeth still possesses *in foro interno* that in spite of all, he is not utterly without virtue. Life

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

"is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

It is too complex for him, still the virtue of courage is still in him. Coriolanus, from one point of view is a double traitor; yet, though in 'setting his mercy and his honour at difference' in himself, he brings about his material ruin and commits a breach of faith with the *Volscians*, it is that very act which confirms Coriolanus as a true tragic hero. It is the typical tragic choice—similar to *Antigone's*—between two conflicting duties; he chooses what is for him the more difficult duty, that which is bound up with his affections, not that which is bound up with his weakness of pride:

"O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd
If not most mortal to him."

In very truth he has done wrong in betraying the *Volscians*. It cannot be denied. But he has also done right. Therein lies the tragic effect. If we needed anything further to clinch our idea of Coriolanus' moral greatness in spite of his manifest delinquency we have it in his determination to return to the *Volscians* and face the consequences of his second act of treachery:

"For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you . . ."

Although a man like Coriolanus may do wrong, he cannot eclipse the spirit, we feel.

Readers will readily see that the present writer forms his criteria of a tragedy's excellence on the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of tragedy's function. If a tragedy succeeds in administering to those human needs of the spectators which I have outlined above, it is a good tragedy, if it fails it is not. The writer frankly holds that art, and tragic art in particular has a purpose. A work of art predicates someone to appreciate it. It is not an abstracted

THE FUNCTION OF TRAGEDY

and self-sufficient whole, successful because it has conformed to some abstract artistic or aesthetic canon. The proper judgment of it does not lie in the application of hard and fast *à priori* formulae, but in an analysis of the appreciation of tragedy in those of the spectators whose intelligence and sympathies are widely developed. It is for this reason that the writer looking for a critical *pied à terre* from which he might advance to a proper standard of values in judging tragedy, has regarded primarily the function of tragedy, rather than its art. The Aristotelian definition of tragedy fails to be wholly clear on what, after all, most demands clearness—the nature of the effect which a good tragedy produces on the spectator. Once aware of the effect which it is the purpose of tragedy to bring about, it is possible to analyse the artistic means which produce that effect. It is not possible to write a tragedy according to *à priori* rules, and then fashion the audience to suit the play. To do so would be to consider a tragedy as a sort of Procrustian bed, since tragedy is made for man, not man for tragedy. It is necessary, of course, not to go to extremes in criticizing from this approach. Just as the art is determined by its function, so the function can only be ascertained by analysing the tragic effect of plays which are admittedly masterpieces. Generalizations, not based on examples, are to be deprecated, except in so far as they are merely suggestive, not pretending more.

It would not be necessary to emphasize the importance of *à priori* consideration of the function rather than the art of tragedy in determining the constituents of that art, were it not that there are playwrights who ignore their audience altogether (at least in theory), considering the tragedies they have written as vehicles for the expression of personal moods, or of an abstract principle 'art' divorced from life. If an angel painted a heavenly landscape for our eyes, for us it would be bad art, since from the fact that our eyes are human and finite, we could no more see it than the flying carpet. Unless the writer of genius recognized the 'genius' of men and speaks to that, his 'work of art' is an unreadable collection of beautiful vowels without a consonant.

There still remains for discussion one other possible attitude toward a tragedy. Many may consider that the in-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

centive for attending a tragedy is to learn the truth at all costs, even if the truth when learnt prove man other than worthy and noble:

"It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:"

as Clough has it. But is not this passionate search for truth based on a deep conviction which amounts to religion that the truth when found will be noble, not base? It is a quest of the Graal in the conviction that the Graal is worthy of the quest. The desire to learn the truth irrespective of any advantage to be gained is a generous and common desire: if truth were a Gorgon to petrify a man, he would still look. At the same time it is man's article of religion that truth is not a Gorgon; and that when seen it will be worthy of his aspiration and purpose. So a man goes to a tragedy to obtain visual confirmation of what he feels to be his truest conviction—though not always that which it is easiest for him to hold.

Even if the theatre-goer is a pessimist, and believes that the truth revealed by the tragedy will reveal man as ignoble; still, paradoxically, he is an optimist; unknown to himself he goes to reassure himself of man's nobility. That is true for this reason: even if he does not possess the cathedral-building optimism of most human beings, he is at any rate convinced that his desire to see the truth, even if it turn out to be a Gorgon indeed, is a noble desire on his part and proves his own nobility. Such is the perversion possible to human muddle-headedness that such a man, in order to support his inner conviction of man's nobility, will insist on seeing mankind portrayed—in the fashion of modern decadents—as ignoble, so that he may admire man's nobility in 'daring to see mankind as it is.' But such pessimism (or such muddled, perverted and unconscious optimism!) is fortunately abnormal.

One might say with justice in support of the claim that tragedy has a unifying effect, that the revealment of truth conveyed by the tragic effect unites people by telling them the real truth about man's nobility. Truth, the Deity, is rightly represented in Dante's allegory to be at the centre of the universe around which everything revolves. Thus the desire for truth is the desire to unite, to simplify, to progress nearer the

THE FUNCTION OF TRAGEDY

centre; and there is a corresponding hatred of hypocrisy and sham, and all the things that stand in the way.

Something of the magnificence and dignity of the tragic effect, something of the majesty it has and can confer on men, is contained in the often quoted:

“ . . . let Gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by.”

If, besides the gorgeousness and the sceptered dignity the author of tragedies is able to make us feel the common humanity that knits us close, then he has well fulfilled his obligation as a tragedian. The words uttered by Manoa over the body of Samson may stand as a type of the tragic effect produced on the spectator:

“Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.”

PHILIP CHILD.

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MEMORIES AND ETCHINGS

Gelnhausen

GELNHAUSEN is one of the quaintest of spots—an Old World, out-of-the-way corner, reeking of romance and mediaevalism and crusted with the traditions of the centuries. Somehow, the *Wandervögel* with their understanding of the past and their detachment from the materialism of the present seemed in their perfect setting there and in complete harmony with the environment; the antique songs sung by unseen groups in the *Schloss* thrilled among the mouldering pillars like the luting of some long vanished *Tanzschaar* and one almost expected to see the gaily clad company emerge from the trees or suddenly materialize on the velvety lawn. The countryside is undulating and wooded; a landscape studded with quiet farms, grazing cows and toiling oxen dragging skeleton-like country carts slowly along dusty red roads winding among ripening, fertile fields. And, just as the *Wandervögel* seemed in their perfect setting in the town, so does Gelnhausen seem to be in its perfect setting in this countryside. The town is old and odd; with curious winding, climbing streets; cobbled, lumpy uneven closes; droll-looking dwelling houses with ageing gables and weather-stained beams and overhanging windows with diamond shaped panes, peering from the recesses of courtyards and twinkling at one roguishly and humourously from unsuspected angles and cunningly hidden niches. The dogs in Gelnhausen seem to be too busily engaged in their favourite pastime of flea-hunting to take even a passing interest in the stranger and to welcome him with the usual vociferous canine greeting; but the geese stare at him rudely, gossip and giggle in the steadings about him and make absurd remarks about his personal appearance; the ducks examine him with bold, beady twinkling eyes and waddle off warily to their morning's grubbing and toileting; the pigs grunt their drowsy comments from the shelter of the open doorways or the straw heaps where they nose and wallow at will; the cattle chew their cud contentedly between the shafts of their carts, to the eternal accompaniment of slobbering and slavering and tail swishing and the deep hum of the myriads of flies that infest

MEMORIES AND ETCHINGS

the town in the summer time. The women lean from the sills in the sagging walls exchanging their news shrilly; the children rollick and frolic amid the dangers and the delights of the smothering streets and the contingent byres; the cats loll luxuriously on the tops of the sun-baked walls and the crinkled shingles; the peasants, taking their ease at their inn, refresh themselves noisily over their mugs of beer, belching the blue smoke from their drooping porcelain pipes; the townsfolk go about their business slowly and deliberately as though they had never heard of the hurry that the rest of the world is in. In Gelnhausen no one wants to hurry, and time hastens slowly.

But there is another quarter of the town where one drinks in wholly different impressions. The ruined keep, the crumbling city wall, the greying *Rathaus*, the vistas of odd little streets, shady old courtyards, foot-worn steps and steep, quiet alleys remind one of the antiquity of the place. There are two sight-worthy monuments in Gelnhausen—the Protestant Cathedral and the castle of Barbarossa. There is also, in the Market Place, a statue to the inventor of the telephone! The Cathedral stands at the top of a long, winding street and commands the white, sunlit Square shaded with linden trees and picturesque from the very medley of the styles of the surrounding houses and the multifarious gables and tilework. Divine service was being held at the moment of our arrival and the medley of *Wandervögel* Pilgrims had perforce, at the command of a solemn and saturnine seneschal, to deposit themselves and their *Rucksäcke* in the grass-grown churchyard, on the grounds that they were mere tourists attracted thither from idle curiosity, who would irreverently disturb the peace of God's house if they were permitted to enter. Pleading and protests were alike unavailing. The Sacrist was obdurate and, outside we had to remain. One or two of the company wandered off and disappeared; others sat them down under the shadow of the Cathedral wall, dozed or studied the Latin inscriptions and the sculpture round the doorway and lazily watched the townsfolk who came with their pitchers in the old-fashioned way to draw the needful water at the fountain and to sift and re-edit the current gossip and scandal. The ruins of the keep lie lower down—the keep of Barbarossa, Holy Roman Emperor, the first of the Hohenstaufen dynasty,

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

master of Germany and Italy, who perished miserably in a Cilician stream. We were entertained to a lengthy recital of the deeds of the Red Bearded one and to a cumbersome description of the glories of the banquetting hall, the cellars and the chapel by a garrulous caretaker, who afterwards allowed us the run of the place at ten *Pfennig* per head. We lunched on the grass in the courtyard amid the ruins of the chapel and it was then that some group or other would strike up one of the songs of the *Wandervögel* which were taken up by other groups scattered about the precincts of the ruins, who joined in them right heartfully and tunelessly. A couple of men were busy cutting the long grass in the courtyard and the sweet scent of new mown hay affected the scenes very pleasantly, rousing in one a gentle feeling of melancholy and unanalysable regret—the sadness which invariably mingles with the joy of the fleeting hour until the jingle from the old Shrove-tide play of Hans Sachs, written somewhere about the year 1550, dancing through one's head, dispelled any moodish reflections :

Der mayen, der mayen,
der pringt uns plümlein vil;
ich trag ein freis gemüete,
Gott wais wol, wem ich's wil;
Gott wais wol, wem ich's wil.

Presently to the railway station and the dubious delights of herding fourth class with all Germany going a holidaying at Whitsuntide. What a business this travelling in Germany is under present conditions! And, yet, no one dreams of travelling in any other class, unless he is a workman (so they say in Germany), who travels third class; or one of the new rich who murders the language and confuses *mir* and *mich*, who travels second; or a *Schieber* who has become the man he is by the simple expedient of mixing *mein* and *dein* (mine and thine), who travels first. But the number of children and babies that travel at this time of the year seems incredible; and, as every baby has invariably a mother, and as every mother has almost invariably a husband with her, who, in turn, in addition to what his wife has, sports a bag or a bundle, a basket or a child's cart as well as milk and food in a parcel, the compartment is apt to become, in a very short

MEMORIES AND ETCHINGS

time, almost unbearable. What a medley in these fourth class carriages! The seats which are of wood and uncushioned are built round the sides, leaving a vacant space in the centre. But at Whitsuntide that space is filled with babies, yelling, crying and laughing on their mothers' laps; with mothers seated on bundles and baskets suckling infants, scolding, praising, dandling, patting warm and fractious children; with fathers assisting in the restoration of order; with youths and girls everlastingly digging into the depths of gloomy-looking *Rucksäcke* and hauling out the ubiquitous black bread and cheese and butter; with old men sucking stolidly at old-fashioned porcelain pipes and who represent the Old Germany, and with younger men smoking briars—a habit they have acquired in the War, either from English prisoners, or, when they themselves were prisoners with the English, and who represent the New; with *Wandervögel* and Youth Bands in shorts, *Windjacken* (loose fitting blouses) and Schiller collars who smoke nothing and sing their Sun Songs and strum their lutes when the din permits and are ogled by merry, *patois* speaking, loud-laughing, stylishly dressed young peasant girls making for a dance at the nearest *Messe* or village fair, and who, in a sense, represent the oldest and the newest Germany of all. But alas! what a change has come over these one time picturesque peasants! Since the Revolution these, too, must needs march with the times and abandon their picturesque ribbons and multifarious petticoats, their beautifully embroidered bodices, their tightly bound “buns”, their pincushion caps, and become thoroughly modern. It was in Marburg that I first noticed this change—Marburg, on the Lahn, with its majestic *Schloss* in which Luther and Zwingli had their famous bicker on the matter of the Real Presence, its ancient university, its crooked spire, its Elizabeth church with its famous sarcophagi and its wonderful carving, its overhanging houses, its towering terraces, its winding streets and its gaily capped students. It is in the quiet spots where the people and their ancestors have lived for centuries that one can note the changes that come with revolutions and the years. Even the houses in conservative old Marburg are changing their appearance and losing their pre-Revolution picturesqueness. Many of the ancient beams and gable ends have been painted over, and thus many

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

a quaint and picturesque nook has lost its former charm. And it is rarely now that one sees the striking and characteristic *Tracht* or costume of the peasant woman, for with the Revolution has come a general levelling and the maidservants from the country refuse any longer to be distinguishable from their sisters who have been bred in the towns.

But one must not imagine a sad Germany making sombre holiday at Whitsuntide. If the crowded human freight in the fourth class railway carriages is occasionally an offence to the aesthetic sensibilities, and if the muzzled, growling dogs, the chickens in the baskets of the country folk, or their other contents such as cats, fruit, raw meat for the butcher, eggs, and, obviously, very obviously a pound or two of cheese augment the physical discomfort, they increase at the same time the joy of the holiday spirit and reveal that touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin. A jolly company on the whole, one would say, going each and all on their separate ways—old soldiers of the New Army going on leave, passing the time of day with the merry peasant girls jolting to the *Messe*; two jolly-looking monks with good capons lined; workers and toilers, students and farmers, doddering grandsires quietly slipping out of a world in which, during these latter years they have been in danger of becoming *Struldbrugs*, young mothers, with foreheads carelined already, suckling the babe who is to play its *rôle* in the future mayhap, if the Fates decree, to be hurled into the furnace—a motley, my masters and everyone, like myself, questing at his favourite haunt new draughts at the Fountain of Life.

The Schifffenberg

The Schifffenberg is a quaint old building which was once a monastery and is now an inn—a quaint old building with the tradition of centuries behind it, suggesting mediaeval barons and Knights Templar, dead and gone monks and cool wine cellars, deep quaffings and long carousings of jolly companies of long since mouldered seculars and jolly friars who ate fish of a Friday. Coats of arms—centuries old, some of them, weather-worn and undecipherable, stare and peer at these modern intruders—coats of arms belonging to knightly gentlemen, good, some of them, bad, others, but, indifferent good the main

MEMORIES AND ETCHINGS

of them who, in any case did, in their day love and hate, and sin and repent, resolve and break their vows, and had, for the most part a sorry time at the hands of the three traditional enemies of man and, having done all these things, have passed beyond and been completely forgotten except for these tragic memorials of their one-time pomp and power. The ancient graves in the floor of the open, wind-swept chapel, are marked by flat stones whose inscriptions have been rendered illegible by time and weather and the passing feet of the shadows which have flitted across the centuries ere they, too, mingled with the common earth. An ancient font in which they used to immerse the child—a gigantic primitive thing—has fallen, through neglect, and lies a pathetic relic alongside the stone steps which lead to the spot where the altar once stood. Some one, perhaps a *Wandervögel*, going past this way recently, has taken the trouble to adorn the remains of the altar with branches, already commencing to wilt and show the traces of mortality. The small, diamond-shaped yellow glass panes have nearly all fallen out and the frames look oddly empty. Contented-looking families are eating a frugal meal of black bread and sausage at the zinc tables on the enfoliated terrace, and drinking coffee and light beer or lemon squash; a party of students is making merry in their own room with its oak table with hundreds of initials carved in it and singing their familiar choruses lustily, after the old manner; the peasants are at work in the distant fields coiling the new mown hay. There is a subtle but unmistakable difference between an English and a German landscape. The colouring is different and the trees are not quite the trees one sees in England. The farm houses and steadings, too, are unlike those one sees in England; the latter do not have red roofs that twinkle and scintillate in the glow of the setting sun. But the main difference is that there are no hedges in Germany such as one sees in England, and in the evening the fields seem strangely quiet and deserted because the cattle have all been driven into their stalls and secluded for the night.

One would not think, as one drinks in the peace and the beauty of the scene from the Schifffenberg, that those calm lives had so very recently been tortured and shaken by war and revolution. But one is not long in Germany without a

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

reminder of some sort of these tragic happenings. On our way to the Schiftenberg—the *Herr Professor*, the *Frau Professor* and myself—we passed a gigantic ant heap by the roadside. Myriads of ants were hurrying hither and thither on missions, seemingly aimless and purposeless. The ant heap was tempting. Suddenly the *Frau Professor* thrust her cane into the midst of the seething, whirling mass, disorganizing their communal life, ruining their buildings, overwhelming their city and spreading panic in their ranks by the very suddenness and completeness of the catastrophe. A moment's hesitancy and consternation—then, in a trice, order began to evolve from chaos and the myriads of brown creatures were working feverishly at the task of reorganizing, re-establishing and rebuilding what seemingly capricious force had destroyed. "So," said the *Frau Professor*, after we had watched the progress of the work of reconstruction for some moments, "you, too, have now had your revolution like Germany. And, like Germany, you, too, rebuild rapidly."

Soon evening begins to close in, an evening of extraordinary clearness. Distant towers and ruined keeps and nestling villages stand out with an almost unnatural definiteness of outline, and the sun, sinking behind the town of Giessen, beyond the pineclad hills and the undulating valleys, illumines the surrounding woods for a few brief moments with a wonderful transfiguring gleam of silver and purple radiance ere it finally disappears in a gleaming sea of orange and red. We assist at the gorgeous *revue* in an upper room in the old monastery—a room hung with fragrant pine branches and prints of merry student gatherings and junketings that took place in the days of the Moltkes and the Bismarcks and the bewhiskered Emperors and Landgraves whose grim, unrelaxing features frown from their frames alongside. Then, homewards through the silent aromatic ways while the fireflies gleam and the glowworms dance and flicker in the sombre tangle and mesh of underwood. Suddenly the dark shades are illumined with a silvery and unexpected radiance as the moon appears and throws her searchlight beams amid the mass of whispering pines. A roe deer "peeps" to its mate somewhere in our neighbourhood and we can hear their voices dying in the disturbing silence at our nearer approach—

MEMORIES AND ETCHINGS

silence, but for the gentle whispering of the branches and the rare call of some wakeful bird and the mysterious noises of the night. As we emerge into an open space a tempest of discordant croaking assails us from the frog concert in the pond by the roadside. How they cackle and rattle, these jazz musicians of the marshes, vieing in full-throated disharmony! Then a sudden pause—but only for a moment while the unseen choristers gather breath for renewed effort and the chorus recommences. A solitary star shines coldly in the depths of the pond; above, the azure heavens with Venus frigidly looking down upon the scene. And, somewhere behind us, the clear chorus of a band of returning *Wandervögel* rises happily with its note of brotherhood and aspiration:

Wir wandern singend durch das Land,
du, Bruder, willst du mit?
Komm, reiche mir die harte Hand
und schreite unsern Schritt.

Wenn mancher Weg uns auch noch trennt,
wir fühlen, was uns eint.
Im Herzensgrund den Bruder kennt,
wer's frei und ehrlich meint.

A sudden bend in the lane shuts off the singing.—But Tlusteck has well interpreted the mood of the *Wandervögel* and of the younger idealists. There is great peace found in the haunted woods of Germany.

Wetzlar

No doubt most travellers going from Frankfort to Cologne have noticed the name, for all trains stop there for a few minutes. But the chances are that it conveyed nothing to them—just a station where the engine watered and where nobody of any consequences ever seems to get in or out of the train. A modern town, too, with paper mills and, at the rush hours, scurrying, hurrying hungry folk; a provincial little nest with poor *cafés* and a meagre selection of cakes and pastries, musty smells and crop-headed youngers. What took me back there? I knew no one in these drab houses; a cheerless wind scudded down the greasy streets and the leaden skies threatened rain. There were a hundred other places which I might have visited with much greater pleasure and profit to myself. And, yet,

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

there must have been some attraction to have drawn me thither—I was haunted by a memory, by a mood which I could not recapture but which I find recorded in my diary, written in my *Wanderjahre*, in the years of dead promise and hoped achievement. Of the company who visited Wetzlar with me on that last occasion two are dead; one lives in Liège, and, with the fourth, I renewed friendship during the past summer. But I can never again write with the freshness and enthusiasm of these early years; I can no more retrace my steps than could the others who have passed this way before me. Wetzlar will be for all time associated with the name of Goethe. His spirit lingers amid the ancient houses and haunts the dark valleys of this old and yet modern town. Quaint, old-world houses, scattered irregularly along the opposite hill-slopes nestle amid the snows; the stately Dom, a curious medley of architecture, holds watch like a sentinel guarding an enchanted land. To the east lies the old town; to the west stretches the new—the world of dream and the world of reality. And, between, flows the silent river, black in the darkling amid the snows, spanned by the ancient bridge with its hurrying folk hastening in their restless pursuit of the seemingly unattainable. Far in the north-lands wave the pine-woods, dark and lonely; ridge upon ridge of white uplands stretch dimly away to the south in endless succession; sombre lies the plain to the west; still and cold the fields in the east. We shiver involuntarily at the sough of the cold wind crooning his war song ere he plunges raging into the dreary night. But, hark! another sound. Soft and low steals the chime of the bells, filling the snow-clad valley with blended harmonies; slower, with deeper note the great voice of the Dom booms its five solemn strokes; breathlessly the chorus is taken up, and, for a spell, the hillsides peal and billow in one sweet note of Sabbath music. Anon, the echoes swell and die; swiftly glide the ghost shadows through the woods—and, ever the folk keep crossing the bridge—from the dark into the dark. It is only a span from the old world into the new; and, soon, the earth which knows man shall know him no more.

Goethe lived in Wetzlar, the scene of his *Sorrows of Werther*, from May till September, 1772. It was at the Goethe *Brunnen* that the poet would sit, dreaming, and hither, dis-

MEMORIES AND ETCHINGS

turbing his reverie came the village *Mädels* to draw water, and among them Charlotte, with her petticoat tucked above her neat ankles, strangely moving the heart of the poet. But now, in place of the copious stream gushing from the rocks as pictured in the old prints, a few drops trickle, slowly and wearily, through a wooden pipe. A few paces away stands the Goethe *Linde* under whose shade the poet would sit and muse and build his time-outlasting plans. Further on, we come to the Goethe House in the heart of the picturesque old town, hiding in an antique close. The house contains the famous *Lottezimmer* (room). Let us enter and touch the yellow keys of Charlotte's spinnet, and sit in the chair where her lover once sat, and read again those old love letters telling their tale of a world-famed loving. Strangely does this dusty chamber affect us with its tender and poignant memories. We are oppressed as by some unseen presence, impatiently waiting until we be gone. We peer into the old volumes and linger in the darkling corners as if we half expected, half dreaded the return of these immortal lovers. But we must tear ourselves away. Opposite stands the famous Jerusalem House, but, as in the Goethe House, a half-hidden face peering curiously at the strangers breaks the spell and destroys the romance.

A passing sleigh with its jangling bells and its happy occupants glides merrily past, and their voices ring cheerily across the streets. But a thaw is setting in although the wind blows snell and keen down the alleys and whistles rudely in a thousand crannies.

That was my last impression of Wetzlar—a town lying stilly in the darkening, with its beautiful Dom rising majestically and protectingly as the river glided softly to the sea and the lights twinkled and flickered solemnly in the night.

There are certain places which one may visit once in a lifetime. One commits a sin when he destroys a beautiful memory, and impoverishes the soul each time he plucks a leaf from romance.

Heidelberg

Heidelberg, too, is for me a place of memories. Somehow, it seems drab in these latter days, and ghost-ridden. One recognizes the old familiar landscapes without difficulty, but they are lonely and stare at one almost hostilely as if there was

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

a great gulf fixed and as if they did not wish to renew terms with any light facility. It is not that Heidelberg is not as beautiful as regards situation or as pleasant to the outward eye as ever it was, but the experiences of the past ten years have changed the city and left it almost soulless; it seems a mere husk compared with the old days. And, yet, perhaps the change does not lie wholly in Heidelberg; each successive day in Germany impresses on me the profound change that has been effected in myself. But I shall not readily forget those anxious closing July days in Heidelberg in 1914; the crowds of excited people reading the bulletins recording the Emperor's movements before the first act of the drama, on the notice board in front of the *Darmstädter Hof*; the baiting of helpless foreigners suspected of espionage; the wholesale arrests; the unpleasant feeling of utter powerlessness before such a perfect and apparently irresistible military machine; the steady, smooth-working organization of the reserves, pouring into the town, bundles on shoulder, in seemingly endless streams; the fierce excitement in the *Biergärten*; the noisy patriotic processions in the streets; the frenzied singing of *Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles* until the early hours; the sudden reaction of exhaustion and the utter silence that came with the realization that it was *War* at last.

I met my friend W—— at the railway station on his way to join his regiment. He was in the highest spirits at the prospect of fighting, but his *Braut*, who accompanied him, was silent and depressed. We went to a *café* along the Necker and discussed the situation over strawberry ices, as W—— found he might travel by a later train and still be in time to report.

"What," I asked, "if England should come into the war?"

"England will never come into the war," he laughed. "An Englishman was one of the first to shed his blood for Germany in 1870."

"Things are different now," I answered. "England has definite commitments with France. France is already at war with Germany. It is, consequently, only a matter of a few hours before we declare war on you too."

"Never," asserted W—— emphatically. "England will not be such a fool. Her *rôle* will be that of the 'Laughing

MEMORIES AND ETCHINGS

Third.' She will set France and Germany by the ears and look to France to pull her chestnuts out of the fire for her."

"But," I insisted, "if your Government should violate the neutrality of Belgium and attack France through that country, England will be forced to join in the war to save her honour."

"England will join in any war that suits her. She did not intervene in the Bosnia-Herzegovina question; but she fought the Boers and refuses Home Rule to Ireland. This time she knows she has nothing to gain by standing by France and opposing Germany. She will realize that it will be to her advantage to stand aside and let us finish the old quarrel with the French, whose insolence is incredible. We can give England more by defeating France than she could ever hope to gain by going to war on her behalf. And we must settle once and for all this business with the Russians. It is intolerable that we should have this menace to our German *Kultur*. England will also realize that it is to her interest that German *Kultur* be preserved. She could never survive the disgrace of allying herself with a non-European race of barbarians and with the French."

"I suppose," I interrupted, "we have not the time for a second strawberry ice."

"No," W—— answered regretfully, speaking for himself and for his *fiancée*, "but, if you will agree to meet me here at the end of September when we have finished with the *Herr Franzose*, I will promise you a bottle of the best *Sect*. Agreed?"

Then we went to the station which was packed with reservists in mufti, and with *Aktiven* (serving soldiers) in blue and grey, wearing their *Pickelhauben*. A drunkard was capering in front of a group of soldiers; officers in their long cloaks stalked up and down the platform, talking gravely, with clinking swords. An ambulance train passed, filled with *Krankenschwester* (Red Cross Nurses), the crowd looking on in silence. Doubtless, the officers saw themselves in Paris already and were discussing the delayed autumn manœuvres. They were handsome men and impressed me at the time with a high seriousness.

When W.'s train came in he bade his *fiancée* and myself *Auf Wiedersehen*. She wept bitterly, like the other women who were left behind.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

"In three weeks we shall be in Paris," W—— cried gaily from his carriage window, "and I shall meet you in England as usual in September."

The train moved off and I turned to console the weeping girl.

"It may still blow over," I said encouragingly. "Wait. You will see that the army will be demobilized in less than a week. It is simply a demonstration. War is inconceivable."

But she was not to be comforted.

"Hermann does not realize what he is saying," she sobbed. "I shall never see him again. And he is so light-hearted. Oh! It is terrible, terrible this war. We did not want to fight the English and the French. It is the French and the Russians who have forced the war upon us and England is behind them because she fears German competition and sees now her chance to destroy the German navy. Oh! Why cannot they settle their quarrels amicably? It is the women who know the true horror of war. And your women in England, they, too, will now learn the meaning of war. My two brothers who are officers are already in the war, and Hermann, who is so light-hearted, does not understand. You English do not understand what war means. It will no longer be a sport for the few. Had you realized you would have forbidden France and Russia to fight and you would have been the friend of Germany. Now you are her enemy. You are my brothers' enemy. You are Hermann's enemy. You are *my* enemy. The responsibility rests upon *your* country, for *your* country could have prevented it. But you willed it for our destruction. When it is over and you see Russia in ruins, and France mutilated and dying for lack of men—when you have gained your objective—*then* you will realize. But you cannot kill the German spirit. You cannot destroy the German *Kultur*; you cannot ally yourself permanently with a decadent France; you cannot exist without German commerce and German competition, and, one day, when we have recovered, you will come to us, having seen your mistake and it will be we who will impose the terms of victory and who will emerge from the blood-bath which you have ordered, victorious."

I parted with the *Fraulein* outside the station and made my way slowly back to my hotel. People in the *cafés* drank

MEMORIES AND ETCHINGS

absently and the streets seemed curiously empty now that I found myself alone. An elderly man who was seated in a wicker chair on the entrance steps of the hotel spoke to a staring little fellow, placed him on his knee and talked to him gravely of the War of '70, in which he had himself fought before Paris and explained why the Fatherland had taken up arms now. As he talked, the boy listened with wondering eyes. A party of Americans with their guide invaded the hall noisily and asked the manager for news. They had lost time and were inclined to blame Cook's man for the delay. They were leaving for Mannheim that evening and had exactly two hours in which to "do" Heidelberg. A little fat man wearing a flat, soft round hat came across to where I was sitting in the lounge.

"Can you tell me, sir, he asked, "what all this trouble is about anyhow? Guess we've run into some excitement."

I looked him in the eye, in doubt, for a moment, whether he was in earnest or not, but the comical look of distress on the faces of his party, who began to gather around me, speedily convinced me of his sincerity.

"To the best of my knowledge," I answered, with an air of calm which I was far from feeling, "there is a war on."

"For pity's sake," said one of the party.

"We've been doing Europe for the past ten days and just hadn't heard the noos," the little man explained.

"I guess the President could stop it if he knew," one lady suggested, indignantly.

"And what about us now," cried another; "we haven't half used our coopons yet. They don't intend stopping us now, do they?"

I expressed my polite regrets that the war should have been so inconsiderate as to have interfered with the comfort and the convenience of the party, and pointed out that, unfortunately, I was not in a position to do anything in the matter and that, upon my word of honour, I had really nothing whatsoever to do with it.

"What about the English?" the little man asked abruptly.

"I should imagine that England will declare war either to-night or to-morrow," I replied. "And in that case"—

"Say! You'd better come right along with us. I guess

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

they wouldn't dare interfere with a Britisher travelling along with a bunch of Amurricans."

The little man looked very serious now. But I had to decline his kindly, well-meant offer. He did not seem to understand the powers of the *Polizei*.

"I am afraid," I said, "I can't come just yet. And, besides, I'm not going your way. But you're all right anyhow."

"Come along now, ladies and gentlemen," the Cook's man interrupted at the moment. "Kindly get a move on. Half an hour for the famous Heidelberg *Schloss*. Then we get right on. Our train for Mannheim leaves in precisely two hours and ten minutes. That is to say," he added, "if the trains are still running."

"Guess you'd better come along," the little man insisted.

The ladies had gathered round the Cook's man rather nervously, and were watching, from the hotel steps, the excited crowds reading the mobilization posters.

"I am afraid, sir," I suggested, "you'll be left behind if you don't go now."

The little man stood irresolute.

"Guess you'd better come along," he pleaded.

The Cook's man began to move down the steps, followed by the ladies. I held out my hand to my new American friend. He shook it warmly.

"Well, sir, I'm vurry, vurry sorry you won't come along and join our party. I guess we'd have seen you safe through. But I wanna tell you that if Johnny Bull needs any assistance, the Amurrican boys will be right there."

Then, after a final shake, he scurried after his party and was presently lost in the glare and tumult of the *Platz*.

As there was no likelihood of catching a train which went anywhere for at least another half day, I lit a cigarette, ordered some coffee, and, as the afternoon was warm, fell asleep.

When I awoke some time later, I found an Englishman and his wife seated opposite me. A Frenchwoman was writing letters at an *éscritoire*; a waiter, serviette on arm, was leaning out of the smoking room window; a few Germans were talking excitedly; there was a tremendous din from the crowds outside. When I was thoroughly awake, and the waiter had hurriedly set coffee in front of the English couple, the man,

MEMORIES AND ETCHINGS

bracing himself for a great effort, asked me, suddenly with the air of one who has a disagreeable task to perform:

"Excuse me, but do you think all this is going to come to anything?"

"Hasn't it?" I asked.

"I mean—do you mean—do you think there really *is* going to be war?"

It was very evident they were English.

"Were you intending to go any further," I asked by way of answering.

"Oh! yes," the Englishwoman replied. "We are going on to Bayreuth. Both my husband and I are intensely fond of music and we are so looking forward to the Festival. Do you think we will find much difficulty travelling?"

"Personally, I should advise you to forget the Festival and try to take the first available train back to Holland. Your husband is, like myself, of military age and might easily be interned.

"Nonsense," the Englishman broke in angrily. "They would never dare to touch an Englishman. Besides, they will give us thirty-six hours' notice to clear out if they mean anything. It wouldn't be fair if they didn't. Besides, sir, you are here yourself."

"I assure you that the sole reason that I am here is simply because I am waiting to try to catch the train I speak of—if I can. You see, I *know* Germany and—"

"I am afraid, sir, you are somewhat of an alarmist," the musical enthusiast replied, rather huffily as he got up from his chair. "You need not be unduly alarmed at what this gentleman says, my dear. Besides, the English papers say it will all blow over in a few days."

They bade me good-bye rather chillily and went off to find out when there was a train for Bayreuth. And, no doubt, the husband told his wife that I was a fool. But Englishmen were like that in those days—insular, confident, aloof, living in a Fool's Paradise. I did not think *him* a fool. He was merely a typical Englishman of 1914. But I wager that he did not get to Bayreuth—.

J. A. ROY.

FUTURE OF THE ONTARIO IRON DEPOSITS

Iron forms approximately $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of that part of the earth's mass which can be investigated. It is possible that in the part beyond the reach of man the proportion is greater. Only three elements, aluminium, silicon, and oxygen, are more abundant than iron and other common metals such as copper, lead, and zinc, are present in quantities only of hundredths of one per cent. It would seem, therefore, that ores of iron should be of common occurrence. The grade of material that can be considered as an ore, however, is controlled by the market price of the metal it contains. In general, an ore may be defined as mineral occurring in such quantity, position, and association, that a metallic element can be extracted from it at a profit. According to this definition it is evident that many deposits of iron-bearing minerals are not iron ore deposits. The comparatively low price at which iron must sell requires that the mineral from which it is produced contain a large proportion of iron, that the chemical form be such that it can be easily reduced to the metal, that it contain only small quantities of deleterious constituents, and that it be conveniently situated to markets.

The ores of iron, therefore, are limited to a comparatively small number of minerals. Of the silicates in which a large part of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the total iron content of the earth's crust is found only two, chamosite and thuringite, are used at all, and none of the large variety of ferrous rock-forming silicates can ever be utilized. Only the oxides hematite and magnetite, the hydroxide-limenite, and the carbonate siderite are at present commonly used in the production of iron and by far the largest part of the world's iron supply comes from the one oxidehematite.

The metallic content of iron ores has been continually decreasing as the higher grade and easily accessible deposits have been depleted, and this will probably continue so that bodies of iron minerals not now of commercial grade will in time be mined. The continuous improvement in metallurgical science, making possible the elimination of harmful elements is also a very important factor in making available material

FUTURE OF THE ONTARIO IRON DEPOSITS

that formerly could not be used. Hence the specification of what is ore is continually changing with the available supply of mineral and with the metallurgical processes that are developed for treating it.

Bearing in mind this changing basis upon which any estimate of iron reserves must be made, a review of the various types of deposits which produce the present supply may give some information from which to predict the future of the many occurrences of iron minerals in Ontario, and make it possible to determine the validity of the arguments recently advanced for a bonus to producers of domestic iron ores.

The silicates in which iron is an important element form a large proportion of many igneous rocks, but as these minerals are never used as ores of iron they need not be considered in this connection. There are, however, occurrences of magnetite and of titaniferous magnetite or ilmenite which are directly connected with or closely related to intrusions of igneous rocks.

In many rocks formed by the cooling of molten material, consolidation has taken place fairly quickly and the constituents are distributed evenly throughout the rock mass, but in some cases the magma has remained fluid for a period sufficiently long to allow a more or less complete separation of the more basic or iron-magnesia bearing minerals from the acidic or sodium-potassium species. Further there may be conditions for the segregation of iron oxides in such a differentiated iron silicate melt, and occurrences are known in which such an extreme differentiation apparently has taken place and the very basic portion consisting practically only of iron oxides has separated out and been intruded as sheets between the beds of older rocks. This is believed to be the origin of the great magnetite deposits of Gellivare and Kiruna in Northern Sweden. These are the greatest deposits of magnetite known in the world, and, although they contain a high percentage of iron, they remained unworked for many years until the invention of the Thomas process made their high percentage of phosphorus no longer objectionable.

The Swedish deposits are unusual only on account of the huge amount of ore which they contain. Smaller bodies of iron oxides separated directly from igneous rocks which have

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

cooled at some depth below the earth's surface are known in many localities. Magnetite and ilmenite occur associated with small masses and tongues of igneous rock, but magnetite differentiates only from acidic rocks such as granite or syenite, whereas ilmenite, the titaniferous oxide, is formed where the parent rock contains a larger proportion of the dark coloured ferro-magnesium silicates. In both cases the iron minerals seem to have segregated directly from the molten magma. Some bodies of magnetite are closely related to igneous rocks but have been formed by a somewhat different process. These are the contact-metamorphic deposits in which there has been a reaction between the molten magma and the rock into which it was intruded. In most cases the intruded rock is limestone, along the border of which lenses of magnetite occur, associated with various typical minerals.

The magnetite deposits of New York State belong to these two types. Most of those that are at present producing ore are believed to belong to the type of direct separation from the magma.

Iron ores are produced in large amounts from sedimentary rocks. The materials of these rocks, including the iron minerals, were of course derived ultimately from igneous rocks by the processes of rock decay, but were transported and laid down in the position in which they are found by the agency of water. Part of the iron minerals may have been transported as solid particles, but a large part was carried in solution and was later precipitated in favourable places. Some sediments may be sufficiently high in iron to be used directly as iron ores. Others may be classed only as "iron formation" and require some further concentration process, either natural or artificial.

Sedimentary iron ores consist chiefly of limonite, siderite, or hematite. Limonite and siderite compose the bog ores which are formed where water, carrying dissolved iron salts, flows into stagnant lakes or swamps containing decaying vegetation. The presence of the organic matter causes the precipitation of the iron either as hyroxide, if oxygen is present, or as siderite, in the absence of oxygen. Limonite was formerly mined to a considerable extent in Quebec and the New England States. Some carbonite or "black band" ores

FUTURE OF THE ONTARIO IRON DEPOSITS

are produced in the Southern Appalachian States and in England where they were formerly of considerable importance.

The hematite beds are by far the most important of the sedimentary iron ores. In these deposits the hematite occurs as small rounded or flattened pellets which give the rock the appearance of fish eggs, and from this appearance the texture is called oolitic. Apparently the hematite was deposited contemporaneously with the formation of the rock and to a lesser extent by subsequent replacement of a pre-existing rock. Furthermore, the evidence goes to show that the beds in which this type of ore occurs were low down as marine sediments. The apparent anomaly of an anhydrous oxide being formed under water is explained by the fact that, in the presence of sodium salts in solution, hematite is precipitated rather than the hydrous oxide limonite. Along with the hematite there are some other iron minerals such as chamosite, a silicate, and iron carbonate. The latter mineral, perhaps, represents some replacement of original limestone by ferrous solutions. . It is clear that many of the hematite beds were laid down in shallow water as the surfaces of many of the rocks with which they are associated are ripple marked, and show rain prints. It is equally certain that they were deposited in sea water as the fossils found in them are those of typical marine organisms. It is unlikely, however, that deposition took place along an open sea shore as the high iron content could hardly be expected in rocks formed from sea water of normal composition. It is believed that the iron minerals were precipitated in shallow, and nearly enclosed bays, which received the drainage from land areas undergoing deep weathering with but little mechanical removal of the weathered products. The sea water in the enclosed bays became rich in iron solutions on account of lack of communication with the ocean, and the sediments laid down in them, therefore, contained an abnormally high iron content. To this type belong the important Clinton ores of the eastern United States, and the immense bodies of ore at Wabana in Newfoundland.

Both the limonite-siderite bog deposits and the hematite-chamosite-siderite marine beds are of commercial value. There are in addition many occurrences of iron bearing sediments of too low grade to be classed as ores at present.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

To those the name "iron formation" has been given. They are not confined to any geological period but are especially abundant in the Pre-Cambrian rocks. The original beds of the Pre-Cambrian formations have been very much metamorphosed so that their original character can only be inferred. The iron bearing members now consist of interbanded silica and iron oxides. The silica is very fine grained and commonly of the reddish variety called jasper. In other types siderite with considerable chert forms the main mass of the rock. With both types are interbanded ordinary metamorphosed sediments, including among the varieties, conglomerate, quartzite, greywacks, and slate. It is evident that these associated sediments were originally normal types of sandstones and shales which pressure has changed into their present forms. The iron bearing members offer somewhat more difficulty in interpretation. Some lenses contain magnetite which may be true detrital material formed by the mechanical disintegrating of some pre-existing magnetite bearing rocks. Such layers, however, are thin and the formation of any large part of the iron formation in this way seems unlikely. In some of the beds, examination shows the presence of green granules of an iron silicate called greenalite. This, with the presence of the siderite, seems evidence of the formation of the original iron bearing beds in somewhat the same manner as the Clinton ores were formed. Other beds may have originally been limonitic. The formation of either limonite or siderite in the very early periods of the earth's history before the development of abundant life, still remains a problem. It has been suggested, however, that iron secreting bacteria may have existed even at that time.

The geological history of the early Pre-Cambrian iron formations seems to be closely connected with the great effusions of lava that took place at various times. Many of the lava flows were submarine and it is believed that the extrusion of the molten rock into the sea, saturated the water with iron salts and silica. Later as the water cooled, alternate bands of silica and iron silicate, oxide or carbonate, were precipitated.

The conversion of lean iron formation into ore requires

FUTURE OF THE ONTARIO IRON DEPOSITS

special geological conditions. By some means the proportion of iron oxides in the mass must be increased. Ordinarily, this comes about by the weathering of the low grade deposits and consequent removal of silica and other useless constituents. The result is a relative increase in iron content although there is an actual decrease in total amount. Ores formed in this way are called residual and may be produced from any of the deposits previously described. The change from iron formation to iron ore may have taken place at any period in the earth's history when the rocks in which the iron occurs were exposed to the dissolving and disintegrating action of the atmosphere.

One of the most important of recently formed residual deposits is in the Mayari district of Cuba. The source of the iron is a highly ferruginous serpentine, probably originally a very basic igneous rock. Under the influence of the weather the iron holding minerals are being broken down. The iron oxidizes to limonite in which form it is relatively little attacked by the downward seeping surface waters. The silica set free from the silicates is in a form that is rather easily dissolved and it is carried away in solution. The final result is a blanket of loose earthy debris which is sufficiently high in limonite and hematite to form an ore of iron. The average thickness of the actual commercial ore is approximately fifteen feet. The loss due to the action of the weather has been calculated as eight or seven per cent. of the total original rock mass, which therefore must have had a thickness of more than one thousand feet.

The Lake Superior ores are the most important examples of residual bodies formed during ancient geological times. The ores of the various ranges are of different ages, from the Keewatin, the oldest of the Pre-Cambrian periods, up through the Lower, Middle and Upper Huronian. During each of these epochs iron formation was laid down. Elevation of the beds so that they were exposed as dry land occurred at the close of each geological period and weathering acted upon them as weathering in recent times has acted and is acting to form the Cuban ores. By later subsidence the oxidized material was submerged beneath the sea and buried beneath sediments. In all cases some structural feature such

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

as trough-like folds or igneous dykes helped to concentrate the leaching action, but essentially the reactions were the same as those that are taking place on the land surfaces at present. The change from low grade iron formation consisting of siderite and greenalite to high grade hematite ore took place before the burial of the Pre-Cambrian rocks beneath the oldest abundantly fossiliferous rocks of the Paleozoic.

This brief review of the geology of the iron deposits and the natural processes by which originally lean ferriferous bodies of mineral may be concentrated to ore may make it possible to form an intelligent opinion concerning the commercial possibilities of the numerous occurrences of iron minerals in Ontario. Small iron mines have flourished in various districts and some of them have produced good ore, but none ranks even with the smaller producers of the Lake Superior district of the United States. In those in which the ore was of good grade the quantity was comparatively small and soon exhausted. In others low iron content or a high proportion of phosphorus or sulphur rendered preliminary treatment necessary and made it impracticable to mine the ore in competition with the United States producers. As a result no iron ore is now being mined, not only in Ontario, but in Canada, and all the iron and steel produced in this country is made from ore imported either from the United States or from Newfoundland.

Magnetite was mined at many localities in Central Ontario at various times. Bodies of ore of good grade occur in the northern parts of the Counties of Leeds, Frontenac and Hastings, in Haliburton, southern Renfrew, and Lanark. They are, however, lenticular in character and the lenses are too small to be operated successfully if taken individually. It is possible that a consolidation of several small mines might be successful, but even that seems doubtful. In the same region there are immense bodies of titaniferous magnetites, but these are not yet available as iron ores on account of the presence of the titanium. Advances in the art of metallurgy will no doubt some day make it possible to produce good iron from these deposits or even make from them alloys

FUTURE OF THE ONTARIO IRON DEPOSITS

more valuable than iron by the discovery of uses for the titanium which they contain.

Magnetite in sufficient quantity to be mined has been discovered at Moose Mountain, north of Sudbury. The associated rocks are greenstones and schists formed from them, the whole probably being much metamorphosed ancient lava flows. The close relationship between these igneous rocks and the magnetite lenses is held by some to be proof of the direct segregation of the iron mineral from the lava. It is certain at any rate that much of the magnetite is directly connected with the igneous activity although some types may be sedimentary iron formation. It is possible that the extremely variable iron content of the shipments, that have been made from the Moose Mountain district, may be due to the fact that part of the ore which was mined came from the segregation type of deposit and so was of good grade, and part from the banded sedimentary iron formation which is seldom, if ever, high enough in iron to be considered ore. It was found impossible to dispose of the run of mine material and magnetic concentration was attempted. The cost of this, together with the briquetting or sintering that must necessarily follow that process, made it impossible for the Moose Mountain ore to compete successfully against hematite from the Lake Superior mines.

Along the Atikokan River there are known to be several occurrences of magnetite. At a locality east of Sabawe Lake a lens of magnetite was opened up and for several years prior to 1911 ore was shipped to a blast furnace at Port Arthur. The magnetite occurs in green schists, which were originally ancient lavas. It is likely that the iron mineral separated directly from the igneous rock while it was still molten. Formed in this way the ore bodies are very irregular and lenticular. The magnetite contains a large proportion of sulphur-bearing minerals, and it was found necessary to roast the run of mine materials before it could be used. As a result, although the amount of ore is considerable and the iron content sufficiently high, the necessity of treatment preliminary to ordinary smelting has in this district, as at Moose Mountain, made it impossible to continue operating.

Hematite deposits, all of them in the residual type, have

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

been worked at a few places in Ontario. In Central Ontario a small production has come from hematite formed by surface oxidation of pyrite, a sulphide of iron. These mines had only a short life, as the ore passed in depth into oxidized sulphide. Iron ore, produced as residual material from the solution and disintegration of pre-existing rocks, forms only a small part of the original rock, as is shown by the calculation of the thickness of the parent mass there must have been, to leave behind the present blanket of ore at Mayar, in Cuba. Weathering acts but slowly, and the time since the retreat of the Pleistocene glacier from Ontario is much too short to have permitted the formation of even thin layers of residual minerals from ordinary rocks; and even easily attacked minerals such as pyrite have weathered only to a comparatively shallow depth. The Helen mine in the Michipicoten district is the one iron mine of Ontario that has produced any considerable amount of good iron ore. The original mineral of that deposit was the iron carbonate, siderite, probably formed as a sedimentary member in a great volcanic series including lava flows and tuffaceous beds. Local faulting produced conditions for deep weathering so that the siderite was changed by downward seeping water into hematite and iron hydroxides. The alteration was no doubt largely pre-glacial and the ore body escaped removal by the glaciers on account of its depth and perhaps on account of local topographical conditions. No doubt other masses of hematite were formed at the same time by the weathering of other siderite masses, but where there were no exceptional conditions to prevent it, the soft residual oxides were completely removed by the continental glaciers.

Siderite has been mined at the Magpie mine, situated not far from the Helen, but as the iron content is less than forty per cent. it requires beneficiation to make it marketable. Roasting furnaces were installed to drive off the carbon dioxide and by this means the proportion of iron was increased and a good furnace product made, but, as in the case of all other preliminary treatments of iron minerals, the cost made it impossible to continue operation in competition with hematite ores.

In Ontario, therefore, iron ores requiring no preliminary

FUTURE OF THE ONTARIO IRON DEPOSITS

treatment have been produced only from the comparatively small magnetite deposits of Central Ontario and from the one hematite deposit of the Helen mine. Magnetite requiring roasting to eliminate sulphur has been found in quantity at Moose Mountain and along the Atikokon River. Siderite requiring roasting to raise its iron content to commercial grade, has been mined at the Magpie mine, and large quantities of this mineral remain still at the Helen mine. Iron formation, however, is found very commonly in many parts of the province where the surface consolidated rocks are Pre Cambrian in age. These have been described in numerous reports, and these reports are the basis for the widespread impression that Ontario contains large quantities of iron ore. No locality along any of these iron ranges is known where any considerable body of iron ore exists as that term is at present defined. The iron content of the iron formation is from twenty-five to forty per cent. at best, and to make any of it marketable some method of concentration would have to be derived that would be inexpensive enough to keep the price of the finished product near that of the Lake Superior hematite ores. At present there seems little possibility that that can be done without outside assistance.

The question naturally arises as to the probability of discovering other hematite bodies similar to that at the Helen. That is not impossible although the conditions that allowed the formation of that body and that preserved it from removal during the glacial period are so unusual that duplication of them in another locality seems to be rather unlikely. If there should be no other deposit altered to merchantable hematite by recent processes, is it not possible that weathering at some past geological period, when one of the ancient iron formations formed the surface rock, may have produced iron ore which was later buried beneath succeeding strata? This is the process by which some of the Lake Superior ores of the United States were formed from low grade iron formation. It requires, however, a hiatus in the geological succession, a period during which the iron bearing rocks formed the land surface and were exposed to deep chemical attack by the atmosphere. It is not impossible that at some place in our great area of old rocks some such succession of events may be

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

found to have taken place, but in none of the Ontario iron ranges has such a geological history been described, with the possible exception of the basin of the Seine River west of Lake Superior. In that district deep weathering may have produced hematite in some quantity prior to the deposit of the Seine conglomerate. In all other successions so far described, later beds covered the iron formations without any break and hence without any important development of weathered products on their surface.

Ontario has at present no known deposit of iron ore. Workable bodies may be discovered, but there is by no means any certainty that they will be. If the iron industry of this province is to depend on domestic supplies the product of our iron deposits must undergo some form of treatment to raise it to ore grade. For example the scattered magnetite deposits of Eastern Ontario may be workable by some scheme of central concentration plant similar to the scheme operated in the Adirondack district. Special metallurgical processes may make available the titaniferous bodies. Other methods of beneficiation may make it possible to utilize the high sulphur magnetites of the Atikokan and Moose Mountain ranges and the siderite bodies of Michipicoten. None of these seems feasible at present as private commercial ventures without government assistance. It has been urged, therefore, that aid should be given to make it possible to treat the output of Canadian iron deposits and compete with the natural ores of Minnesota and Michigan. Whether or not this would be a wise step is a debatable question. If it is not done then any iron industry in this country must depend for supplies of raw material on foreign ore. On the other hand it seems that it must be only a comparatively short time before the reserves of easily workable hematite shall be exhausted. As noted above the iron content of material classed as ore is continually decreasing and the time must come when only mineral requiring preliminary treatment to make it suitable for the blast furnace will be left. When that time comes Ontario will be on an equal footing with Minnesota and Michigan with the exception that unless our iron producers will have had the assistance asked for, they may be at some disadvantage in that the United States mines will be operating concerns,

FUTURE OF THE ONTARIO IRON DEPOSITS

whereas the deposits in Ontario will not have been developed. Our supplies of iron minerals suitable for concentration are enormous and in competition with material of similar content Ontario would occupy a commanding position.

Nothing has been said in this article with reference to electric smelting and the comparison often made between conditions in Ontario and in Sweden where electric smelting of iron ores has been a practical success. There is this to be said: Swedish iron has a reputation for quality that makes it saleable at a price considerably above the ordinary market quotations for iron. The demand for high grade iron is not very large and it is a question whether Ontario producers could successfully compete in the world market for that product.

THE NEW CONSERVATISM*

CONSERVATISM owes Professor Babbitt the same debt that it owes Dean Inge. I suspect that each of these authors would repudiate the term Conservative, and I am tolerably certain that they would object to being bracketed together. But the fact remains. Conservatives in general are not noted either for realistic thinking or for the power to make their creed exciting. The conservative temper, as Lord Hugh Cecil admits, very often has its basis in the natural tendency of many minds to accept "what is familiar merely because of its familiarity." If the Conservative clings to some principle of salvation, he usually does so intuitively. He seldom reaches it through the courage or the clarity of his own thought.

"Born to be saved, even in his own despite,
Because he cannot help believing right."

Mr. Babbitt and the Dean of St. Paul's each makes a courageous attempt to think realistically and each writes in a way to rescue Conservatism from its ancient ally, dullness.

Courageous thinking is apt to lead to some over-emphasis. Timidity runs a better chance of escaping "the falsehood of extremes." Some readers of Prof. Babbitt's new book, "Democracy and Leadership," will call him reactionary, but such epithets break no bones. Others have thought Prof. Babbitt academic. Mr. Mencken bestows upon him the gratuitous title of "Doctor," which indeed he distributes impartially to all the professorial tribe. Professor MacIver describes the author as "the descending Philosopher." Even sympathetic reviewers have hinted that he does not well understand the public to which his book is addressed. This charge is more serious. The true explanation is contained in the introduction to the volume. Professor Babbitt refuses to isolate the political problem. He sees modern democracy in its wider bearings; he explores the philosophical hinterland that lies behind it.

He recognizes that modern democracy means the exalting of the average man, the substitution of the average for the ideal as a standard of judgment. And this, he argues, must

*Irving Babbitt: "Democracy and Leadership" (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1924).

THE NEW CONSERVATISM

depend, if there is any philosophy behind it at all, upon an assumption of *the natural* virtue, benevolence and wisdom of that typical person, at least when acting not individually, but in the aggregate. Such an assumption was made by Rousseau and repeated by Walt Whitman, though its roots go back, as Professor Babbitt justly observes, to a change which came into modern thought with the Renaissance. It has, moreover, been implicitly, at least, accepted by every thoroughgoing exponent of democracy since Rousseau's era.

In this sense, Democracy is the child of naturalism. The philosophical or religious systems of Buddha and Plato, Confucius and Aristotle, of Christ himself, each contained some element that, for want of a better term, we may describe as aristocratic. That is to say, they did not assume the virtue, wisdom and benevolence of the *natural* man, but recognized in him some tendencies that were good and many that were predatory. They proposed to subject him to some form of culture or training with the object of developing the former and repressing these latter, and they set up as the criterion, not the natural man, but the man thus disciplined. Christianity no doubt assumes a potential virtue in every soul; but we must not forget that it also assumes a potential viciousness. Therein lies half its impulse. The problem of arbitrating between these two impulses, of avoiding animalism on the one hand and asceticism on the other, is a problem of mediation whose solution lies in a further and constant application of the experimental method described above.

But what has all this to do with democracy? A very great deal. Modern democracy, we have said, sets up the average man as its criterion. It assumes his natural virtue, benevolence and wisdom. It neglects the first step towards forming a sound judgment, the distinguishing of elementary values. Granted that the average man were always capable of distinguishing the dual impulses within him and then of mediating between them; granted that he were capable of self-discipline, then the assumption would be justifiable and democracy would not show the fruit which it bears to-day.

The most obvious fruit is a confusion of standards. In some cases the confusion is primarily ethical, in others primarily intellectual (but in all cases it is referable at last to the

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

criterion of an undisciplined individual. Quantity replaces quality. Gopher Prairie has the tallest chimney, the most capacious grain elevator, and, for all I know, the biggest Bible class in the Middle West, and the verdict is that Gopher Prairie is *worth while*. It may be; but if it is, one may pretty safely gamble that there is some other reason. Nowhere does the confusion of standards come out more clearly than in the selection of popular favorites. "What," asks a critic quoted by Mr. Babbitt, "must one think of a country whose most popular orator is W. J. Bryan, whose favorite actor is Charlie Chaplain, whose most widely read novelist is Harold Bell Wright, whose best known evangelist is Billy Sunday, and whose representative journalist is William Randolph Hearst?" The question is rhetorical, for its answer is a foregone conclusion. Mr. Ford announces that "History is bunk," and a grateful public (the fiasco of the Peace Ship forgotten) hangs on his words. Mr. Edison, having perfected the phonograph, commences to do a little talking on his own account and is immediately accepted as an authority on education. "One is reminded," says Mr. Babbitt, "of the story of the French butcher who, having need of legal aid, finally after looking over a number of lawyers, selected the "*fattest one*." The butcher *had* a standard—but unfortunately it was a wrong one.

Socialists find a convenient explanation for the aberrations of popular judgment in the bogey of capitalist propaganda. Charlatans are foisted upon the people, its information is corrupted at the source, and its free political action is hampered by unseen chains. Perhaps so. But every form of government must in the last analysis be tested by the type of leadership which it produces and accepts. Under Manhood Suffrage the ultimate choice rests with the people. "The race," as Carlyle puts it, "is to the swift, and the high office shall fall to him who is ablest, if not to do it, at least to get elected for doing it." It is scarcely credible that England, having given the Socialists a bare working majority once, has since been corrupted anew and has returned the Tories! At all events, the plea that Democracy works badly because it is not sufficiently democratic, is disagreeably suggestive of calling in Satan to cast out Satan.

THE NEW CONSERVATISM

A careful study of what the Democracy chooses, and hence presumably likes, throws a flood of light upon its habit of mind. The notes of modern democracy, according to Mr. Babbitt, are two, materialism and sentimentality.

The hard-headed man of business engages throughout his working hours in a struggle for existence comparable only to that observed by Darwin in the natural order. But he is perfectly ready, in his leisure moments, to weep with abused innocence or applaud quixotic virtue—at the Movies. Drink-water rightly assumes (with Aristotle) that when we

“worship greatness passing by,
Ourselves are great.”

The corollary is that when we worship insincerity and mawkishness “passing by,” we must, consciously or unconsciously, partake of these qualities too. This flourishing side by side of practical hard-headedness and unpractical soft-heartedness would not be so dangerous if it went no farther. But it does. It permeates modern life, and it means again a fundamental confusion and a blindness to contradictions. The worst of the situation is that the hard-headedness gets enshrined as efficiency and the soft-heartedness as a sort of virtue, each operating for the most part in watertight compartments. Thus windy philanthropy about the brotherhood of man flourishes very nicely alongside of competitive industry and the preparations for the next war. The mistake is one of definition. Soft-heartedness of this type is not virtue at all, because it does not imply any element of control. It is simply a spontaneous overflow of expansive emotion. It is natural impulse masquerading under the guise of a cultivated quality only attainable by rigorous self-discipline. It is a bogus virtue and will not stand the slightest strain.

“Let us begin,” says Rousseau, “by setting aside *all* the facts.” Few of his progeny are so honest or so clear-headed. They dwell in a fool’s paradise of their own creation, deaf to the clang of Efficiency’s munition works, forging ahead in the next block. They allow an unresolved contradiction to vitiate their thought and action; and they are encouraged in their courses by Professor-Journalists like Mr. Stuart Sherman. Better (one had almost said) the crude and one-sided realism of Mr. Mencken than this!

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

It is not the definition of virtue alone that is wrong. "Efficiency" also requires the play of a sound dialectic upon it. Only since the *Novum Organum* has efficiency or *work* expressed itself in purely material terms and measured its success by purely material standards. Ruskin told his astonished contemporaries that there was "no wealth but life." The really important question is not what a man possesses, but what he is. Everyone carries around within himself an immediate piece of chaos which it is his duty to reduce to cosmos. Efficiency, like charity, begins at home and the field for its exercise is the individual life.

"But," someone will reply, "is there not a debt to humanity? After all we owe the world our work. Even the hard-headed business man is doing something for his fellows, especially if his benevolence distributes part of what his efficiency collects." True enough, but the question is one of emphasis. No one in his senses suggests that material efficiency is not a good thing. One merely asks whether it is *everything*. Is the man who amasses wealth, often by dubious methods and then distributes a part of it by complicated systems of charity, is this man an instance of the highest efficiency, either from the individual or the social point of view? We are all too prone to forget that the most valuable gift which can be offered is the gift of a good example—the gift of Christ and of Socrates. They, by ordering their own lives, have aided untold thousands, not with any material gift, nor yet with precepts alone, but with a perfect and inspiring example of the disciplined life.

It is the undisciplined individual that is the root of the difficulty. Democracy, by setting him up as its criterion, lands itself in a Serbonian bog of confusion. "But what," asks harassed Demos, "what other form of government is better?" Probably no other form; but that is not the point. Let us from the vantage ground of Mr. Babbitt's philosophy see what we can observe about the evils and the signs of the times, for he supplies us with a standard by which a reasonable judgment may be passed. It may be that we shall conclude with him: the way of salvation does not lie through systems and enactments, be they never so specious, but through the experimental re-discovery of some psychological truths which have been lost

THE NEW CONSERVATISM

in the clash of intellectual warfare and under the debris of shattered creeds.

I have called Professor Babbitt a Conservative. One remembers Disraeli's remark, that the first problem for the Conservative is to determine what he is trying to conserve. On this point Professor Babbitt is perfectly clear, and others who are groping darkly may find both light and leading in his book. They will look in vain for the old appeal to sentiment, but they will see the surer defence of position and realistic thought. What is scarcely less important, they will discover that the radicals (despite an avowed fondness for sporting the eternal verities) have a monopoly neither of courage nor of wit.

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BOOK REVIEW

The Common Weal. By The Rt. Hon. Herbert Fisher. (Oxford U. Press, \$2.50). This book, consisting of a course of lectures on Citizenship to the University and City of Glasgow, in its published form constitutes a good example of University extension work of the kind much needed today. The societies which have sprung up in the last few years make a point of getting themselves informed on public affairs by inviting suitable speakers to address them. If they supplemented this by a reading circle the effect would be more far reaching and profound, and this work is typically one to be recommended for such a purpose. It is not a great book nor a brilliant book. Such occur but rarely. It is however an able book, and the author has well adapted it for its purpose, namely that of setting forth chapter by chapter the things that belong to our common weal, and discussing them clearly and calmly in the light of detached reason. When a new theory or a new thinker is introduced enough is said to give the general reader an idea of the matter concerned. It might have been an advantage if a historian of the standing of Fisher, had sacrificed some of the space devoted to more extraneous matter (e.g., poison gases), and touched more fully and definitely on some of the phases and movements through which we have lived these past few years, e.g., if he had discussed the ethics of nationalism in relation to the Irish struggle, the problem of our Empire in between his chapter on nationalism and internationalism, the morality of Prohibition (the two sides of the question are just stated). In pursuance of the idea expressed in the first paragraph of this notice the following quotations will give some idea of the character of the book and be of some immediate interest to us in Canada:

- (1) The object of the public system of education in the government of the Union is to manufacture American citizens and to make every American child learn to speak and use the English language. By a gigantic system of educational pressure the original languages of the emigrants are squeezed out in the second generation, and a uniform speech spread throughout the land. There can be little doubt that the

BOOK REVIEW

Americans have been guided by a very wise instinct in ridding themselves from the first of the language difficulty. . . . In general a nation is handicapped by the possession of a subordinate language. No British Government would act reasonably which endeavoured to discourage the knowledge of Welsh in Wales. And yet on what principle of general utility can we defend the employment of so much intellectual force upon a language understood by so small a fraction of the human race? There is only one argument which would justify it. If it could be shown that there was some honourable peculiarity of Welsh genius and temperament which could not be expressed otherwise than through the Welsh speech, so that the disappearance of Welsh as a spoken language would involve a real spiritual loss to Wales and to the world, then the case for the preservation of Welsh would be irrefragable. But I cannot be convinced that this is so. I cannot believe that where the literary genius exists, it cannot find its true expression in any one of the rich world languages. The Celts of Wales and of Brittany have made great contributions to modern eloquence. Chateaubriand, Lamennais, Renan, Lloyd George have obtained a world-wide audience, but they have expressed themselves not in the Celtic language of a province but in a tongue familiar to their civilized contemporaries in every continent. Had they been confined to Breton or Welsh, their audience would have been small indeed.

- (2) I well recall that in the course of a conversation which I had at Boston in 1909 with Booker Washington, the famous leader of the coloured race, that remarkable man observed that while most white men in the States abused their coloured fellow-citizens, they generally made an exception in favour of the coloured men of their own neighborhood. The week following I happened to be in Richmond talking to the Governor of Virginia. The colour question, as was indeed inevitable, came up for discussion, and the Southern statesman did not disappoint me by any lack of vigor in his denunciation of the deficiencies of the negro race. He added, however, that an exception must be made in favour of the coloured men in Virginia, who were much superior in every way to the coloured men in any other state of the Union. So strong is the force of local feeling and local knowledge that it serves as a corrective to one of the most powerful prejudices of the human race.
- (3) The lack of security against unemployment may seem a comparatively small matter to persons who are well sheltered from the caprices of economic weather. They may argue that even in bad times unemployment only affects a small proportion of the population, and that of this proportion an appreciable quota is contributed by the work-shy or unemployable. But this method of reasoning is quite misleading, for it fails to take

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

account of the psychological influence exercised by the possibility of unemployment upon those who are in fact employed. If unemployment came only to the idle and the worthless, it might be a benefit instead of a scourge. But unemployment is a spectre which dogs the path of every worker, however steady, however capable. The bankruptcy of an employer, the failure of a foreign harvest, some fault in management or change in the current of demand, may at any moment throw him upon the labour market, the sport of economic circumstances which no zeal, no labor, no skill of his own is available to counter or control. It is this underlying anxiety which gives to the social struggle its character of fierceness and unreason, which leads to the deliberate and organized attempt to slow down production in order to spread employment, and has imposed upon British industry the heavy fetters under which it now labours. It is difficult to over-estimate the moral, economic, and psychological effects which would ensue upon the elimination of this social malady. Security for the worker would relieve the springs of industry from a burden of lead. It would remove one of the chief obstacles which is now opposed to the expansion of ability and the full development of human effort. It would clear the industrial atmosphere of the thick clouds of suspicion which at present obstruct the true vision of social progress. It would bring in its train more wealth, more happiness, more content to the whole world of wage-winners.

SHORT NOTICES OF BOOKS RECEIVED

The following books recently received will be dealt with shortly:

Songs of Service and Sacrifice. A study in Isaiah XL-LV. by W. G. Jordan. (James Clark and Co., London, England). Everybody knows that Dr. Jordan is a luminous expositor in this field, which he has made peculiarly his own, in which he is indeed largely a pioneer worker in this country. This book has been very well received in the Canadian press generally.

Canadian Federation. Its Origin and Achievement (Dent). A study of Nation Building, by Reginald G. Trotter, Ph.D. The theme is one of perennial interest to Canadian historians in Canada's present stage of development. Dr. Trotter comes to Queen's with the earnest of gifts which will be valuable to the university, which welcomes him and his book.

Agricultural Co-operation in Western Canada. By W. A. Mackintosh, M.A., Ph.D. The Ryerson Press, Toronto. A

BOOK REVIEW

Queen's study. Professor Mackintosh is here dealing with a subject of first class importance in Canadian economic history. He has gone to the fountain-head for his researches and has the co-operation of those most intimately connected with the movement.

X-Rays and X-Ray Apparatus. By J. K. Robertson. (Mac-Millan). Covers Professor Robertson's painstaking studies over a period of several years.

CURRENT EVENTS

The first Labour government of Great Britain has come and gone. It owed its existence to the much criticized action of Mr. Asquith in advising his supporters to vote with Labour in order to oust the Conservatives who had lost heavily in the election of last year and although the largest party in the House of Commons were in a decided minority when faced with a combination of Liberals and Labour. This action of Mr. Asquith was endorsed by the great majority of his followers and Mr. Lloyd George has recently stated that it had his approval. One thing at least has resulted from this, namely, the Labour leaders have tasted of realities and this experience has modified their action and their policy to no inconsiderable extent. This is evident in the new edition of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's book, "Socialism, Critical and Constructive." Mr. Asquith's action was certainly unselfish because as Mr. Lloyd George recently stated the decline of the Liberal party is to be dated from the time that it put Labour in office. "The trouble was that the Labour Government did not behave according to the Liberal plan. We all assumed that they would take council with the Liberal leaders. But instead of that they made use of Liberal votes and then turned and rent the Liberal party." As the Spectator has said, "Labour was not merely merciless to Liberalism, it was positively malignant whenever it had the chance." That this was a definite policy on the part of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has been admitted in a manifesto just published by the Independent Labour party. "The first object of the Labour party," it states, "has been achieved in that the Liberal party has ceased to be an effective force in the political life of the country."

The Labour party cannot complain of the handling it received either inside the House of Commons or in the press. This favourable reception was due largely to the innate tendency of Englishmen to see fair play. As time went on and it became evident that the credit of the country, financial and otherwise, was not suffering in the hands of the new government people became almost enthusiastic, especially when they

CURRENT EVENTS

remembered the gloomy forebodings of the Conservative press. All this created a somewhat false impression of capacity and statesmanship. In reality the appearance of the Government within the House of Commons was almost uniformly bad. The Premier was irritable and touchy. And this "persecution complex" as it has been called became more and more marked as time went on. Mr. MacDonald makes a much better appearance on the platform than he does in the House of Commons where his faults of temper are more in evidence. Mr. Thomas enhanced his reputation in the House, where he was more useful than the leader of the party, Mr. Clynes, who was an almost complete failure. Mr. Snowden filled the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer adequately, although his delicate health interfered a good deal with his parliamentary duties. The find of the period was Mr. Wheatley, the Communist member for the Shettleston division of Glasgow, who developed astonishing gifts as a debater and made a great reputation in his position as Minister of Health. Another man who did well was Mr. William Graham, member for Central Edinburgh, who as Secretary to the Treasury was one of the bulwarks of his party. His ability has been recognized by his leader in the bestowal of a privy councillorship, one of the five honours conferred by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald on vacating office. Mr. Sidney Webb in spite of his profound learning was ineffective because almost inaudible. What part Viscount Haldane played as Lord Chancellor it is impossible to say, but it is credibly reported that he was indispensable and dared not leave London.

As to the actual work done by the late government there are several things for which it will be remembered both for good and evil. First and foremost there is foreign affairs. It has been said by others than the members of his own party that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has been the best foreign secretary of modern times. He has even received a pat on the back from his immediate predecessor Marquis Curzon. Probably no small part of his success was due to his having followed "the superior person." As is well known, in spite of very manifest ability and great industry, Lord Curzon was not popular in the chancellories of Europe. Mr. MacDonald was of a different type. He was at once recognized as a man affable,

open and honest. Fortunately for him, early in his career as foreign minister, a change of government occurred in France, and in M. Herriot Mr. MacDonald found a man after his own heart. The favourable issue of the Reparations negotiations and the general improvement of relations with France were in large part due to the friendly relations existing between the two premiers. Had M. Poincaré remained in power the outcome of the negotiations regarding the Dawes Scheme might have been very different.

Another success of the late government was the Budget. While not wishing to detract from the ability of Mr. Snowden's effort as Chancellor of the Exchequer, it must be stated that the favourable financial situation which made reductions in taxation possible was an inheritance from the Baldwin Government. There was however no evidence of socialism in the Budget, much to the disappointment of the left wing of the Labour party. Mr. Snowden was, to use the words of Capt. Wedgwood Benn, "a model Chancellor of an old-fashioned Liberal stamp."

A housing scheme was introduced and successfully piloted through by Mr. Wheatley, but there is no evidence that the difficulties which stood in the way of the former ministers of health have been surmounted by him. The one tangible result of the passage of the bill has been the establishment of Mr. Wheatley's reputation. Although a comparatively untried politician at the time of his appointment, he is now being spoken of as a future Labour Prime Minister. This does not mean that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has lost his popularity with his followers. On the contrary, he was received everywhere throughout the country with astonishing enthusiasm during the recent elections. But amongst parliamentarians he lost much of his previously won reputation through his bad handling of the Russian treaty, the Campbell case, the dissolution and the Zinovieff letter.

The fumbling began over the Russian treaty. One cannot escape the impression that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was so busy with negotiations connected with the reparations scheme that he allowed his subordinate, Mr. Ponsonby, a former Liberal, to manage the Russian treaty by himself. The result was that the latter was entirely taken in by the clever Russian

CURRENT EVENTS

delegates. When the Premier was able or forced to interest himself in the matter he was confronted with a *fait accompli* and he had perforce to make the best of it or sacrifice his colleague. There is however another possible explanation of the origin of this treaty. There is more than a suggestion that the Communist wing of the Labour party was in close association with the Soviet Republic and that disruption of the party was threatened from within if something was not done. The permanent officials at the Foreign Office did their best to prevent a fiasco and the consequence was a treaty which was no treaty but merely an expression of willingness to treat.

The surrender of the Singapore base project was expected and was in keeping with the previous action of the Labour party. The decision to build more cruisers was singular, especially in view of the Premier's speeches at Geneva. It was opposed by the Liberals and was probably accounted for by pressure from the engineers in the dock yards who wished for assured employment. Irish affairs were handled adequately, the Government's attitude regarding the boundary question being firm. The "motor car" incident was a very unfortunate one from Mr. MacDonald's point of view, and although there was no suggestion of dishonourable conduct on his part, his temper was noticeably worse as a result of the occurrence, which was manipulated with great effect by Conservative papers.

Any record of the work of the Labour party would be incomplete without reference to the appearance of the leader at Geneva in September. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a whole-hearted supporter of the League of Nations and he believes profoundly in the possibility of disarmament. His speeches on this occasion were on a very high level. He was evidently in his element and enjoyed thoroughly the rôle of preacher or rather missionary. He returned to England to find the fate of his government sealed. Mr. Lloyd George had indicated with no uncertain voice that persistence in the Russian Treaty spelled defeat and Mr. Asquith followed with a less curt but no less decided warning. The Government chose the Campbell case as the issue upon which they would dissolve and although they had several opportunities of avoiding the result they deliberately committed suicide.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

The general election which followed is fresh in the minds of everyone. The striking results are in the main two—disaster to the Liberal party and the almost unprecedented success of the Conservatives. Labour may be said to have held its own because although it lost a considerable number of seats it gained in number of votes. An analysis of the voting brings out a number of interesting facts and not a few curious anomalies. The Conservative vote rose from a little over five million at the last election to 7,800,000. The Labour vote rose from 4,300,000 to 5,500,000. The Liberal vote fell from 4,200,000 to 3,100,000. As in the previous election the Liberals suffered most under the anomalies of the present system. Had proportional representation been in force the Conservatives would have had 100 fewer seats which would have been almost equally divided between Liberals and Labour. But the anomalies come out more strikingly when the matter is put thus: each Conservative member represents on the average 19,504 constituents, each Labour member about 38,500, and each Liberal 89,518. Another point has to be remembered in this relation. The Liberal party ran only 332 candidates on this occasion as compared with 432 last year. The average vote polled by a Liberal candidate last year was 9,760 as compared with 9,350 this year. Had the Liberal party run the same number of candidates as at the last general election they might reasonably have expected to obtain 935,000 more votes, bringing their total up to 4,035,000 or within 200,000 of last year's figures. There is however little use in juggling with figures. It is always the victorious party which benefits by the present system, so that there is little likelihood of it being altered in the direction of a more equable distribution of seats according to votes recorded. One further anomaly of representation in the recent election is emphasized by the *Manchester Guardian*. Taking the counties along the south coast of England, there the Conservatives polled roughly a million and a half votes and obtained 84 seats, the other two parties with a million votes to their credit are represented by one member.

Summing up the situation it may be fairly stated that the Liberal rout is not so overwhelming as it would appear to be by the number of candidates returned, which is only 43, as

CURRENT EVENTS

compared with 158 in the last parliament. It is probable that the municipal elections recently held in about 300 boroughs of England and Wales reflect much more fairly the mind of the people. The results were the return of 417 Conservative, 204 Labour, 194 Liberal and 128 Independent candidates. Nevertheless from whatever angle we look at the matter there is no getting away from the fact that the Liberal party is on the decline and that there is little likelihood of it ever forming a government apart from Labour. The causes which have led up to this are obscure. Many, especially those belonging to the Conservative party, would claim that it is a judgment for their failure to prepare adequately for the War of 1914. It is probable however that few people think of these things now and it is always a moot question whether any other government would have done better. The replacement of Mr. Asquith by Mr. Lloyd George in 1916 rent the party into two and the division has never been really healed. The quarrel was accentuated in the coupon election of 1918 and although differences seemed to have been healed last year when the two leaders appeared upon the same platform we have again evidence of deep-seated distrust of Mr. Lloyd George on the part of the followers of Mr. Asquith in the recent strongly worded protest of Capt. Wedgwood Benn, who refuses altogether to acknowledge the leadership of Mr. George. The pact with the Conservatives in certain constituencies in order to prevent three-cornered contests did no good to the Liberal cause. It puzzled and depressed supporters who in neighbouring constituencies witnessed vigorous hostility between the two parties. It led to a feeling that to record a vote for a Liberal candidate was to waste it. To be effective a vote had to be either Socialist or Anti-socialist.

The casualties amongst the leaders of the Liberal party have been as severe as the defeat of the party itself. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Masterman, Mr. Pringle, Dr. Macnamara, Mr. Ramsay Muir and Mr. E. D. Simon all fall out of the ranks. Sir Donald Maclean again fails to secure a seat but Mr. Runciman returns to parliament after an absence lasting some years. The Liberal front bench still possesses powerful leaders in Mr. Lloyd George, Sir John Simon, Mr. Runciman, Sir Alfred Mond and Capt. Benn, but the rank and file are a small group

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

of 43 and defections from the ranks may occur at any moment. A party which is repeatedly unsuccessful has inevitably this disadvantage, that the younger men who are ambitious and dependent upon politics for their livelihood tend to find their way into one or other of the larger parties which have or are likely to have remunerative posts at their disposal. In this way many of the more cautious Liberals have found a welcome in the Conservative fold and the more daring ones have gone over to Labour. As the *Saturday Review* puts it, the remnant of Liberalism is being bought up at bargain prices by the other two parties. Had the Conservative victory been less overwhelming and had the Liberals held the balance of power the notion of forming a Central or Anti-Socialist party would have again been mooted. That would have been Mr. Lloyd George's chance. But the victory has been so overwhelming that the necessity for regrouping has disappeared for the moment. Much may happen during the next four years and the probabilities are that there will be a fusion of the left wing of the Liberal party with Labour.

It is increasingly evident that the true line of division is between moderate and extreme Socialism, between Labour and Communism. This cleft has already appeared on several occasions as at the Annual Labour Conference when the Communists were rejected by a great majority. So far the appearance of unity in the Labour party has been preserved. But how much longer can it continue? How long will those who ardently hold revolutionary theories be content to be told that this mild radicalism is merely intended to calm public apprehension and that with a clear majority over all other combinations obtained on such a record a programme agreeable to the Communists will be carried through. There is no essential difference between the opinions of the majority of the Labour party and especially of its leaders and the left wing of the Liberals who are at present led by Mr. Asquith. Indeed, Mr. Richard Denman, parliamentary secretary to the Board of Education in the last Coalition Government is now advising all Liberals to enrol in the Labour party. But so long as the leaders, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George, hurl reproaches at each other anything in the nature of wholesale fusion is unlikely. But will Mr. Lloyd George remain much

CURRENT EVENTS

longer in his present position? As is evident, the result of the election leaves him without much field for his undoubted parliamentary abilities. It might have been thought that the orator of Limehouse and the author of the People's Budget would have eventually led the Labour party, but that party will have nothing to do with the little Welsh wizard and he on his side continues to hurl insults at party and leader alike. Take this from his recent speech at Queen's Hall: "Combination with Labour is hopeless. You never can depend upon them for a single hour. That is the way they have treated our support and so far as I am concerned they shall have no more of it." How, he asks in an article in the *Daily Chronicle*, could Mr. Asquith have conjectured that the leader of a great party would behave "like a jealous, vain, suspicious, ill-tempered actress of the second rank"? Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is not likely to forget such language. Mr. Lloyd George's particular friends have been crossing over into the Conservative field ever since the days of coalition. The latest of these defections from the National Liberals are Mr. Churchill and Sir Hamar Greenwood. It would create no surprise now if the leader himself eventually crossed the floor of the House and took his seat on the Government front bench. With revolt amongst the remnant of his followers and with the example of magnanimity to returned prodigals on the part of the Conservative leader before his eyes he might well put his pride in his pocket and enter the only door now remaining open to him. Of course, Mr. Lloyd George cannot be regarded in the light of a returned prodigal and chancellorships are not to be had just at any time. Still there is always the gilded chamber for those for whom places cannot be found. It would indeed be a sorry ending to the political career of the man who started as a militant non-conformist and passionate radical to be seated on the red benches of the House of Lords.

Turning to the other striking result of the recent election—the almost unprecedented Conservative victory—we are struck by the fact that it was quite unexpected. The most sanguine of Tory prophets would have been more than content with half the present majority. Mr. Stanley Baldwin is an extraordinarily lucky man. After throwing the fortunes of his party into the melting pot as he did a year ago with disastrous results he is presented with the rarest form of political

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

luck, a second chance. And such a chance! Some enthusiastic supporters claim that he saw ahead. But to believe such a thing is drawing on our credulity too much. Mr. Baldwin has great courage and uncommon common sense but few would ascribe to him profound political sagacity. In addition he is possessed of a supreme indifference to criticism and a complete absence of personal ambition. These characteristics have appeared again and again during his short tenure of the position of leader of his party. They were evident in the famous interview to "The People." In that interview, which was never really repudiated, Mr. Baldwin said what he thought of a number of prominent people—newspaper proprietors and others—in terms which were, to say the least of it, unflattering. It was a daring action and it probably did good.

The same independence although perhaps not the same courage (discretion would be a better word) is manifested in the choice of his colleagues in the new government. The surprises are Mr. Churchill in the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Birkenhead in the position of Secretary of State for India. Both these gentlemen would have made awkward critics of the government from the cross benches. Better far to muzzle them by giving them high office. It is indeed a unique experience for a prodigal to be introduced to office on his return and that office the highest next to the premiership carrying with it the reversion to the leadership of the party. It is a wonderful tribute to the man's genius and it must be singularly pleasing to the son of Lord Randolph Churchill. Will history repeat itself? There are awkward moments ahead for a free trade Chancellor in a protectionist government. But with the example of the father before him the son is unlikely to "forget Goschen", especially as there are at least two strong candidates for the reversion of the Chancellorship. We shall all follow with interest the future career of this man who may prove to be the biggest personality in contemporary British politics and who possesses at least one essential for success—courage.

And what of the future? There are talks of a period of "tranquillity" (Mr. Bonar Law's watchword). Mr. Baldwin promises us stability and progress. There is however in a political sense not much difference between stability and stagnation and a period of the latter would add fresh fuel to the

CURRENT EVENTS

fire of Communism. There are many problems awaiting settlement of which unemployment, poverty and housing are perhaps the most clamant, and upon the way in which the new government approaches these in the next few months will depend in great part the future of Great Britain and of the Empire.

J. M.

The Dawes Report and the London Conference

When history comes to assess the achievements of Britain's first Labour Ministry it is quite conceivable that a position of pre-eminence will be given to the London Conference of 1924. If the policies conceived at the conference are effectively carried out it will have marked a very definite stage in the process of European reconstruction.

The events which resulted in the creation of the Conference have their origin in the decision of France in January of 1923 to impose greater pressure on Germany by the occupation of the Ruhr Valley. M. Poincaré and his associates had become convinced that there existed no willingness to pay on the part of the Germans and that their default in making payments as required by the Reparations Commission was not primarily due to incapacity. By squeezing the German a little tighter it was expected that he would find the payment of reparations the easiest of the alternatives offered. From the outset Britain questioned not only the legality but the wisdom of the course pursued by France and in consequence the cordiality of the Entente was subjected to a very severe strain. France was accused by Britain of killing the goose that laid even a small golden egg. If the laying habit were encouraged the eggs might grow in size and frequency. On the other hand France accused Britain of giving comfort to the common enemy and of actually encouraging her in her policy of passive resistance. The personalities of M. Poincaré and the Marquis of Curzon, the two statesmen most intimately associated on behalf of the two great powers, with the solution of this new problem, were not such as to facilitate a friendly understanding.

Almost from the outset it became apparent that the occupation of the Ruhr was not achieving the results for which it had been undertaken. Instead of inducing a "will to pay," this new resort to force confirmed the Germans in their resistance to the demands of France—a resistance which assumed a

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

passive form and the more difficult to handle. From the standpoint of financial returns the new condition of France was worse than the former and, in addition, the rapid decline of the mark—accelerated by the occupation—threatened to carry Germany into the abyss of complete ruin and disintegration. It then became necessary for France to find a way of escape which would preserve the national dignity by avoiding an admission of failure.

The Treaty of Versailles had delegated to the Reparations Commission a general supervision and had given it specific authority to modify the schedule of payments should events demonstrate the incapacity of Germany to make payment. Prior even to the occupation of the Ruhr the suggestion had been made by Mr. Hughes, the Secretary of State of the United States, that the question of reparations and in particular Germany's capacity to pay should be referred to an international commission of financial experts. This proposal, which in January, 1923, the French had not regarded with favour was in November gladly accepted and the Committee of Experts, known as the Dawes Committee, was appointed by the Reparations Commission to consider the means of balancing the budget and the measures to be taken to stabilise the currency of Germany. Great Britain was represented on this committee by Sir Robert Kindersley and Sir Joseph Stamp and the United States by Colonel Dawes and Mr. Owen D. Young.

The reference to the committee was very definitely limited and its report issued in April of this year, though very strictly confined to the sphere of the reference by necessary implication raised the question of pledges and sanctions which would in any manner operate to limit the fiscal and economic sovereignty of Germany. At the centre of the committee's plan is the creation of a new German Bank of Issue—which shall also serve as Government Banker and as a Banker's Bank, fixing the official rate of discount—possessing a capital of £20,000,000, seventy-five per cent. of which shall be subscribed in foreign currencies. While the management of the Bank shall be German, the observance of its statutes shall be safeguarded by a General Board, of which one-half of the members, including a commissioner, shall be foreign. The report further contemplated the raising by Germany of a foreign loan of £40,000,000, the proceeds of which should be paid to the new Bank and from which reparation payments

CURRENT EVENTS

during the first year should be made. The determination of the amount of reparations was beyond the terms of the reference. It is proposed, however, that for the first year reparations payments should be £50,000,000 and should gradually increase until in the fifth year they should read £125,000,000 and thereafter an additional sum to be computed according to an index of prosperity determined by the report. Treaty charges were to be paid by Germany from three distinct sources, from taxes, again according to an increasing scale until the fifth year and thereafter according to the condition of the country, from railway securities, on a similar increasing scale, and on industrial debentures. Of great importance are the provisions dealing with the actual receiving of payments so as to avoid serious disturbance in exchange. The appointment of a transfer committee is recommended to supervise remittances, it being assumed that experience will show the extent to which the conversion can safely take place.

The report was accepted in principle by the Allied Powers as a real contribution to the solution of the problem of Europe's economic restoration. M. Poincaré reserved the right to propose modification in detail while still continuing the military and economic occupation of the Ruhr. The general elections in France in May resulted in the defeat of the Bloc National and M. Poincaré and the formation of a government of the Left under M. Herriot. With the substitution of Macdonald and Herriot for Curzon and Poincaré the way was paved for an amicable discussion of the reparations problems and of the practical proposals contained in the Dawes Report. Conversations took place at Chequers in June between the two Prime Ministers which resulted in the issuing by the British Government of an invitation to the Allied and Associated Powers to attend a conference to be held in London in July for the discussion of the means by which the Dawes recommendations might most effectively be applied.

The conference assembled in London on July 16th and after a month's deliberation was enabled to report agreements on three very important aspects of the restoration problem, sanctions, economic pledges in the Ruhr and deliveries-in-kind and transfers. At the heart of the Dawes scheme is the raising of a foreign loan by Germany. Hence the bankers became a very necessary party to the deliberations of the conference. The people upon whose recommendation investors

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

were advancing money to the German Government were naturally insistent that there should be no disturbance of the securities being pledged by the borrower. So long as there remained any danger of a repetition of the seizure of the Ruhr there could be no loan. France was insistent upon the legality of its procedure and on its right to take similar action again if the Reparations Commission were to declare Germany in default. France was naturally anxious to preserve the powers of the Reparations Commission which, with French and Belgian members voting together and the casting vote of a French chairman, she virtually controlled. By the same token the financial interests were unwilling to permit the matter of the declaration of default and the enforcement of sanctions to be determined by the Reparations Commission. A compromise was reached in the addition of a member from the United States to the Reparations Commission with the right to vote when questions relating to the Dawes plan were being considered. A further safeguard was provided against disturbance of the security for the loan by the reference to a tribunal of three "impartial and independent" persons of the question of Germany's default at the instance of any member of the Reparations Commission.

Of equal importance was the situation created by the actual occupation of the Ruhr. The restoration to Germany of the occupied area was essential to the economic reconstruction of the German nation. An agreement was reached by which in the event of Germany's carrying out her initial obligations under the Dawes plan France shall complete the evacuation of the Ruhr by August 15th, 1925, and as an evidence of good faith certain of the outlying towns in the occupied area were immediately restored to Germany.

The value of the work of the London Conference will be determined largely by the attitude of the people of France and of Germany and by the stability of their respective governments. The recent elections in Germany indicate an intention on the part of the German people to give the Dawes plan a fair trial and to give no encouragement to the extremists either of the Right or the Left, who seriously threatened the present regime. M. Herriot's difficulties are probably greater and there is a very real danger that while approving of his foreign policy the French people may repudiate his government because of its domestic programme. He has already, and one

CURRENT EVENTS

might say, needlessly, antagonized the Church. The restoration of the franc will require an increased burden of taxation which will provide the real test of his courage and of his ability to direct the affairs of his people. If he can persuade the French peasant to disgorge sufficient of his savings to permit a balancing of the budget his chief difficulties will have been removed and the way cleared for the friendly co-operation of all the Powers in the work of reconstruction.

To Canadians the London Conference is interesting for another reason. The procedure adopted by the British Foreign Office in the Lausanne negotiations, by which no direct Dominion representation was permitted, marked a distinct retrogression in the development of an Imperial foreign policy. In a measure the error of the Marquis of Curzon was corrected by Mr. Macdonald. The Dominions were accorded representation at the London Conference. The British Empire delegation, which had solved the problem of Imperial representation at Versailles and at Washington was revived. Britain and France were represented at the Plenary Sessions of the conference each by three delegates. One of the British delegates was a Dominions representative, representing not the Dominion from which he came but the Empire. The course of action to be pursued by the British delegates was determined after discussion by the British Empire Delegation. The overseas delegates, other than the official representative for the time, were allowed to attend the plenary conference as observers. In that manner the Dominions were kept fully informed of the proceedings of the conference and at the same time, through the Empire delegation, were enabled to actively determine the character of British policy.

The Political Situation in Canada

One of the most important events in the recent political situation in Canada is the West Hastings bye-election. The selection of Mr. Porter to stake his political life on a challenge of the conduct of a Minister of the Crown was unquestionably deliberate and was made in the expectation that West Hastings would provide from the Conservative standpoint a favourable battleground. The unhappy "messing up" of the play by the people of West Hastings will undoubtedly react seriously against the party leadership. The gift to the government of

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

a much needed majority in the House was entirely gratuitous. One is reminded of the discussion in football circles of the question of the points to be allowed on the scoring of a touch resulting from an opponent's fumble. In the political game the rule is not clearly defined. The winner claims five points, the loser admits but one. It is very easy for the government to extract too much comfort from the bye-election. It would seem that too little attention has been paid to the local situation in the constituency. Federal issues aside, there was apparently a local conviction that it was time for a change. The attempt to connect the defeat of the Conservative candidate with the declaration of the Prime Minister of the Province in favour of a rigid enforcement of the O.T.A. seems particularly inept. It is true that the very substantial vote in the cities in favour of some form of government control of the liquor traffic will present difficulties in the enforcement of the Act. Nevertheless, the Act forms a part of the law of the Province and the vast majority of the people of Ontario will support the law officers of the province in the execution of the law. Moreover, if any unnecessary obstacles are placed in the way of the rigid enforcement of the law by a federal department, the federal authorities will be held to a strict accounting by the people of Ontario. It will be unfortunate if the administration of the laws of this province should become a political issue as between the parties of the provincial and federal governments. There is a conviction gaining strength in Ontario that the Attorney-General of Ontario is not receiving all the support possible from the federal powers. If there is a persistence in this attitude a day of reckoning is awaiting.

There will undoubtedly be a scramble for the seats held by the Progressive party in this province. The government at Ottawa should be reminded that rural Ontario voted overwhelmingly dry. The Prime Minister has carried more than the usual allowance of dead wood in his Cabinet up to the present. His prospects of success in the next general election will depend in a measure on the vigour with which he uses the pruning knife. The recent infusion of new blood in the Cabinet was favourably regarded. The process could be continued with real benefit to the administration.

D. McA.

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THE RECENT TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

THE observation of a total eclipse of the sun is one of great excitement and nerve-racking tension. The life of an eclipse astronomer may be likened to that of a hunter after his game. Many months and even years are spent in quietly investigating the problems, a costly equipment is accumulated and each piece of delicate apparatus is carefully tested at home to see that it will properly perform its designated functions at the critical moment. After some weeks spent in the field erecting the instruments and most carefully adjusting the cameras and spectroscopes, the eventful day approaches. Each and every one of the observing party becomes more and more intense and keyed up for the great event. A successful attack lies only in taking care that every one of the possible chances of failure are obviated. When the "zero-hour" arrives, bringing with it the total eclipse, will the attack be successful or will some little blunder spoil everything or will cloudy skies render of no avail all the long months of preparation and show only the eclipse entirely eclipsed by clouds?

Since the days of his graduation from Queen's, the writer has had the rare good fortune of observing six total eclipses of the sun. He observed his first eclipse in 1900, going to Georgia for the event. The following year it was necessary to travel as far from home as one could get, half way round the world, to Sumatra in the Dutch East Indies. The year 1905 found him in Spain. In 1918 the eclipse was total in Oregon, in 1923 in California, while in the recent eclipse on January 24 he was in Connecticut.

To make these observations it has been necessary to travel fifty thousand miles, and the times of all six of the total phases of the eclipses added together makes a paltry fourteen minutes.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Rare good fortune has kept pace with these observations. I have been among the lucky astronomers for I have actually seen all six eclipses, not however always through perfect skies. The thickest clouds yet experienced were met in "sunny California" in 1923.

To-day, as never before, our daily life follows its course surrounded by the wonders of science. But amongst all the wonders of all the wonderful sciences there is no science which deals with such a gorgeous spectacle as is exhibited by the queen of the sciences, astronomy, at the moment when the earth is gradually shrouded in darkness and when around the smiling orb of day there appears the matchless crown of glory, the beautiful corona. Nor can any science duplicate the wonderful precision shown by the work of the astronomer in his capacity to predict hundreds of years in advance the exact hour and minute at which an eclipse will take place and the locality on the earth's surface where such an eclipse will be visible.

These predictions are not the product of clairvoyance or necromancy, but come only as the result of long continued series of observations carefully carried out by astronomers of all ages and of all climes, and hence are the direct consequence of the faith kept by one generation of astronomers in handing down the torch to the succeeding generation.

If no high degree of accuracy is necessary the predictions can be carried out with sufficient precision by means of the Saros, an interval of 6585 days, known to the Chaldeans three thousand years ago. An eclipse of the sun can take place only at the time of new moon, and also when the moon is near the plane of the earth's orbit called the ecliptic, i.e., when the moon is near her node. Owing to the rotation of the axis of the moon's orbit, the sun passes the moon's node after an interval of 346.620 days which is known as the "eclipse year." Nineteen eclipse years amount to 6585 days and the same number of days are found in 223 ordinary lunar months. After this interval the distance from sun to earth and from earth to moon (on which the conditions of the eclipse depend) are repeated very nearly the same as at the preceding Saros with the result that the length of totality is nearly the same as it was at the eclipse 6585 days earlier. This interval amounts

THE RECENT TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

to 18 years 11 days, if four leap years intervene, or 18 years 10 days if the 29th of February has come five times.

By means of the Saros it is possible to trace the conditions which cause an eclipse. A partial eclipse of the sun is followed after eighteen years by a partial eclipse, a total eclipse by a total eclipse with a duration nearly the same as that of the eclipse preceding it in the Saros. In such an eclipse series there are anywhere from 68 to 75 solar eclipses depending on conditions, extending over some 1200 years. Of these 25 are partial eclipses, while 45 are central eclipses, of which only 18 are total and 27 annular.

The first eclipse in the cycle to which the eclipse of January 24 belongs appears to have been a partial eclipse visible on May 27, 933, only in far southern latitudes on the earth, while the last eclipse of the cycle will be on June 25, 2177 in high northern latitudes. The first total eclipse of the cycle was on June 8, 1564.

It is very surprising to find that in the balance of the twentieth century total solar eclipses visible under good conditions appear to shun both the United States and Canada. The next total eclipse visible in this part of the world will be on August 31, 1932, but the eclipse does not take place until eight o'clock at night with the sun close to the horizon. The eclipses of July 9, 1945, and June 30, 1954, take place shortly after sunrise. The next total eclipse that can be observed will be on January 14, 1926, but will be visible only in the far East, mainly from Sumatra.

The earliest recorded eclipse of the sun is believed to have been observed in the year 2137 B.C., an account of which is found in the ancient classic *Shu Ching*. This eclipse is celebrated not only for its great antiquity, but also for the dire fate of the two royal astronomers, Hsi and Ho, who instead of staying in the sober paths of science went and got beastly drunk—and as a result had their heads chopped off. It is impossible to fix the date of this eclipse with any exactness on account of the lack of definiteness in the chronicle. The regulations regarding eclipses as given in the *Shu Ching* read: "Being before the time, the astronomers are to be killed without respite; and being behind the time, they are to be slain

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

without reprieve." With such a fate in store, who would be foolhardy enough as to be an astronomer!

The first accurate date in the chronology of any nation on earth is that of 911 B.C., known from observations of eclipses recorded by the Assyrians. Earlier dates of history are known with increasing uncertainty. The various estimates of historians for the beginning of the first Egyptian dynasty differ as much as two thousand years!

The earliest eclipse of which there is a faithful record is found in a cuneiform tablet of Babylonia telling of an eclipse of the sun visible in Nineveh on June 15, 763 B.C. As a result of investigations of other Babylonian eclipses it has been necessary to alter the chronology of the Bible, by lowering the formerly accepted dates by twenty-four years.

The accuracy with which the times of solar eclipses can be predicted depends on the reliability of the work of the astronomers of all ages. The chief cause of concern is found in the motions of our unruly neighbor, the moon. Even at the present day of great accuracy in the most accurate of all sciences, astronomy, it is very difficult to predict the moon's exact position and consequently to forecast the exact time of the beginning of an eclipse. On account of her erratic motions the moon is generally regarded to be of the feminine gender. The position of the moon becomes known from observations of the times of beginning and ending of the partial eclipse, and the beginning and ending of the total eclipse, there being altogether four contacts. At the eclipse of 1905 the beginning of totality came 17 seconds and the ending of totality 23 seconds ahead of the time predicted by the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac. The eclipse of 1922 was sixteen seconds ahead of the predicted place.

It is of the utmost importance to exact astronomy that the time of eclipses be recorded with great exactness. These observations are then incorporated into the theory of the motion of the moon. The earlier the eclipse which is observed with certainty, the more accurately can the accelerations of the moon's motion be known since these accelerations depend on the squares of the elapsed times.

In 1693 the great English astronomer Halley found that the moon must have changed the speed of her motion as it

THE RECENT TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

was impossible to reconcile its motion known at the time with observations made centuries before. The first of the great modern authorities dealing with the motion of the moon was the German, Hansen, who in 1857 published his *Tables of the Moon*. By the help of these tables the unexplained fluctuations in the moon's motion are reduced to a small fraction of their former amount. The next great tables were those of Simon Newcomb published in 1878, and these still further improved the lunar theory. The most accurate tables at present are those published in 1920 by Professor Ernest W. Brown of Yale University.

Even Brown's wonderfully accurate tables have not been successful in predicting all of the erratic motions of the moon. Eclipses of the sun as far back as 1063 B.C. have been utilized and these have shown that there is still an unexplained acceleration of the moon amounting to eleven seconds of arc per century and also an acceleration of the sun of $1''.5$ per century.

Although these quantities are very minute in themselves they are however enormous in size for the exact science of astronomy and must be explained by the astronomer. Part of these variations can be accounted for by irregularities of our time-keeper, old Mother Earth, fluctuating as she revolves on her axis. It appears that at the present the length of the day is actually getting longer, and if this increase persisted for 10,000 years it would amount to the intolerable amount of one-tenth of a second of time. According to Taylor and Jeffreys of England, the apparent cause of the slowing up of the earth's rotation is to be found in the friction of the tides in such shallow seas as Behring Strait, the English Channel, the Irish Sea, the Bay of Fundy, etc.

What a perfect science astronomy is! An observation of an eclipse of the sun made three thousand years ago at the dawn of human civilization has an important bearing on the most recent refined measures of the motion of the moon!

There are many problems being attacked by the astronomer during the brief moments of the total eclipse. The one in which the general public seems to be most interested at the present time is connected with the name of Einstein.

At the total eclipse of 1919, the British astronomers astounded the world by finding that stars near the edge of the

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

eclipsed sun were shifted from their normal positions, and that the amounts of the displacements seemed to confirm the prediction of Einstein. This famous theory is the result of the principle of relativity that all motions are relative and that it is impossible ever to observe absolute motions.

The whole thinking world was set to talking of relativity and of the conditions surrounding life on a world of the four dimensions of length, breadth, thickness and time. The more one discussed the matter, the more absurd the conclusions seemed to be. The main difficulty, however, was not with the theory but in trying to translate the mathematical symbols into the language and terms one had been accustomed to use in explaining the ordinary world of three dimensions. A "straight" line in a three-dimensional world and in one of four dimensions meant two entirely separate things, for what was straight in one appeared crooked in the other and vice versa—and the more one talked, with words, the more twisted one's thoughts became.

The measures of 1919, as the British themselves readily admitted, were preliminary in character and far from satisfactory. Improvements were readily apparent. At the eclipse of 1922 in far-away Australia, these improvements were put into effect. The best results to date are those obtained by a party from the Lick Observatory under the direction of D. W. W. Campbell, president of the University of California. Altogether four cameras were used, two of fifteen feet focus, two of five feet focus. On account of the long duration of totality of over five minutes, two plates were secured during the eclipse with each of the four cameras. The measurement and reduction of a single plate is a very long and complicated operation. The four plates taken with the 15-foot focus cameras were first measured by Campbell and Trumpler, and later the plates taken with the cameras of five-foot focus. On each of the plates of shorter focal length there were 400 to 500 star images.

The results from the careful measures of the 1922 plates by the Lick astronomers make a complete verification of the Einstein prediction, the deflection of a star reduced to the edge of the sun on the average was measured to be 1.72 seconds of arc while the Einstein prediction was 1".75. Other successful

THE RECENT TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

photographs were secured at the 1922 eclipse by Canadian, by English and by Australian parties. The final mean derived from the photographs of each and every one of these different parties agrees closely with the predicted Einstein amount.

Great preparations were made in 1923 to again repeat the measures, but on account of widespread clouds in California no successful photographs were obtained.

Although the eclipse results in 1919 and 1922 have abundantly verified the Einstein prediction it must not be assumed that thereby the Einstein theory of relativity has been proven to be true. It is not an easy matter to prove a law of Nature. Even the Newtonian law of gravitation which is universal in its application would crumple and fall if there were but one single exception to it.

With the Einstein theory it is necessary to test out all other sources which may possibly cause stellar deflections at the time of an eclipse. To check up these matters it has been proposed by Professor Charles Lane Poor of Columbia University to measure the diameter of the moon on eclipse photographs to test out whether the cameras which give the Einstein deflections to the stars at the same time give a measured diameter of the moon which is exactly equivalent to that known from the Nautical Almanac. Unfortunately in the recent eclipse the sun was low down in the sky, and even at New Haven, the point farthest east in the United States where the eclipse was observed, the sun was only eighteen degrees above the horizon. As a result the "seeing" was very poor, and the definition of the photographs was affected. The 1925 eclipse cannot possibly give any test of the Einstein theory.

In addition to predicting the deflection of stars at the time of an eclipse, Einstein's theory has been successful in explaining the motion of the perihelion of the planet Mercury. The shift in the solar spectrum towards the red end of the spectrum as also predicted by Einstein has been confirmed by the two most competent authorities in the world, St. John of Mt. Wilson and Evershed of India. Conditions in the sun with its enormous temperature are very complicated. In fact, there are so many different conditions to take account of that it is impossible to ascertain whether proper allowance has always been made for all possible disturbances.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

The consensus of the best scientific opinion, both among astronomers and physicists, seems to be that the Einstein theory has been completely verified by observation. Still there are many doubting Thomases, and for their benefit and for the good of science, everything possible must be done to be certain that the verification is absolute and complete.

The most important of all the scientific problems attacked on eclipse day were connected with the spectroscope. A prism of glass breaks up light into its colors, forming a spectrum. The spectrum is also produced by a grating. This is made by ruling with a fine diamond point on a metallic reflecting surface of speculum metal lines parallel and equidistant, many thousands to each inch. If the rulings are made on a plane surface we have a plane grating. To form a spectrum a lens must be used in connection with such a grating. If the diamond point rules a spherical concave mirror, a concave grating is the result and the lenses can be dispensed with.

If the light to be examined is feeble, as is the case in stellar investigations, a prism is generally employed. With the brightest of the stars and the largest of telescopes, a second or third prism (never more than three) may be utilized to increase the dispersion or lengthen out the spectrum.

If there is sufficient light, as with the sun under ordinary conditions, and a high degree of precision is necessary, then a spectrum is required of greatly increased length over that possible with prisms; with the consequent result that a concave grating is nearly always used for solar investigations.

With the uneclipsed sun a slit is necessary and the spectrum consists of many thousands of dark lines, each an image of the slit, superposed on a bright ribbon of light of the spectrum colors. The enigma of these dark lines discovered by Fraunhofer in 1814 became understood in 1859 by the formulation of Kirchhoff's laws. The greatest triumphs of modern astronomy are connected with the use of the spectroscope. The dark Fraunhofer lines in the ordinary solar spectrum permit us to know the materials that go to make up the sun. We know the constitution of the sun with as much certainty as if we had a representative piece of it and could make a refined analysis in one of our best chemical laboratories.

At eclipse time the spectroscope can be employed to in-

THE RECENT TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

investigate the hot gases that form the sun's true atmosphere, the chromosphere, as it is called by the astronomer, and also to try and discover the constitution of the far-flung and feeble corona. On account of the much greater strength of its light, it is possible to use with the chromosphere a much higher dispersion than is possible with the corona.

The chromosphere was first investigated at an eclipse in the year 1868 and as a result helium was discovered, twenty-seven years before it was isolated in a chemical laboratory by the celebrated Ramsay. Before the eclipse of 1870, Professor Young of Princeton foretold the discovery of the "flash spectrum."

The dark lines in the ordinary solar spectrum are caused by the absorption of light from the hot solar surfaces by the relatively cooler gases that surround the sun. As the partial eclipse progresses, and so long as there is the smallest portion of the sun's surface visible, the spectrum is the dark-lined spectrum. At the instant of totality the bright background of the sun is covered by the moon. The gases at the point where was seen the last vestige of the sun are not yet covered by the advancing moon, and as these gases are at a very high temperature, they give their spectrum which consists of bright lines on a dark background. At the very instant of totality there is a sudden change in the appearance of the spectrum, for where there were formerly dark lines on a bright background they have now changed to bright lines on a dark background. The change is so sudden a one, the bright lines flashing out so quickly that Young, whose eye in 1870 was the first to witness it, called the appearance the "flash spectrum." This lasts only about three seconds while the moon is advancing over a relatively shallow layer. A second appearance of the flash spectrum is seen at the ending of the total phase.

The flash spectrum was first photographed at the eclipse of 1893, and gratings were first employed at the eclipse of 1900. The best photograph to date of the flash spectrum was obtained in 1905.

The writer of this article has confined his investigations at eclipses almost exclusively to the photographs of the flash spectrum. All of the instruments used by him in 1925 were kindly loaned by the United States government except the

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

concave grating itself. This was of four inches aperture, ruled with 15,000 lines to the inch and was kindly loaned by Professor F. A. Saunders of Harvard University. The same grating was successfully employed in 1905 in Spain. At the time of the eclipse, light from the sun fell upon a plane mirror mounted as a coelostat, and by this the light was reflected directly on the concave grating which changed the incident light into a spectrum and brought it to a focus on the photographic plate.

No slit was necessary for the reason that the atmosphere of the sun at the point of investigation is very thin. At the distance we are from the sun the shallow layer becomes almost a mathematical line. The flash spectrum consists of a number of cusps, each a colored image of the heated gases of the solar atmosphere. A measurement of the length of the cusp parallel to the solar surface readily affords a knowledge of the height in miles that each solar vapor ascends above the surface of the sun. The flash spectrum thus gives information regarding the physical constitution of the gases making up the sun's atmosphere but it also gives the heights to which these vapors ascend. There is no other method yet known to science that permits a knowledge of these solar heights,—and herein lies one of the most important problems to be investigated by the eclipse astronomer.

The sun is the nearest of the fixed stars, and it is the only star which permits us to examine its atmosphere in detail at the time of a total eclipse. A knowledge of the heights attained by the solar vapors gives information regarding the pressures under which the spectroscopic lines take their origin. At very reduced pressures in the sun's chomosphere and at the high temperature found there it is readily possible for an atom to lose an external electron and become ionized. The spectrum of the ionized atom differs very much from that of the neutral atom which has not lost an electron. In the ionized spectrum certain lines are enhanced in intensity and these are the lines which are stronger in the spectrum of the electric spark than in the electric arc. Knowledge of these things are of the very greatest importance in furthering our knowledge of the chemical atom, a quest in which astronomy, physics and chemistry are vitally interested.

Other problems of the eclipse are connected with the in-

THE RECENT TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

vestigation of the corona. What is it? and whence comes its light? Its feeble light has been traced to the enormous distance of ten millions of miles from the sun's surface. It cannot be a true atmosphere consisting of gaseous particles for, if it were, the pressure at the sun's surface would be colossal, and we know for certain that such pressures do not exist. As a further proof we know that occasionally comets come close to the sun's surface, dashing by the sun at the rate of a hundred miles per second,—and yet the comet goes through the corona without any friction and without any perceptible impeding of its velocity, which would be impossible if the corona contained much matter. The only true atmosphere possessed by the sun is the chromosphere which stretches up to a maximum height of 10,000 miles.

We must rely mainly on the spectroscope to give information on the constitution of the corona. On account of the feebleness of its light it is almost impossible to use a dispersion exceeding that of a single prism. None of the lines in the spectrum of the corona, amounting to about forty, have been identified with terrestrial sources. The strongest line in the whole spectrum is in the green, at wave length 5303. This belongs to the mysterious and unknown element "coronium". Part of the coronal light takes its origin from the gaseous coronium which gives a spectrum of bright lines, and part by sunlight reflected from the molecules of the corona, since a dark Fraunhofer spectrum is observed. It has been difficult to decide whether the reflection and scattering of the ordinary sunlight is in the corona itself or whether it takes place in our terrestrial atmosphere. At the eclipse of 1922 in Australia, Moore of the Lick Observatory secured some very valuable observations.

We believe that the corona must be rotating, probably with the sun, but we know little or nothing about it. Our great puzzle is to know how there can be any radiation of light at the distance of ten million miles from the edge of the sun under very low pressures and long free paths of the molecules. Many theories have been propounded, the latest one, called the Electron Theory, supposing that radiation takes place on account of the electrons forming the atoms of the coronal gas being bombarded by energy from the sun.

Success having attended the efforts of astronomers to

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

photograph the prominences in full sunshine, similar attempts have been made on the corona. Many astronomers have engaged in the work, using many different kinds of instruments, while high mountains like Pike's Peak and Mount Blanc were ascended in order to get above the heavier strata of the earth's atmosphere. But all to no avail! The work of Abbot, Stebbins and others have told the reasons, namely that the coronal light is excessively feeble compared with sunlight. This brings the unfortunate conclusion that investigations of the mysterious corona must forever be confined to the few brief moments of a total eclipse.

The day before the eclipse of January 24 was one of gorgeously perfect blue skies. Would the morrow provide as good skies? After all the long weeks of preparation and of hard work in installing the instruments, would the work be all of no avail by clouds blotting out the eclipse? As always we were optimists. We astronomers located at Middletown, Conn., at Wesleyan University were all so keenly interested in what we were planning to accomplish that each of us slept the night before the eclipse with one eye open. At six o'clock on eclipse morning my friend Professor Slocum, the director of the Van Vleck Observatory, in whose home Mrs. Mitchell and I were staying, looked out and saw the stars on a brilliant clear sky. He gave voice to his elation by saying "We greet you, sunny California". But his boasting was almost our undoing, for inside of quarter of an hour the sky was thickly overcast with very dense clouds.

What a dejected crowd of astronomers we were at eight o'clock when we had gathered at the Van Vleck Observatory to observe "first contact", the beginning of the eclipse. There was nothing but clouds everywhere!

A quarter of an hour a ray of hope appeared, there was a blue streak of sky low down in the northwest,—and the clouds were coming from that quarter. Would it clear off in time! Luck was with us. Fifteen minutes before totality the sun broke through the clouds. With the assistance of my colleague Dr. Harold L. Alden, the final adjustments were made on the instruments. Five minutes before totality each observer was at his station and we waited in great expectation. A cloud, very thin and very fleecy, now hung over the sun. It was not thick enough to do much damage and it was moving slowly.

THE RECENT TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

We hoped it too would go. When the timers called out "Two minutes", the cloud was almost gone. By now it was beginning to get quite dark, a wierd and unnatural pall coming over the landscape. The observers outside noted shadow bands flickering over the snow. At one minute before totality, with the thin crescent of the sun growing very small the atmospheric conditions seemed perfect, the thin cloud had gone!

The signal "Thirty-seconds" rang out. Everything was hushed while we waited for the zero hour, the beginning of totality. In my right hand I had a pair of binoculars over the right glass of which was a grating for observing the flash spectrum visually. When I saw it flash out, I gave the signal, "Go", totality has begun; and with my left hand I opened the shutter to begin the first exposure.

I had planned to take six photographs during totality which was expected to last 112 seconds. My assistants did their work so well that everything passed off without a single hitch.

A fairly satisfactory story may now be written of the chief scientific results accruing from the recent eclipse. To furnish a complete account will take at least a year for the details can be given only as the result of concentrated endeavor in measuring photographs and discussing the results with meticulous and infinite care.

One and all who saw the eclipse now realize that the "big show" did not suffer from too much advertising and that the corona was quite as unusual and quite as beautiful as the most enthusiastic had pictured. The remarkable feature of the 1925 eclipse was the almost total lack of rosy color visible to the naked eye. The corona looked cold as if to reflect the feelings of the observers who everywhere worked with the thermometer hovering near the zero mark. The rosy coloring of the total eclipse comes from the prominences. The spectroscope gives knowledge of the constitution of these jets of heated gases from the solar furnace. The most important gases in the prominences are hydrogen, helium and calcium. The strongest lines of the calcium spectrum are in the violet, and this light affects the ordinary eye but little. The strongest helium line is in the yellow, the line D_3 as it is called, quite near the sodium lines D_1 and D_2 . The helium line in the prominences is not so strong as the C line in the red due to hydrogen. In addition to this red line, the spectrum of hydrogen gives

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

another line in the blue-green and a whole series of lines in the blue and violet. On the ordinary photographic plate, which is sensitive to blue and violet light, the strongest lines of the prominence spectrum are due to calcium, but to the eye sensitive to green, yellow and red, the strongest single line is in the red. To this color in the deep red is added the lesser lights of the blue hydrogen line and the yellow helium line. The combined effect of the three strongest lines in the visible spectrum of the prominences is a gorgeously warm rosy-red.

Those who used field glasses on the morning of the eclipse saw mainly two prominences, one at figure IV on the dial and another at figure VII. Both of these prominences were small and so inconspicuous to the naked eye that they generally passed unnoticed, though many keen eyes detected them.

As a spectacle, the 1925 eclipse suffered from its taking place so early in the morning. If the darkening had come on during the middle of the day with the sun high up in the sky the psychological effect would have been all the greater. Still it was a gorgeous sight!

With clouds hovering over New York and New England the surprising fact was that clear skies greeted most of the astronomical expeditions. It was cloudy through Michigan and Ontario, cloudy in Buffalo but clear at Ithaca, Poughkeepsie, Middletown, New Haven, Easthampton, Nantucket and New York.

One very important question to be answered by the eclipse was, What would be the shape of the corona two and a half years after minimum of spots and how much would this shape depart from the minimum type, of long equatorial streamers and short curved brushes around the poles of the sun? The general shape was that of sun-spot minimum but with much shorter equatorial extensions than were seen at the eclipse of 1900. At Middletown the maximum extension visible was hardly more than a solar diameter while in 1900 the corona extended out to three solar diameters. What was entirely unexpected to the writer was the great shaft of light to the right of the vertical, going out like a great spike to the distance of a solar diameter.

The scientific results most easily understood by the general public are centered around the direct photographs of the phenomenon. Cameras and telescopes (which are also cam-

THE RECENT TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

eras) of all sizes and descriptions were used from the smallest kodak to the camera of 62 feet focal length used at New Haven by Professor John A. Miller of the Sproul Observatory, the most spectacular photography being from the U. S. Navy dirigible Los Angeles. It is perhaps unfortunate that no single photograph, no matter the type of camera or the technique displayed, can portray the matchless beauty of the corona as it is seen by the naked eye. If the exposures are comparatively short, in order to secure the details of the inner corona and the prominences, the beautiful outlying coronal streamers do not appear; while if longer exposures are made to secure the faint extensions, the inner corona shows lack of detail on account of being overposed. Most of the photographs were secured by ordinary plates or films using the blue and violet light. The telescope of largest size used for photography was that of twenty inches aperture employed by Professor Frederick Slocum, director of the Van Vleck Observatory at Middletown. This fine glass is a visual telescope, and as a result photographs were made with yellow light and a color filter. This telescope carried a battery of cameras of various apertures and focal lengths and many superb photographs were secured.

The developed plates showed in addition to the two prominences visible in field glasses a host of other prominences scattered around the disk of the sun, all of which, however, were quite small. The sun was evidently very active. The vertical shaft of light took its rise in a disturbed portion of the sun as evidenced by a prominence on the sun's edge. It will be interesting to find out the connection between this coronal streamer and prominence and also whether a sun-spot was anywhere in the vicinity.

The photographs taken by Professor Slocum with the twenty inch telescope showed lack of definiteness at the edge of the moon due to "poor seeing" which was to be expected from the low altitude of the sun. Many beautiful curved streamers were seen in the photographs taken both at Middletown and New Haven. The motions of the coronal material form an interesting eclipse problem. No solution of the question can be given by the 1925 photographs. In order to be able to detect any motions of the coronal matter it is manifestly necessary to compare two photographs separated by a con-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

siderable interval of time, usually secured by photographs taken at widely separated localities.

It should be added that even though photographs of great beauty may have been secured they will be of little consequence to the science of astronomy unless they can give further information about the sun, thus advancing the sum-total of human knowledge. For this reason it is not expected that photographs from airplanes or from the Los Angeles will be valuable except as interesting experiments. If it had been cloudy everywhere except where the Los Angeles was stationed it would have been a different story.

The special feature of the recent eclipse was the highly organised program of observations and the great number of outside organizations who came to the assistance of the astronomer. The American Telegraph and Telephone Company was of the very greatest service to science in connecting all of the chief observing parties, from Buffalo to Easthampton, with direct telephone and telegraph communication. As the eclipse progressed the astronomers at their stations knew the condition of the weather along the eclipse lane. All of the parties agreed in finding that fair Luna was living up to her feminine name by being late for the party, totality taking place three seconds later than was expected. Another surprise was in store for us in Middletown for the duration of totality was four seconds greater than was expected. The southern edge of the eclipse track likewise was farther north than was expected. In New York City in Central Park the edge was expected about Eighty-third Street. The New York Edison Company and others found the edge three-quarters of a mile farther north about Ninety-sixth or Ninety-seventh Street. The moon therefore still remains erratic and it appears to be difficult for the mathematical astronomer to predict her motions far in advance. The American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac calculates each eclipse about three years in advance. Observations made at the 1925 eclipse were in error about the amount expected, but these observations will furnish valuable material for improving knowledge of the motion of the moon so that predictions of future eclipses may be made more accurately.

The spectra taken by the McCormick Observatory expedition, both with the large concave grating and with the prism

THE RECENT TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

spectroscopes of smaller dispersion show that the radiation in the corona from "coronium" was specially brilliant. In fact both the green coronium line at wave length 5303 and the red line at 6374 were very strong even on the large dispersion of the concave grating. A measure of their exact wave-lengths will add much of value. The red line at 6374 is ordinarily fairly weak, which may be known from the fact that it was first discovered at the eclipse of 1914. Hydrogen is not a constituent of the corona as many have erroneously supposed. The only gas known in the corona is "coronium", but of this we know nothing except from its spectrum taken at the time of total eclipses.

The three separate parties at Middletown measuring the intensity of the light of the corona all made successful observations. All agreed that the total light of the corona was about the same (or even less) than the total light of the full moon. The writer was surprised to find the inner corona so intensely brilliant, in fact it was so brilliant that it was still visible five seconds or more after the end of totality. The unexpected brilliance of the inner corona was caused by the intense radiation from coronium exhibited by the spectroscopic plates. It was indeed a surprise to find so much brilliancy of the coronium spectrum so shortly after the time of minimum of sun spots. The inner corona in 1925 was more brilliant than that of 1905, which was near a maximum of spots.

The *Scientific American* has carried out a splendidly organized plan to find the effect of the eclipse on radio transmission. Unfortunately the science of radio has a very short life when compared with the science of astronomy. Many factors can alter the transmission of radio signals besides sunlight and shadow. In fact there are so many causes, now so imperfectly understood, that at the present time it will be impossible to eliminate all extraneous factors and narrow the results down to the effect caused by the moon's shadow. We shall await with great interest the complete report which will appear in the *Scientific American*.

Shadow bands were very universally observed. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that there was no decided direction of motion at any place and no pronounced velocities of the wave-like forms. The shapes of the streaks were ill-defined, "something like the streaks in the snow", as one ob-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

server put it. The wide-spread observation of the shadow bands was partially due to the fact that each observer did not have to lay down a white-cotton sheet on which to make his observations, the white sheet of snow being laid by Nature.

For the first time we seem to have an adequate theory of these bands that they are due to waves in the atmosphere close to the ground and that the effect of these waves becomes magnified when the sun is cut down to a curved line of light just before or just after totality. The narrow crescent permits the air-waves to be seen by projection on the earth's surface. The effect of the waves is magnified by the crescent character of the sun in that this is a line of light and not a point. In places where there was a gentle wind on January 24, the shadow bands undoubtedly moved in waves, but in places where there was little or no wind, as in Middletown, the shadow bands were haphazard in their appearance and motions.

The recent eclipse showed very plainly that there is a general and wide-spread interest in the latest scientific developments of the grand old subject of astronomy.

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THE GREEK EPIGRAM

ONE vacant summer afternoon, I happened to glance once again through my copy of the Greek Anthology and renew my delight in its brilliant galaxy of epigrams. Out of that delight arose a sudden query. Was this particular art-form peculiar to the Hellenic language and literature? Or had it counterparts in other literatures? What were the qualities, linguistic and psychic, involved in its creation? Had those qualities manifested themselves in any other tongue or people? And had the Greek epigram any artistic message for modern poetry?

I straightway resolved to seek an answer to all these questions in an historical survey of the various languages and literature with which I had a more or less casual acquaintance, Greek, Latin, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, French, German, Anglo-Saxon, and English. Among languages so closely related, comparison was conceivably possible.

Reckless perseverance has completed the undertaking, and the results have been so illuminating to myself that I have taken the liberty, in the pages that follow, of expressing my discoveries for the perusal of others.

The translations throughout are all my own personal work. Those who have oftenest essayed a similar task will best be able to condone my deficiencies. It is so utterly impossible to re-express the intangible poetic essence of one language through the medium of another that the very characteristics with which my argument has to do must often be but faintly reproduced. Yet my original plan of quoting in the original in each case carried with it the greater hazard of infuriating the general reader, and has therefore been relinquished.

(1). The Greek epigram began, as its name suggests, as a type of funereal inscription, to be chiselled enduringly upon a tomb. It was written in the alternating hexameters and pentameters of elegiac verse and comprised, as a rule, from one to three couplets. Its use and subject-matter were soon extended to include the memorable essence of any action or situation: the pangs of love, the inspiration of beauty, the

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

wonder of nature and art, and the profounder aspects of life and destiny. It never lost, however, its original lapidary concentration. Each epigram was a tiny work of art, perfect in polish, in lucidity, and in restrained intensity of emotion.

Its poetic history, spread over a space of eighteen centuries, from Archilocus to the fall of the Byzantine empire, manifests two great traditions, the Ionian and the Alexandrian.

The former tradition has given us the Greek epigram proper, usually inscriptional, pellucid, ruthlessly compressed. Archilocus of Paros, its putative inventor, a dark, bitter figure of genius, flourished about 700 B.C. His successors in the art were Mimnermus of Smyrna, Theagnis of Megara, and, greatest of all, Simonides. One funeral verse by Theognis well displays the imaginative force of these early centuries:

Fools are mankind, to mourn the dead with sighs,
And not youth's fading flower that daily dies.

Simonides is best known for his epitaph on the Spartans who fell at Thermopylae:

Stranger, tell Sparta that her sons lie here,
Holding her orders than their lives more dear.

In the Attic period which followed, the epigram as a form for high poetic achievement retires for a time, perhaps because of the preoccupation of the age with intellectual and political problems. To Plato, however, poet as well as philosopher, we owe one of the most perfect couplets ever written:

Dawn-starlight on the living ones you shed,
And now in death eve-starlight on the dead.

Further than this, artistic terseness and finish could not go. Plato represents the culminating crystallization of the purely Hellenic epigram-type.

In the Silver Age of the Greek world we find a new tradition emerging, with its home in the university city of Alexandria, where Hellenism took on quite an Asiatic tinge. The epigram here became longer, more lavish in expression, more lyric in quality. It still retained consummate polish, but it relaxed somewhat the old severity of restraint. It became a

THE GREEK EPIGRAM

"lyric epigram" rather than an inscriptional one. Love was now the dominant theme.

The pioneer in this was Asclepiades, whose epigrams fairly throb with emotion:

Sweet to parched lips is snow in summer days,
And sweet to wintered mariners the spring,
But sweetest is it when two lovers cling
Hid 'neath one cloak, both throbbing Cypris' praise.

Callimachus, greatest of librarians, has left us a touching memorial to a deceased fellow-scholar:

They told me, Herakleitos, thou wert dead,
And weeping I remembered how of old
Our talk oft failed to note that day had sped.
O Carian comrade, though thou'rt ashes now,
Thy nightingale-voice dies not; nor can cold
Cruel Hades take the myrtle from thy brow.

Simmiass' epitaph for Sophocles has a beauty all its own:

Gently, most gently, spread thy tresses green,
O ivy, o'er the tomb of Sophocles!
Let blowing roses everywhere be seen,
And the soft tendrils of the clustered vine! . . .
For living verses, beautiful as these,
Fell from his lips in eloquence divine.

But a more typical representative of the school is Meleager, who embodies in the verse every possible phase of amorous emotion. It is difficult to choose any single epigram as representative of his rich fancy, but his brief picture of love in spring is perhaps as beautiful as any:

Now blooms the moist narcissus, violets blow,
And lilies blossom on the mountainside;
While, flower among the flowers, her lovers' pride,
Zenophile spreads rose-petals all a-glow.
Why, meadows, do ye boast your floral dowers?
Her maiden grace surpasses all sweet flowers!

This represents the pure type of the lyric epigram, even as Plato represented the pure type of the inscriptional epigram.

The centuries of Greek literature that followed never regained the full beauty of the Ionian or of the Alexandrine

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

tradition. Under the Roman empire we find only the "salted" epigram, a witty, unimaginative treatment of trifling subjects, as in the lines of Lucilius:

False gossip says, Nicylla, that you dye
That raven hair you in the market buy.

The Byzantine period saw an occasional flaring up of genius, as in the case of Palladas, the gloomy friend of Hypatia, Glycon, another pessimistic contemporary, Paulus Silentiarius, the court amorist of Constantinople, Rufinus his associate, and Damascius, the last Platonic philosopher of Athens. The minds of the first two were intensified and embittered by an excess of black bile. A couplet from Glycon should suffice:

Life is but laughter, dust, nihility;
For from unreason come all things that be.

The epigrams of Paulus Silentiarius held a happier message, for he had slipped from the love-philtres of Asclepiades:

If far beyond Neroë thou shalt flee,
Love's wings shall bear as swiftly on thy track;
And if thou seek'st the Dawn's infinity,
I'll follow still, to bear thee blushing back.

Rufinus also goes back eight centuries for his inspiration:

I send thee, Rhodocleia, these fair flowers
That mine own hands have twined into a wreath:
Anemones and lilies moist with showers,
Rose-chalice, narcissus' gentle breath,
And fragrance of dark-glowing violet.
Garland thyself with these and cease to be
So proud—let not thy maiden heart forget
Thy beauty shares their brief mortality.

Damascius, the Athenian, ended, as was fitting, with a beautiful couplet in the purest Attic tradition:

Zosime, once but in body held a slave,
For that, too, now finds freedom in the grave.

(2). It will be realized at once that the epigram in these Greek senses, first of a memorial or votive inscription and later of the memorable essence of some intense act or situation compressed into such a brief, lucid, exquisite poem, is not what we usually mean by an "epigram" to-day. To-day an

THE GREEK EPIGRAM

epigram is a pithy, satiric remark, made either in verse or in prose. The reason for the change lies in the fact that the Greek poem, as filtered through the language and mentality of the Roman, suffered a stiffening transformation; and the modern world has deduced its definition from the Latin rather than from the Greek type. Hence to us an epigram connotes point rather than poetry.

The Latin language, regarded as a medium of expression, is precise, concentrated, and forceful. It is neither more nor less copious than Greek, syllabically considered, but suffers from more cumbersome inflectional endings and from a deficiency of particles and participles. The Roman mind, too, was on the whole marred by hardness and by a lack of imagination and poetic intensity; and it was usual, especially in the Silver Latin period, to make up by point what was lacking in true poetic inspiration.

The utmost of which Latin was capable in the Greek style was achieved in the very beginning by Catullus, whose burning nature guttered out on the threshold of his thirties. He lived at a time when the influence of Greek art on Latin letters was at its first and highest flood. He put his warm, intense spirit to school with the Greek lyrists and with the Alexandrians. No other Latin poet has to the same degree combined passion and sincerity with art. Most of his work is too long or too definitely lyrical to come within the category under discussion, but some of his shorter poems are not unworthy of inclusion in the Anthology. Such are his verses beginning

You ask, my darling, that this happy love
Shall an immortal bond between us prove . . .

and his declaration of infatuation

O guilty Lesbia, you've so turned my brain,
And so betrayed my mind from its own use,
That it can't like your best acts without pain
Nor cease to love you when you're past excuse,

later compressed and sharpened in his *Odi et amo*. His lines of farewell at his brother's grave crystallize another mood with tragic clearness:

...Accept the tribute of these tears that fell,
And brother, evermore, hail and farewell!

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

The length and the urbanity of Virgil and Horace respectively put these two masters outside the scope of our inquiry. With Petronius, we find the passion of Catullus pal-ing into Silver Latin, yet still bearing the semblance of pas-sion:

My eyes seek thee by day, my heart by night
As I lie slumb'ring in my lonely bed.
In fickle dreams I clasp thy bosom white:
Come, dear, indeed, and dreams will all be sped.

But we also find a tendency to strain still more after point, as in his eight-line poem ending:

... 'Tis thou alone canst quench my hot desire:
Nor that by snow or ice but equal fire.

It is Martial, however, whose peculiar genius is re-sponsible for the definite differentiation of the Latin epigram away from the Greek. He took Catullus professedly as his master, but his spirit was as far removed from that of his fore-runner as was Pope's from Marlowe's. Lacking plenary inspiration, he substituted for it swift, vivid pictures, salty grossness, and unparalleled compression of phrase. Typical of Martial's point and terseness is his familiar couplet:

Yielding yet captious, sweet yet bitter, thou:
I can't live with thee, nor without, I vow!

He is virtually the founder of this genre (employed also by such Greek-writing fellow-citizens as Lucilius) and at his best has never been surpassed. But in spite of occasional traces of sincere feeling, as in the lines on the little slave-girl (*Epigr. Lib. V, 25*), he marks the hard, intellectual elimination of emotion from the epigram.

The only other Latin author associable with our theme is Statius, whose invocation to Sleep, though slightly out of bounds as to length, is in the spirit of the Greek muse:

What crime of mine, or what mistake, has caused
Thy blessings, Sleep, to shun my wretched brain,
Thou gentlest of the gods? . . .

The important point is that the Latin genius was unable, in general, to infuse imagination and emotionality into the

THE GREEK EPIGRAM

Greek poem-type, and so squeezed it dry, into a thing of phrases and cold cleverness.

(3). As Latin moved farther and farther away from the ages of Gold and of Silver, the popular speech passed into a state of deliquescence. The purest of the fluidified forms into which it melted is the Tuscan dialect, which, in the fourteenth century, became the medium for a transcendent literature and established itself as the standard literary language of all Italy. It is a worthy successor of Latin, and is in some respects superior. No modern European language is, in form and substance, in morphology and etymology, more homogeneous. It is liquid, musical, full of vowels, capable of abundant flexibility and of melodious felicity of diction. On the other hand, its babbling, facile syllables are unusually copious; more so than in any other European language except Portuguese; and the effect may often be perilously near to infantile prattling and lack of solidity. Further, the disunities of Italian dialect and the fact that Tuscan has not been the common speech of any great centre of population and ripening civilization, has imposed on many non-Florentines a lack of spontaneity.

In the first great group of Tuscan poets, the *aurei trecentisti*, we come at once to the Italian counterpart of the Greek epigram. It is my belief that the *sonetto* represents exactly the lyric epigram of the Anthology, expanded in form to suit the more expansive genius of the Italian speech but involving the same insistence on artistic care and emotional concentration. It would be easy to issue an Anthology of Italian sonnets that would be a worthy parallel to the Greek Anthology. The sonnet-form seems eminently suited to the Italian mind and speech, for when transplanted into other languages it has either become acclimatized with difficulty (as in Russian, French, and Spanish) or else, because of the relative conciseness of the language (as in English) has become in effect a much longer and less concentrated poem. Only in Portuguese, which matches Italian in vocalic copiousness, does the sonnet seem to reproduce its original effect.

Dante's sonnets are eminent in their kind, but his real monument is, of course, the *Divina Commedia*. It is Petrarch who first breathes through this type of poem the fullest poignancy of human emotion:

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

I wander as a bird whose songs betide
Deep sorrow for thy youth that now is past,
For happy months and days are sped at last,
And winter and the night stalk at thy side.
If now the knowledge of thine own deep grief
Be equalled by thy sense of my like fate,
Wilt thou not seek my heart disconsolate
And in our woes' partition find relief!
I know not if the shares would equal be:
Perchance unsolaced passion holds thee here,
While Death and the Beyond reach out for me;
But yearnings for the hours that backward slip
And thoughts of many a sweet and bitter year
Prompt me to seek compassioned fellowship.

Then follow the sonnets, notable in themselves, of Boccaccio, Lorenzo de' Medici, Michelangiolo, Ariosto, and Tasso. Then comes the extinction of Italian liberty, and the laborious, arid elegance of the Arcadians of the seventeenth century.

When the deadly apathy of the later eighteenth century is at last broken by the *sæva indignatio* of Alfieri, it is not in sonnets but in *Epigrammi* in the Latin sense that he expresses himself, even in rugged fragments of oracular vehemence:

Am I red with pains?
So I am, of course:
I would rack their brains.
Vagueness stains my verse?
I shall lucid be
When comes liberty.

In the early nineteenth century, the sonnet comes into its own again in the intense and exquisite work of Giacomo Leopardi; and the finest traditions of poetry are carried on in the second half-century by Giosuè Carducci, whose *Nevicata* brings a survey of shorter Italian verse to a fitting close:

Soft flakes of snow drift from an ashen sky;
No sound of life arises from the town;
The rumbling car is mute; the hawker's cry
And youth's gay song of love are silent; down
From the great stone steeple by the square, the chimes
Groan faintly as from worlds far, far away;
And like driv'n birds that beat against my panes,
The faces of old friends beckon and call to-day.
Soon, comrades, soon I come to crown old times,
And rest with you down in death's still domains!

(4). Portuguese is Italian's nearest rival in fluidity and

THE GREEK EPIGRAM

in vocalic copiousness. Syllabically considered, it is, indeed, more profuse than Tuscan, but certain factors, such as its category of nasal vowels, render it less musical in tone. The wear and tear of phonological decay, as instanced, for example, in the loss of medial *l* and *n*, has made it, again, less rugged than Spanish and hence more apt to run into the mould of verse. The danger of Portuguese poetry has, indeed, lain all too often in over-facility of composition, and the greatest Portuguese poets have been those who have struggled hardest against facile rhetoric.

The literary history of Portugal has been in large measure determined by currents of influence from abroad. No really great poetry arose until the Provençal impulse of the fourteenth century and the Castilian impulse of the fifteenth century yielded to the power of the Italian Renaissance in the sixteenth century. There would seem to be some close kinship in language and expression between the geniuses of Italy and of Portugal, for in no other country did the poetic forms of the Italian Renaissance achieve such great and such permanent triumphs. The sonnet above all, that poem-type which we found reproduced the Greek epigram in an Italian incarnation, establishes itself in Portuguese with a finality of beauty and grace not to be found outside of these two Romance tongues.

The first great artist in this kind was Luiz de Camoens, in whom the foreign influence and the native inspiration blend in almost flawless expression. Among the finest of his sonnets are those which deal with his exile under the figure of the Babylonian captivity. One runs:

I sat beside a stream in Babylon,
Reflecting sadly in my memory
On the brief joy and glory fair to see
That from thy courts, sweet Zion, now are gone.
An alien, marvelling my grief upon,
Asked: "Why dost thou not sing the history
Of thy past joy and of the victory
That o'er misfortune thou hast always won?
Knowest thou not that unto him who sings
Ills are forgot, however dark and dire?
Sing then, and cease from all thy sorrowings!"
Sighing, I answered: "When the bosom's grief
Knows such a past, it can no song desire.
Death, and not song, alone can bring relief!"

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Between Camoens and the nineteenth century lies a poetic desert, parched by the Fundamentalist sirocco of the Inquisition. It was not until the later nineteenth century that greater spiritual freedom was combined with the foreign stimulus of the Romantic Movement to produce two great poets, Joao de Deus and Anthero de Quental.

The former made Camoens his model, and breathed into lyrics and sonnets a supreme expression of passionate tenderness. He is, indeed, one of the greatest love-poets of all time—intense, simple, exquisitely sweet, and never falling into the watery abyss of sentimentalism. His brief poem, *Enlevo*, is worth quoting as a lyric epigram with the love motive dominant:

The sun is dimmed
Appears less bright
And the moon's clear light
Beside her glance.
In the star's gay dance
No such magic lies
As in my love's eyes,
The eyes I love.

Dawn blushes above
Her head aswoon;
The fields at noon
Droop golden ears
When she appears;
And no birds' throats
Have rarer notes
Than her sweet voice.

Anthero de Quental, a slightly less important figure, devoted himself almost entirely to the sonnet and has left us many really exquisite examples of his genre, tinged throughout with the grey Buddhistic pessimism that finally led to his suicide. To represent his contribution to the epigram-type, however, I shall quote, not one of his sonnets but an octave taken from his *Odes modernes*:

Tempests, that through the dark pines sob and shrill,
Fling down the seeded cones upon the earth
And bear them far and wide, to bring to birth
New forests all across the wind-swept hill.
The winds of time, unseen by human eye,
Carry man's seminal ideas wide,
Sowing across the present's countryside
The mighty woods of thought's futurity.

(5). Spanish has often been hailed as the simplest and most logical of the Romance tongues. Its directness of syntax is wedded, moreover, to resonant vigor of sound. Castilian is, as Leopoldo Díaz has styled it

THE GREEK EPIGRAM

The tongue of golden numbers
And martial melody.

Yet from the beginning, terseness of expression has been lacking. Fire, imagination, eloquence—all tend to lose themselves in sonorous but diffuse rhetoric. The almost interminable *cuaderna via* of the fourteenth century was succeeded by the exuberant popular *romances* of the fifteenth, and their endless later reproductions. Even so relatively compact a form as the sonnet was naturalized from Italy with excessive difficulty. A suggestion of epigrammatic intensity is to be found in the *Coplas* of Jorge Manrique, but in form this superb elegy has nothing in common with the Greek epigram. And when a poet like El Conde de Villamediana experiments with the form of the epigram, he expresses himself in the Latin rather than in the Greek style.

For a positive answer to our search, we really have to pass on to the early nineteenth century and examine the work of Spain's greatest romantic poet, José de Espronceda. Here, it seems to me, we have a bit of brief, though jocular, finality in the refrain of *El Mendigo*:

The world is mine: free as the air I live.
To gain my food, 'tis others toil and plod.
All hearts will soften when besought to give
An alms to beggars for the love of God.

Again, the mood of Meleager seems to have been recaptured by Bécquer in his *Rimas*:

The very unseen atoms of the air
Quiver and flame about me; gleams of heat
Flood out the sky; earth throbs in ecstasy;
In waves of melody I hear the rare
Sweet lisp of kisses and soft wings that beat.
What blinds me? Who goes there?

. . . Love passes by!

Yet take a deliberate attempt at the epigram-form, Joaquín María Batrina's *Arabesco*:

It's easy to detect a man's nativity
By listening to the words that from him come:
If he's in love with England, that's his country;
If he denounces Prussia, French is he;
If he reviles the Spanish, Spain's his home.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Like the Roman, the Castilian is briefest in moods of savage energy and keen intellectual bitterness.

The real genius of the language is better shown by Ramón de Campoamor, whose *El Beso* spins out into ninety lines what a Hellene would have compressed into a single roseate quatrain.

(6) French is less sonorous than Spanish, but is a much more incisive instrument of expression. Only less analytic in syntax than English, possessing above all other modern languages a sense of literary craftsmanship, the speech of France is capable of the finest shades of expression, combining definiteness with harmony, absolute clarity with artistic perfection. It can be succinct without being obscure, fluent without becoming diffuse. It has a passion for symmetry and order, perhaps natural to a people who have long excelled in *rem militarem et argute loqui*. It is not by accident that France possesses the supreme prose literature of modern Europe.

But if French has powers of artistic proportion surpassed only by ancient Greek, it lacks conspicuously another element which made the Greek epigram great. It is intellectual rather than emotional, clear rather than intense. Overwhelming poignancy is rare in French; while steel-hard brilliancy is very common.

Emotional force is perhaps strongest during two periods, the Renaissance and the Romantic Revival. In the former, Ronsard soared at times to heights of deathless loveliness, as in his sonnets *Comme on voit sur la branche au mois de mai la rose*, and *Quand vous serez bien vieille*; and in the latter period, Lamartine, Hugo, and de Vigny touched strings of passion and piercing amplitude in expression. It is hard to place one's finger on any poem whose intense brevity entitles it to rank with the Hellenic epigram. Even *Booz endormi* and *Sur une morte* are built on a far larger scale. Emotion seems to cloak itself thickly in words.

Only in Paul Verlaine have I found a fitting combination of intensity, simplicity, and brevity; and here the genius is essentially lyric. The spell of his matchless *Sagesse* is lost in translation, but his *Chanson d'Automne* may perhaps be poured into an English elegiac mould:

THE GREEK EPIGRAM

The violins of autumn wail and sob,
And wound my weary heart with dull distress;
When the clock strikes, I blench with choking throb,
Remembering old days, and weep for grief!
And wild winds whirl me off in their mad stress,
Blown helpless here and there like the dead leaf.

Intellectual forcefulness, however, finds in French natural expression in terse, concentrated form. In this, French is the truest child of the Roman literary spirit, reincarnating in the dialect of Gaul the zest and incisiveness of Martial. The familiar *Építaphe* of Mathurin Regnier is an early instance of this spirit, and we find it again in Scarron's lines:

By this tomb walk softly, please;
Silence hushed around it keep:
After restless life's disease,
Scarron's having his first sleep.

Voltaire above all represents this keen, intellectual genius of French, and his epigrams are glittering examples of point:

Why was't old Jeremiah cried
And wept so much before he died?
Alas! The seer foresaw aghast
Lefranc translating him at last.

But the keenness is intellectual, not emotional; and it is not in French, in spite of its capacity for rigid, artistic concentration, that we shall find a modern parallel to the Greek epigram.

(7) German poets have had to struggle with the aesthetic and literary deficiencies of a rugged and intractable language. Grammatically, it suffers from its unnatural word-order, its clumsy periods, its trailing article, its pedantic ceremoniousness, its want of participial constructions, and its wandering and interminable auxiliaries. It lacks the analytic directness of English and the even greater suppleness of French. Esthetically, it is rendered uncouth by frequent gutturals and heavy consonant-groups; although it is questionable whether English is not often equally rugged, as in such a sentence as: "Haste makes waste and waste makes want." Syllabically considered, it is more prodigal than English but more economical than French.

The mentality that expressed itself through this medium was late in developing. The unkempt but promising literature

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

of the Reformation, nurtured by humanism and mysticism, was mangled by the Thirty Years War (which removed two-thirds of Germany's population) and shrivelled by imported French pseudo-classicism.

Klopstock was the first modern German poet of authentic inspiration. His little poem, *Der Rosenband*, beginning "*Im Fruhlingsschatten fand ich sie . .*", is a faint echo of the Greek, but on the whole his rhapsodic lawlessness prevented the highest artistic achievement. The same criticism applies to the *Sturm und Drang* movement, iconoclastic, nationalistic, and subjective in character, inaugurated by Herder.

Goethe and Schiller rise above this latter school and provide the supreme reconciliation of the true national and the true classical ideals. Perhaps the finest achievement of Goethe in the lyric epigram is his adaptation of Alcman's evening hymn (εὐδουσιν δ' ὀρέων κορυφαί τε καὶ φάραγες.....) :—

O'er every mountain-peak
Rest lies;
From every branch there speak
Scarce sighs
To touch the breast.
The birds in the forest are still.
Wait, heart, and shortly will
You too find rest.

The form is irregular, but the concentration is perfect. Other poems by Goethe which might well fall within our survey are *Mignon's Lied* ("*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*") and the lines beginning "*Freudvoll und leidvoll, Gedankenvoll sein.*" Schiller's brief poem, *Poesie*:

No fetters hold me and no bonds detain;
Freely I soar through all the abyss of space . . .

possesses a solid, epigrammatic quality.

The calm, classic stability of the *fin de siècle* was followed by the Romantic revival. Here Hölderlin, von Eichendorff, von Chamisso, and Uhland are the chief contributors. One quatrain by Hölderlin lingers in the memory:

Diverse and devious is our earthly fate,
Like winding road or straggling mountain-crest;
But earth's imperfect God can consummate
In heaven's harmony and eternal rest.

THE GREEK EPIGRAM

Two poems by von Eichendorff, *Wünschelrute* and *Todeslust*, have brevity and some degree of intensity, though the former may seem to some to possess more point than poetry. Von Chamisso's *Frauenliebe und Leben* has genuine emotional quality, especially in its closing lines (a widow addresses the memory of her husband) :

I shrink within my soul's inmost recess;
The veil let fall;
There I've still thee and my lost happiness,
O thou, my All!

Uhland, again, has given us a couple of splendid epigrams, *Auf den Tod eines Kindes* and *Heimkehr*. The former is really monumental:

You came, you left, with traces dim,
A fleeting guest on earth below.
Whence? Whither? Ah, we only know
You came from God and go to Him.

And the latter is as gripping as it is short:

Break not, O bridge, thy timbers quake!
Crash not, O crags, that lowering shake!
O earth, collapse not! Skies, fall not apart,
Until I hold my darling to my heart!

In the anti-Romantic "Young Germany" movement which followed, Heine was easily the foremost lyricist, but almost all of his brief lyrics, even *Du bist wie eine Blume*, seem to have a singing rather than a lapidary quality.

The Austrian poet, Nikolaus Lenau, who was steeped in the dominant philosophical pessimism of the mid-century, has given us his bitter *Frage*:

Ah, heart, what's human happiness? . . .
A sudden mystery;
A dream, lost instantly;
A fleeting, irrecoverable caress.

Other apposite poems are Theodor Storm's *Trost* and *Schliesse mir die Augen beide*, and Julius Grosse's *Sehnsucht*.

An examination of all this evidence might lead us to draw certain conclusions. In spite of its ruggedness and syntactical complication, German seems to be capable of concentration to a degree exceeding even that of French. It also bears habitually a greater emotional content than French, and although

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

that emotion is generally weak, temperamental sentimentality, yet in the inspiration of genius it is often touched into an exaltation of feeling that the fluent, extrovert Gallican nature rarely attains. On the other hand, that emotion tends to express itself in song. The remarkable fact that the sonnet is almost unknown in German focusses for us the probabilities (1) that the *Volkshied* type of verse exactly represents the lyric genius of Germany, (2) that the fusing of intellect and emotion necessary for profound lapidary poetry is seldom found in it, and (3) that the linguistic capacity of the language has certain irreparable deficiencies.

(8). Anglo-Saxon poetry had so brief a period of development that it never attained such expression as would reward the present search. The long, clashing lines of *Beowulf* and *The Battle of Maldon* are full of rugged music, but it is the music of epic narrative in a troubled and barbaric age. The best that an epigram-seeker could do would be to cull out an occasional passage from a longer poem, as in the vivid lines from the *Battle of Brunanburh*:

Corpses they left for the carrion crow,
Jet-black of plumage and bone-hard of beak;
Dead Danes they left to the dusky-coated,
White-tailed eagle to tear with its talons;
Gave to the garbaging goshawk to gorge on;
And to that wan terror, the wolf in the weald.

Anglo-Saxon verse perished on the threshold of its Homeric period; and the warlike ring of its clangorous lines falls short of the highest poetic music. Of the restrained brevity of mature art the age knew nothing.

Whether such art would ever have arisen is a matter of unprofitable speculating. As it happened, the flooding of Old English with Romance and Latin elements, the rapid decay of the old inflectionalism, and the imposition, in the Middle English period, of a new and alien system of prosody, deferred further achievement to a later and fundamentally different stage of the language.

(9). Modern English would seem to possess in an eminent degree the qualities of brevity and directness necessary for re-expressing the epigram. Viewed simply as a medium of expression, it is the most effectively terse of all the Indo-

THE GREEK EPIGRAM

European languages. All of the other tongues, both ancient and modern, are more expansive, more syllabically copious. Jespersen has given us (*Language*, p. 330) the following comparative figures for the number of syllables in the respective versions of the Gospel according to Matthew: Greek, 39,000; Latin, 39,000; German, 33,000; and English, 29,000! To these may be added my own calculations for the other languages under inspection: Portuguese, 42,000; Italian, 41,000; Spanish, 39,000; French, 36,000; and Anglo-Saxon, 35,000. A logical deduction from this last figure would seem to be that the conciseness of English is partly innate and partly the result of the decay of the older inflectional endings. This counting of syllables is open to criticism as an ultimate test, for English syllables involve many more heavy consonant-groups than do those of a language like Italian; but we cannot deny a certain broad significance inherent in the statistics.

English is not only, vocally considered, the most concise and laconic of the Aryan tongues. It is also syntactically simple and direct to a degree rivalled only by French. Even classical enthusiasts are beginning to admit that it possesses far more logical simplicity and far less ponderous inflectional impedimenta than Greek and Latin. "Of those good strong men" is obviously superior to "virORUM illORUM bonORUM robustORUM" or to "ekeinON tON anthropon tON agathON tON ischyron", in which the one relational idea is repeated over and over again in the clumsiest imaginable way. The grammatical elements of English are fewer and briefer, more regular in formation and syntax, less ambiguous in order. And its wealth of vocabulary, especially in abstract forms of expression, makes the coined circumlocutionary terms of Aristotle—τὸ πρὸς τί, τὸ καθ' αὐτὸ, κ.τ.λ.—seem, by way of contrast desperately crude.

The poetic genius of our people has not, however, been always commensurate with the potentialities of our language. When we turn to the epitaph, the original form of the Greek epigram, we find our literary history unusually poverty-stricken. The monumental and memorial verse of our people has been notoriously crude. The gravestone of our greatest writer is inscribed with an uncouth bit of doggerel. And it is

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

with something akin to dismay that one views the fact that the Greatest War has wrung from colossal grief nothing beyond a noble but second-hand quotation from Ecclesiasticus—"Their name liveth forevermore." It is possible that the difference in religious outlook accounts for some of the contrast between English and Greek, for while death to the Christian has signified translation to fuller life, death to the Greek usually implied no hope, and the deeper poignancy of the latter conception may well have intensified the power of his funereal utterances. Landor, who caught the Hellenic spirit more than almost any other modern English poet, echoes the Greek epitaph in his own *Finis*:

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

It is probable, however, that on the whole the difference in epitaph-writing has been due to an actual difference of intellectual constitution in the two peoples.

Turning to the general history of literary development, we find no artistic brevity for a long time. Chaucer's breezy catholicity is inconceivable in epigram form; the Elizabethans were elementally exuberant; Milton's art was employed on the grand scale; the Augustans, in spite of many effective stopped couplets, were long-winded and uninspired. A full century later we find Tennyson saying: "I felt certain of one point; if I meant to make any mark at all it must be by shortness, for the men before me had been so diffuse." This is not strictly correct, of course, for Landor (his senior by thirty-four years) and Shelley divide the honors for the inauguration of brevity. Landor, more than any other English poet, has given us definite examples, by the score, of poems modelled after the Greek epigram. Among the most familiar are *Finis* (already quoted) and *Separation*:

There is a mountain and a wood between us,
Where the lone shepherd and late bird have seen us
Morning and noon and eventide repass.
Between us now the mountain and the wood
Seem standing darker than last year they stood,
And say we must not cross, alas! alas!

THE GREEK EPIGRAM

Shelley, again, has given us what is probably the most perfect specimen of this type in our language, a poem worthy to take its place in the Anthology beside the work of Meleager and Asclepiades:

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory . . .
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Tennyson's own contribution was very slight, for nearly all of his shorter poems, with the exception of *The Eagle* and *Flower in the Crannied Wall*, are lyric rather than epigrammatic. Arnold, who was as classical as Landor but less intense, has given us his *Requiescat*. Equally memorable are some of the quatrains from Fitzgerald's sublimated version of Omar, with their brief, bitter finality:

And when yourself with silver foot shall pass
Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty glass!

To these might be added Stevenson's *Requiem*, Francis Thompson's *Messages*, A. R. Ropes's *In Autumn*, some of the briefer poems of that stern Theognis of our day, Thomas Hardy, and, better still, some of the poignant lines of that greater yet kindred poet, A. E. Housman:

Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?
That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.

Nor would our survey of English verse be complete without paying tribute to the long and distinguished record of the English sonnet. As hinted before, it is probable that the syllabic economy of the language makes our sonnets relatively

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

more comprehensive in thought than the original Italian model. On the other hand, the bareness of English rhyme, as compared with the facile richness of its Italian counterpart, has given the English sonnet an Attic dignity which is lacking in the more lyric, Alexandrian type of Tuscany. This is especially the case with Milton and Wordsworth, whose tradition is still dominant in the noble war-sonnets of Rupert Brooks and leaves the more personal sweetness of Shakespeare's sonnets as an exception to prove the rule.

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THE COAL RESOURCES OF CANADA

THE sight of long trains of coal laboriously wending their way northward from the Pennsylvania coal-fields to Canada would apparently justify one in the assumption that the northern neighbor of the United States is deficient in coal resources. Nothing, however, could be further from the truth. As a matter of fact, Canada has one-sixth of all the coal in the world—almost as much as the whole continent of Asia, more than Europe, Africa and Oceania, and over one and a half times as much as all the countries of Europe combined. Her coal reserves are second only to those of the United States. It cannot be gainsaid that when coal resources were being given out, nature dealt to her with lavish hand.

And yet Canada imports coal in large quantities. She is peculiarly dependent on the coal-fields of the United States for this commodity, so vital for domestic heating in a rigorous winter climate and so necessary for industrial developments in any country. Why such an anomaly? Why these large imports where there are abundant supplies of coal at home? Canada imports three-fifths of the coal she consumes because her own deposits are located far away from the large coal-consuming centres of population. This great geographic fact lies at the root of what Canadians have come to call their 'fuel problem'. It is cheaper and more convenient to import coal from other countries than to pay for the long haul from their own coal-fields. Canada's fuel problem, in the final analysis, is, therefore, not one of supply but of distribution.

A COUNTRY OF GREAT DISTANCES

The significance of these facts cannot be fully appreciated unless we keep in mind several important geographic truths. First of all, it should be remembered that Canada is a very large country. The distance from Halifax on the Atlantic to Vancouver on the Pacific is 3,600 miles. Her principal coal-fields are in Nova Scotia and in Alberta and British Columbia, on the eastern and western extremities; whereas the manufacturing and commercial provinces of Ontario and Quebec con-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

taining three-fifths of the population are centrally located. Toronto, the capital of Ontario, is approximately 1000 miles from the Nova Scotia coal-fields and about 2,000 miles from those of Alberta. And as if this geographic handicap to national self-sufficiency in fuel were not enough, there has been added another. The Ontario peninsula, which is the most highly industrialized section of Canada, is thrust southward almost into the large coal-producing area of the United States, with which it is connected by numerous, well-organized and highly efficient lines of transportation.

Consequently in the matter of freight rates as in that of distance, coal shipped from the adjacent United States to the central provinces of Ontario and Quebec possesses a decided advantage over that from far-off Alberta and Nova Scotia. For instance, the freight rate on coal from Drumheller in Alberta to Toronto is \$12.70 a ton for the 2,026-mile haul. For the 356-mile haul from Scranton, Pennsylvania, to Toronto, the rate is \$3.96 for anthracite, and for the 280-mile haul from Clearfield, Pennsylvania, it is \$3.09 for bituminous. The rate from Springhill, Nova Scotia, to Toronto is \$6.50 all rail, for the 1,052-mile haul, and \$4.75, water and rail, from Sydney. Rates to Montreal permit competition there between Nova Scotia and United States coals. It costs from \$1.00 to \$1.25 by water and \$3.60 all rail (613 miles) to ship a ton of coal from Sydney, Nova Scotia, to Montreal. From Scranton to Montreal (396 miles) the rate on anthracite is \$4.42, whilst the freight rate on bituminous from Clearfield, Pennsylvania, (477 miles) is \$4.00. It is not difficult to understand why a large and lucrative trade has been built up between the United States and central Canada in both anthracite and bituminous coal.

CANADA HAS ONE-SIXTH OF WORLD'S RESERVES

I have emphasized the factor of long hauls and high freight rates due to the populous industrialized central Canada being far removed from the coal-fields of Nova Scotia, Alberta and British Columbia, because it is a basic one. Without a clear understanding of its influence, the significance and value of the coal-fields of Canada in providing the nation's fuel supply cannot be properly apprehended. Having given due weight to it we may proceed with our main theme viz., the coal resources of the country. Official estimates by the Geo-

THE COAL RESOURCES OF CANADA

logical Survey place the coal reserves of Canada at 1,229,236 million tons. This compares with 3,838,657 million tons for the United States which has the largest reserves of any nation and is the only country whose reserves exceed those of Canada. Unlike the United States, however, Canada is deficient in anthracite, although, at the present time, small reserves of semi-anthracite are known to exist in Alberta and British Columbia.

Of bituminous and sub-bituminous coals, however, Canada has enormous reserves. . These are located for the most part in the western interior, although there are important fields also on both coasts. On the Atlantic coast, bituminous coals are extensively mined for power production, manufacturing, and for railway and marine transportation purposes, as well as for the reduction of iron ore and for domestic heating. On the Pacific coast, bituminous coals are mined for power production, domestic heating, ship bunkering and for export. The interior of British Columbia produces coking coals, which are used to some extent in the smelting of metal ores. With the exploitation of the abundant undeveloped mineral resources of the province, their use for metallurgical purposes is bound to increase.

The fields of the interior portion of Canada supply coals of various grades, those of the mountain region of eastern British Columbia and western Alberta being the most important and of the highest grade. The extensive coal fields of Alberta, which contain coals of a wide range of character, form Canada's largest and most important coal reserve.

In southern Saskatchewan and in Manitoba, coals of lignitic character are found in large supply. These are well adapted to local domestic use. The coals of the Arctic islands, located as they are in a frigid and little frequented territory, are of little practical value at the present time. Little is known of either their extent or quality. It is, however, interesting to observe that they lie in about the same latitude as the Spitzbergen coals in Europe.

The accompanying table gives a summary of the coal reserves of Canada by provinces as estimated by the Geological Survey of Canada. The actual reserve shown is a computation based on the known coal areas and seams already tested, including the areas being mined. The coal that can be recovered is probably from 50 to 60 per cent of the indicated reserve.

ESTIMATED COAL RESOURCES OF CANADA

District	Actual Reserve (Based on actual thickness and extent)		Probable Reserves*	
	Tons (Metric)	Class of Coal†	Tons (Metric)	Class of Coal†
	<i>Group I—Seams of 1 Foot and Over, to a Depth of 4000 Feet</i>			
Nova Scotia	2,137,736,000	B ₂ }	4,871,817,000	B ₂ }
	50,415,000	C }	20,000,000	C }
New Brunswick	151,000,000	B ₂
Ontario	25,000,000	D ₂
Manitoba	160,000,000	D ₂
Saskatchewan	2,412,000,000	D ₂ }	57,400,000,000	D ₂ }
	D ₂ }	26,450,000,000	D ₂ }
	382,500,000,000	D ₁ }	464,821,000,000	D ₁ }
Alberta	1,197,000,000	B ₃	139,161,000,000	B ₃
	2,026,800,000	B ₂ B ₁ }	43,022,600,000	B ₂ B ₁ }
	669,000,000	A ₂	100,000,000	A ₂
	22,666,014,000	A ₂ B ₂ }	36,761,867,000	A ₂ B ₂ }
British Columbia	118,000,000	B ₃	2,300,000,000	B ₃
	60,000,000	D ₂	5,136,000,000	D ₁ D ₂ }
	1,800,000,000	C }
Yukon	250,000,000	A ₂ B ₃ }
	4,690,000,000	D ₁ D ₂ }
North-west Territories	4,800,000,000	D ₂
Arctic Islands	6,000,000,000	B ₂ B ₃ C
<i>Totals</i>	413,816,965,000‡	797,920,284,000
	<i>Group II—Seams of 2 Feet and Over, at Depths Between 4000 and 6000 Feet.</i>			
Nova Scotia (marine areas, 3- to 5-mile limit)	2,639,000,000	B ₂
Alberta	12,700,000,000	B ₂
British Columbia	2,160,000,000	B ₂
<i>Totals</i>	17,499,000,000
<i>Grand Totals</i>	413,816,965,000	26,219.31	815,419,284,000	84,949.5

*Includes areas in which there are rocks found to be coal-bearing in other localities.

† In the above classification letters have been substituted for names. In a general way the classification conforms to the nomenclature used in America, as follows: A₁—Anthracite; A₂—Semi-anthracite; B₁—Anthracite and high carbon bituminous; B₂—Bituminous; B₃—Low carbon bituminous; C—Cannel; D₁—Lignite or Sub-bituminous; D₂—Lignite.

‡ In this total, 20,000,000 has been deducted or the amount of coal of all classes already extracted in Alberta.

THE COAL RESOURCES OF CANADA

To give even a fairly adequate idea of the coal resources of Canada it will be necessary to deal with the more important coal areas individually. These it is proposed to treat as they occur from west to east. The limits, however, of such an article as this preclude the possibility of describing the various coal-fields in more than a somewhat sketchy and very general fashion, and readers who desire more detailed knowledge should consult the various official publications on the subject.*

British Columbia

The province of British Columbia on the Pacific coast is well supplied with coal measures ranging in quality from lignite to anthracite. The greater part of the deposits are bituminous, although altered to anthracite in several localities. Coal has been produced and used in the province from the days of early settlement. It is recorded, for instance, that in 1836 the first steam-boat on the Pacific coast, the **Beaver**, used British Columbia coal under her boilers. The mountainous topography of the province has militated against favorable transportation and marketing conditions, as well as being responsible for a considerable area, especially in the north, remaining unexplored and unprospected. The estimated coal reserves of the province are placed by the most competent authorities at approximately 71,000 million tons, of which over four-fifths is classed as bituminous. Details of these reserves are shown in the accompanying table.

COAL RESOURCES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Group I.—Seams of 1 Foot or Over, to a Depth of 4,000 Feet

Semi-anthracite	1,349,950,000	metric tons
Anthracitic coal and high carbon bituminous	34,700,000	“ “
Bituminous	58,043,231,000	“ “
Low carbon bituminous	2,418,000,000	“ “
Cannel	1,800,000,000	“ “
Lignitic or sub-bituminous	4,136,000,000	“ “
Lignite	1,060,000,000	“ “

*The publications of the Geological Survey of Canada, of the mines departments of the various provincial governments and of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, to all of which the author acknowledges his indebtedness in the preparation of this article, will be found very useful.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Group 1.—Seams 1 of 2 Feet or Over, at Depths Between 4,000 and 6000 Feet

Bituminous (southern B. C., 11 sq. mi.)	2,160,000,000	"	"
<i>Total</i>	71,001,881,000	"	"

Although coal measures are widely distributed in British Columbia, the important coal areas are more or less isolated. Commercial production has been confined almost entirely to three fields in the southern and better settled portion of the province. These are the Vancouver Island, the Interior or Nicola-Similkameen and the Crowsnest Pass fields. Less important deposits, of which, however, a great deal has yet to be learned, are in the Liard River, Peace River and Omineca districts and on the Queen Charlotte islands. At the headwaters of the Skeena, Nass and Stikine islands. At the headwaters Columbia there is an important area of anthracite and semi-anthracite known as the Groundhog Mountain district. It is as yet undeveloped, but the area outlined by prospectors comprises nearly 170 square miles.

The estimated reserves of the three important fields of the province are as follows:

Vancouver Island—

Nanaimo district	286,934,000	tons
Comox "	547,005,000	"
Suquash "	55,000,000	"

Nicola-Similkameen—

Princeton district	435,200,000	"
Coalmont "	110,636,000	"
Chu-Chua "	54,000,000	"

Crowsnest Pass—

Crowsnest district	22,000,000,000	tons
Upper Elk "	14,000,000,000	"
Flathead "	600,000	"
Crown Mountain "	200,000	"

Extensive faulting and irregular thickness of the seams, some of which vary from a few inches to over 30 feet in a lateral distance of less than 100 feet, are the main difficulties to be overcome in mining on Vancouver Island. The Nanaimo district's productive area is estimated at approximately 65

THE COAL RESOURCES OF CANADA

square miles. The area of the Suquash district has not yet been estimated with any degree of definiteness. The Nanaimo measures furnish a bituminous coal of fair grade whilst the Comox produces a coking bituminous coal, the highest in fixed carbon content of all the Vancouver Island coals.

The Nicola-Similkameen coal-fields in the southern interior of British Columbia are widely scattered and broken, and the output varies from bituminous to lignite. The Chuchua deposits of low-grade bituminous with an estimated area of 5 square miles are located on the North Thompson river some 55 miles north of the city of Kamloops. The coal areas of the Liard river, of which not much is known, are lignitic in character. Fairly extensive deposits ranging from anthracite and semi-anthracite to lignite occur on the Queen Charlotte islands.

The Crowsnest field, situated on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, in the southern portion of British Columbia, constitutes the largest deposit of first-class coal on the Pacific slope between Alaska and Mexico. It covers an area of 378 square miles and reserves are estimated at 36,800 million tons. Unlike the Vancouver Island and Nicola-Similkameen fields, the Crowsnest is free from extensive faulting, albeit in some places rocky intrusions have broken it into different sections. The coal seams are of great thickness and are regular but the overburden is heavy and mining operations have had to contend with large quantities of methane gas. In several places the coal-bearing rocks are as much as 4,700 feet thick.

Geologically, the coals of this field belong to the Kootenay formation, which persists also on the Alberta side of the provincial boundary. According to Dowling, this formation produces the most valuable coal in Canada. In general, the quality of the coal in the Crowsnest field is a high-grade bituminous, but semi-anthracitic varieties also occur. The majority of the seams furnish a very good coking coal as well as providing an excellent steam fuel.

One of the chief difficulties of the coal trade of British Columbia has been to find markets. The Vancouver Island coals are used for the bunkering of ships, and for domestic heating and industrial uses on the mainland, especially in the city of Vancouver. Some is exported to the United States, as

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

is also a portion of the output of the Nicola-Similkameen district. The coal from this last-named district competes with the Vancouver Island coals in Vancouver and the coast markets generally, but a considerable portion of it is used for railway purposes. On account of their adaptability to many uses, the Crowsnest coals have a wide market extending from their point of competition to the west with the Nicola-Similkameen coals to as far north as Calgary and as far east as Winnipeg. About three-fifths of the output is exported to the United States. These coals are used for railway fuel, for conversion into coke, for smelting, for domestic heating and for manufacturing purposes. The competition of fuel oil of late years, both on the railways, and for domestic and industrial purposes in Vancouver, has made serious inroads on the markets for British Columbia coals.

Alberta

The province of Alberta is particularly rich in coal deposits the quality of which ranges from semi-anthracite* to lignite. For a distance of over 700 miles from the international boundary northward, the Rocky Mountains and their foothills are studded with deposits of coal. The province contains 17 per cent of the coal resources of the world and approximately 87 per cent of the coal resources of Canada. Reserves, both actual and probable, are estimated at considerably over 1,000,000 million tons.

Coal is found in three distinct horizons or layers, the Edmonton formation, the Belly River formation and the Kootenay formation. The highest-grade and the hardest coals are found in the mountains, a lower grade in the foothills, whilst the extreme eastern portion of the coal-fields on the plains produces lignite.

Coal-fields in the Kootenay formation in Alberta are found on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains and in the foothills from near the international boundary northward to beyond the Athabaska river. North of that latitude most of the coal-bearing areas occur in the foothills. The principal districts where coal from this formation is mined, from south to

*This is often popularly called anthracite, but many geologists claim that, strictly speaking, it should be classed as semi-anthracite.

THE COAL RESOURCES OF CANADA

north, are Crowsnest Pass, Banff-Canmore, Brazeau, Mountain Park and Jasper Park. The coal of the Kootenay formation is, in the main, bituminous, but in the Cascade basin it has been altered to semi-anthracite and semi-bituminous, the greatest alterations taking place in the Banff district. This basin, it is estimated, contains 400 million tons of semi-anthracite and 1,200 million tons of semi-bituminous.

The Crowsnest Pass mining district in this province is a continuation of the same field in British Columbia. It extends from the interprovincial boundary to Burmis. The most important mining centres are at Blairmore, Coleman, Bellevue and Hillcrest.

Proceeding northward along the Rockies, the next important field is in the Brazeau district, where a bituminous coal of good coking quality is mined. This coal basin is about 7 miles wide and extends for a distance of 46 miles in a north and south direction between the North Saskatchewan and the main Brazeau rivers. The principal mines are at Nordegg.

Farther north is the Mountain Park district, producing a high-grade steam coal, with areas being worked at Cadomin, Luscar and Mountain Park. The Jasper Park district is on the main line of the Canadian National Railway connecting Edmonton and Prince Albert and the principal workings are at Brulé lake. In the Peace River valley, deposits exists which are considered to be of about the same age as the Belly River beds. In the eastern part, only thin seams have been located but, to the west, seams two feet thick have been found.

The Belly River coals, which lie next above those of the Kootenay formation, cover an area of about 16,000 square miles in eastern and southern Alberta. In quality they grade from low-grade bituminous to bituminous. They are widely distributed, the more important deposits mined being located at Lethbridge, Taber, Saunders Creek and Coalspur. South of Coalspur there is so little overburden that mining is carried on by steam shovel.

Coals of the Edmonton formation, which lies above the Belly river formation, also have wide-spread distribution, the available deposits being estimated to cover an area of 52,405 square miles. The principal fields being worked in this formation are Drumheller, Edmonton and Pembina-Wabamun. The character of the coal changes from lignite in the extreme north-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

eastern areas to a good coking coal in the foothills area. The Drumheller field produces a high-grade bituminous coal that will stand handling well. From a production standpoint, this field is the most important domestic coal-field in Alberta.

At the present time, the largest market for Alberta coal is found in the Prairie Provinces. Only a relatively small proportion of the output is exported to the adjoining northwestern states. The Alberta fields supply the domestic and industrial needs of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, as well as fuel for railway locomotives throughout these provinces. In Manitoba and especially in Winnipeg, keen competition has been met from United States anthracite and bituminous. During the war, however, Alberta coals practically drove the United States product out of the Winnipeg market, but this advantage, on account of the prolonged labor troubles in the Alberta Mines in the summer of 1924, has been challenged. In this area, the United States coal has the advantage of an old-established and highly-organized industry, as well as favorable transportation rates; for ore boats which would otherwise return empty from Lake Erie ports carry coal on their trip back to the head of the lakes, where it is stored till the autumn grain movement provides a large supply of cars at Fort William and Port Arthur to be loaded with coal on their trip back to the prairies for more grain.

The imperative need of the coal-mining industry in Alberta is wider markets. At the present time there are in the province nearly 400 mines in operation. These are capable of producing from three to four times as much coal as they can sell. Prospective markets are the northwestern United States, the coal bunkering trade for ships at Pacific ports, and the highly industrialized province of Ontario. The lowering of mining and transportation costs are the prime essentials if wider markets are to be gained and held. Unfortunately, coal mining in Alberta has been frequently beset with long-continued labor troubles. Due to a policy of unrestricted leasing of coal lands, mines much in excess of those needed to fill the demand have been opened, with the consequence that those in operation can work only a portion of the year. It has been found that the miners demand a yearly income of approximately \$1,700 regardless of how many days in the year they work. The result of this, as well as of the high overhead charges

THE COAL RESOURCES OF CANADA

caused by part time operation, has been a relatively high cost of production. This has militated seriously against the extension of markets.

Lignites of Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario

Lignite is found in Saskatchewan and Manitoba. In the last-mentioned province, small deposits are found in the vicinity of Turtle mountain, while the whole southern portion of Saskatchewan from Manitoba to the Alberta boundary is underlain by this class of fuel. Reserves of lignite in Manitoba are estimated at 160 million tons and in Saskatchewan at 59,812 million tons. The principal deposits occur in the Souris valley in southeastern Saskatchewan and it is from this area that about 90 per cent of the present production is derived. The chief producing centres are Bienfait, Estevan and Roche Percée.

Lignite is a cheap fuel and, although of low-grade, has been found of value to settlers in sparsely settled districts at some distance from railways. It occurs near the surface and consequently the ease of mining has increased its usefulness in this respect. In the Prairie Provinces, it is used largely for domestic heating purposes, but its present market is mainly for the production of power. It is successfully used as a mechanical stoking fuel for steam purposes and its comparative cheapness makes it of value as a source of power in gas plants. As a commercial fuel its value has not yet been fully realized on account of the ease with which better-grade steam coals are obtainable from Alberta.

Carrying a high percentage of moisture (about 33 per cent on the average) it slacks readily on exposure to the air. This prevents storage during the summer months and the mining of it is, therefore, of a highly seasonal character. Experiments conducted by the Dominion, Manitoba and Saskatchewan governments jointly over a period of five years at a cost in excess of a million dollars have not proved successful in perfecting a commercially feasible method of briquetting Saskatchewan lignites.

Ontario is generally referred to as the coal-less province, but, strictly speaking, this is not true. Lignite deposits covering perhaps 10 square miles and having a maximum available tonnage of possibly 25 million tons, exist in the Moose River

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

basin near James bay on the slope from the height of land. These, although covered by a light overburden, are not, on account of their low grade and their isolated location, of present economic value.

New Brunswick

New Brunswick has but meagre coal resources. Two thin seams exist, the upper averaging about 22 inches in thickness, whilst the lower seldom exceeds 10 inches. The principal mining districts are Grand Lake, Beersville and Dunsinane. The total reserves are estimated at approximately 151 million tons. The coal is bituminous and contains in places a high percentage of sulphur and ash. Some shipments have been made during the last few years to central Canada. The output of the province is not capable of large expansion since the deposits are limited and the seams are thin.

The estimated coal reserves of Nova Scotia are 9,719 million tons, or less than 1 per cent of the reserves for all Canada. This proportion, however, is not a true index of their importance. Because of geographical conditions they are of much greater value than such a comparison would indicate. Their distance from other coal-fields, their proximity to large deposits of iron ore, their nearness to important centres of population, and their location on the seaboard, as well as the uniform and good quality of the coal produced combine to give them an economic significance that their extent alone would not justify.

The province has the only coal deposits on the whole Atlantic seaboard of North America and South America. The nearest coal-fields in the United States are some 800 miles away and, barring the small Grand Lake field in New Brunswick, there are no coal deposits in Canada nearer than Alberta, a distance of over 2,000 miles. The Nova Scotia fields are, moreover, located at the entrance to the St. Lawrence waterway and cheap water transportation facilities are thus afforded into the centre of Canada, resulting in a large coal trade being built up to serve the territory as far east as Montreal. The proposed deepening of the St. Lawrence canal system will probably enable Nova Scotia coal to compete seriously with United States bituminous in western Ontario markets. Finally, the nearness of the immense Wabana iron ore deposit in New-

THE COAL RESOURCES OF CANADA

foundland just across Cabot strait from the Cape Breton coal-field has provided that unique combination of coal and iron which has so often spelled industrial supremacy for nations. Canada's largest industrial concern, the British Empire Steel Corporation, has been based upon this foundation. Strategically placed both as regards raw materials and in respect to water transportation to world markets, it possesses a heritage, the full significance of which has not yet begun to be realized.

There are five coal areas in Nova Scotia with important collieries operating in all. These areas are the Cumberland field including the Joggins and Springhill areas, the Pictou fields, the Inverness (mainly submarine), the Richmond and the Cape Breton or Sydney fields containing both land and submarine mining areas. The accompanying table gives the estimated amount of coal in these fields with an indication of its quality.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

ESTIMATED COAL RESOURCES OF NOVA SCOTIA

District	Actual Reserve (Based on actual thickness and extent)		Approximate Probable Reserves		
	Tons (Metric)	Class of Coal† (sq. miles)	Tons Metric	Class of Coal	Area (sq. miles)
<i>Group I—Seams of 1 Foot or Over, to a Depth of 4,000 Feet</i>					
Cumberland county	682,000,000	B ₂ 60	250,000,000	B	5
Colchester	1,000,000	B ₂	1
Pictou	345,550,000 45,000,000	B ₂ } C }	450,000,000	B ₂	8
Antigonish	20,000,000	C	1
Richmond	12,360,000	B ₂	4
(submarine area)	86,000,000	B ₂ 4	22,000,000	B ₂	10
Inverness (land area)	61,800,000	B ₂ 5.75	73,000,000	B ₂	7
C. Breton county, l. a.	1,022,496,000 5,415,000	B ₂ } C }
Marine, 3-mile limit	4,063,457,000	B ₂	168.5
<i>Totals</i>	2,248,151,000 74.31	4,063,457,000	273.5
<i>Less amount mined</i>	60,000,000
2,188,151,000					
<i>Group II—Seams of 2 Feet and Over, at Depths Between 4,000 and 6,000 Feet.</i>					
Cape Breton County—Marine, 3 to 5 miles			2,639,000,000	B ₂	73

THE COAL RESOURCES OF CANADA

The coal is of the bituminous class. The principal difference between the coals of Sydney and Pictou is a slightly higher ash content in the latter, although the former has a higher percentage of sulphur. The Springhill coal is low in sulphur and is cleaner than the Sydney coals. They are all steam or coking coals and make a strong metallurgical coke.

The Nova Scotia mines supply the domestic fuel and industrial needs of the province, although even here, despite the handicap of distance, some United States coal finds sale. Normally, over 50 per cent of the output is consumed locally in the iron and steel industry. One of the main outlets is the St. Lawrence market, which, as previously mentioned, is served by cheap water transportation. The closing of the St. Lawrence river by ice in the winter makes it necessary to ship large reserves during the summer to meet the winter demand.

In 1914 over 2,600,000 tons of Nova Scotia coal were marketed in the province of Quebec, but, on account of the disorganization of the trade caused by the war, this market was almost entirely lost. It is being steadily recovered, however, and at the present time absorbs from 25 to 30 per cent of the output, shipments being made mostly from the Cape Breton collieries.

The securing of a place in the markets of central Canada by Nova Scotia coal is entirely a matter of price in competition with the well-organized bituminous coal industry of the United States. Frequent labor disputes have increased the cost of production in Nova Scotia as in Alberta, whilst the high cost of submarine mining as reserves are depleted is another factor which conduces toward rising costs. One authority gives it as his opinion that it is not probable that the coal deposits of Nova Scotia can be usefully or advisedly developed to produce more than 10,000,000 tons annually.* Taking this as a criterion and considering the fact that in 1913, the year of maximum production, the output was 7,263,000 tons, it can be seen that there is not a large margin for expansion. Some allowance must, of course, be made in the contrary direction for the discovery of new deposits, the installation of modern machinery, and the adoption of more efficient methods of mining the seams which are known to extend long distances under the sea.

*F. W. Gray, in *Bulletin of Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy*, October, 1922.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

THE PROBLEM OF THE 'ACUTE FUEL AREA'

It is still a debatable question whether Canada can supply the coal-less provinces of Ontario and Quebec with fuel from her own mines. Indeed it is not altogether a foregone conclusion that such a consummation is economically desirable. The problem is not so difficult as regards fuel for industrial purposes as it is in the case of fuel for domestic heating. Nevertheless the bituminous consumption of central Canada for the 5-year period ending 1923 averaged 11,000,000 tons a year out of an annual average of 14,000,000 tons of this class of coal imported into the whole country. One factor is that this area is abundantly supplied with water-powers, which are being rapidly developed to replace fuel for industrial purposes. For domestic heating, however, central Canada, especially Ontario, is markedly dependent on the United States. Its anthracite imports in the period above-mentioned averaged 4,000,000 tons a year as compared with an average of 4,500,000 tons annually for all Canada. Moreover, the coal-consuming public of Ontario have become so prejudiced in favor of anthracite that it has been a matter of some difficulty to secure a fair trial for substitutes. But constantly recurring interruptions in the anthracite supply, due to labor troubles and transportation tie-ups, together with the increasing price and the deteriorating quality of this fuel are having their effect, and a serious effort is now being made to encourage the use of substitutes and to develop a measure, at least, of national self-sufficiency in fuel.

The Dominion Fuel Board

This effort was officially sanctioned when the Dominion Government in 1922 formed the Dominion Fuel Board. This is a permanent body of departmental administrative and technical experts whose function is to study the fuel resources of the country with a view of making Canada as independent as possible of foreign sources of supply. Among its numerous activities have been investigations of central heating, by-product coke as a domestic fuel, efficiency in fuel utilization, the possibilities of the use of low-volatile coals for domestic heating, and insulation of houses, as well as a survey of the extent to which anthracite substitutes are being used. The coal resources of the country are being studied with a special view of

THE COAL RESOURCES OF CANADA

alleviating the condition of the 'acute fuel area', as it is aptly termed, of Ontario and Quebec. The Board has given encouragement, although such aid has been only of a moral and sentimental character, to the importation of Welsh anthracite and, largely as a result, considerable quantities of this high-grade fuel have been imported and extensive grading and screening plants have been erected in Montral. It has also been charged with the administration of the subvention (not exceeding 50c a ton) recently granted by the Dominion Government to coal shipped from the Maritime Provinces to points in Ontario and Quebec where competition exists with United States coal.

A Transportation Experiment

To supply the 'acute fuel area' presents, of course, the major problem to be solved. How can the populous area of Ontario and Quebec be rendered reasonably independent of the dwindling supply of high-cost United States anthracite? In 1923 a strong effort sponsored by the Dominion Fuel Board was made to import trial shipments of Alberta coal into Ontario. Sir Henry Thornton, President of the Canadian National Railways, made the experiment of reducing the freight rate from \$12.70 to \$9.00 a ton for train-load lots shipped in the summer months before the heavy grain movement began. Under this arrangement some 50,000 tons of Alberta domestic coal were brought into Ontario. With its free-burning qualities, its low ash content, and its comparative freedom from the smoke so characteristic of most bituminous coals, it proved very satisfactory fuel for Ontario householders. The low freight rate, however, was conditional on the cost at the mine being reduced, and unfortunately labor troubles in 1924 prevented such reduction. Indeed they made impossible a supply at any price. When all is said, however, it must be recognized that distance is a very serious handicap to Alberta coal in competing for the Ontario market.

Conceding the point that the Nova Scotia fields could supply a large demand from central Canada, it is doubtful whether they could compete successfully in Ontario with United States coal until the St. Lawrence waterway has been improved to permit the passage of larger boats. As Nova Scotia coals are of the smoky variety, they would not be a

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

factor in the solution of the domestic heating problem unless converted into coke. Many of them are somewhat high in sulphur for this purpose, but it is thought that by blending them with higher grade coking coal from the United States they might be utilized. Several experiments of this kind have recently been made under the auspices of the Dominion Fuel Board.

A Promising New Fuel

Possibly the most promising new fuel for the acute fuel area is domestic coke made from bituminous coal obtained either from the United States or Nova Scotia or from both. Although the limits of the United States anthracite fields are in sight, this is not true of the bituminous areas. The reserves of these are described as practically inexhaustible. The mines now have an annual capacity of 300,000,000 tons in excess of the needs of the United States. This bituminous coal can be used in Ontario and Quebec to produce gas for the large cities and supply coke for domestic heating, as well as producing various other by-products such as tar and ammonia. By-product coke is a comparatively new fuel for Canadians, although it has been manufactured for some years (mainly for metallurgical purposes) in Nova Scotia. In 1924 a plant of the most modern type was erected in Hamilton, Ontario, and is securing a ready market for its output.

It is a somewhat singular circumstance that the burden of all discussion on Canada's fuel problem has been the desirability of bringing the country's large natural resources in coal from the west and from the east to the thickly populated central area. Little or no attention has apparently been given to the reverse process, namely, the bringing of population to the coal areas. And yet, why not? Economic history teaches us that large coal resources, especially when other minerals are near by, have always acted as a magnet for population. The coal areas of Nova Scotia, Alberta and British Columbia with valuable metallic mineral areas adjacent, are favored with a healthful climate; whilst conditions exceedingly suitable to agricultural pursuits prevail in the surrounding territory. When such a movement of population will begin is, of course, idle to prophesy, but to deny that it will take place some day would be to ignore the ex-

THE COAL RESOURCES OF CANADA

periences of the past. When Canada's coal areas are industrialized, she will have begun to realize on the tremendous national asset she possesses in her one-sixth share of the coal resources of the world.

M. J. PATTON,
Economist, Natural Resources
Intelligence Service.

Ottawa, Nov. 1, 1924.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

IT was in Cornwall, on one of the few hot, fine days of August, that we heard of Conrad's death. We were in a remote village, or as remote as any place in England can be in tourist-time; and the bare news filtered through; the few London papers which could speak of him in more detail were not to be bought. So without books and without critics we talked of Conrad as we watched the sea. Perhaps one must be brought up by the sea to feel the fascination of his work; at all events we had been captivated years ago by *Lord Jim* and *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, and had just been agreeing that of all his books since then *The Rover* was his finest achievement. If he could be so thoroughly at home in the Napoleonic wars, and sketch even Nelson, he could, we had concluded, and perhaps would, write of Napoleon himself. But now there was an end of his writing; and we felt a curiously personal sense of loss. Months later that impression remains, and it is not so much as an effort to appraise the work of the master that these pages are written, but rather as a tribute.

It seems an impertinence to write of Conrad at all. If the reader of his works would know more of the man than *A Personal Record* can tell him, the way is open; Ford Madox Ford—formerly Ford Madox Hueffer—,himself a well-known writer of distinguished Pre-Raphaelite connections, and for some years Conrad's intimate friend, collaborating with him in two novels, discussing others in the making, has given in his book, *Joseph Conrad, A Personal Remembrance*, a sort of moving picture of this Polish gentleman who had deliberately chosen first the British Merchant Service and then English letters as his profession, and England as his home. It is not a collection of dates and letters and critical opinions; it shows him in the happy comradeship of friends, in the literal physical agony of creative composition; it pictures him driving about the lovely English country where the low hills roll to the sea, or striding like an outraged lion through a cluster of persistent Belgian railway officials and denouncing their foreign ways with all the vigour of the native-born Englishman. And yet this biography is by no means pleasing to Joseph Conrad's family; "that detestable book" his widow calls it, regretting per-

JOSEPH CONRAD

haps that the first memoir of her husband should be published by a man of letters whose friendship was only a memory, and over-sensitive, it may be, to the persistent prominence of "the writer" in a book which purports to speak chiefly of Conrad. Mr. Ford's treatment is frankly impressionistic rather than critical, and he cannot eliminate his own figure from the impression left on his memory.

There have been various books before this written about Conrad. Mr. Richard Curle painstakingly comments upon the novels and stories published before 1914, and gives a synopsis of each for the benefit of those readers who have not read Conrad for themselves, although with a certain air of apology. Deprecatingly he admits that Conrad may be called romantic, but he stresses his realism in description as his claim to be recognised in a generation of realistic novelists. Other commentators decide eagerly which book is his best, as reviewers make lists of "the ten best books of the year." Most writers on modern English fiction compare him with his contemporaries, and are particularly concerned with what Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell—in *Dead Reckonings in Fiction*—call his "moments of acute psychology." In discussing the characterisation in *Nostromo* these two writers speak admiringly of the effect achieved of the "complete disintegration of personality", and, quoting the words of another commentator, Mr. Hinkle, refer to Decoud and Nostromo as "victims, one of the disillusioned weariness which is the retribution meted out to intellectual audacity, the other of the disenchanting vanity which is the reward of audacious action." It is likely that when they agree with Mr. Mencken's opinion of Conrad, which they quote, that "what he shows is blurred at the edges, but so is life blurred at the edges", while Mr. Curle is certain that "Conrad is emphatically a man of hard edges", they have in mind some psychological meaning which is made less clear by figurative language.

This kind of criticism seems curiously alien to the simplicity of the man who looked upon a novelist as primarily a story-teller. "Simple" may not, indeed, seem to be the epithet to apply to his highly-wrought style, his elaborate plots, the complicated problems of action which face many of the people in his books. And yet there is in him much of the simplicity of the seaman, the keen sight, the vigorous treatment, the intent-

ness on direction. Even when he is involved in the intricacies of conflicting motives he has the air of setting down facts. The Slav aristocrat is offset by the English seaman; the tragic gloom of Tschaikowski is blended with the homely chanty, the keynote of his work is not the spirit of adventure alone, but of discipline.

One obvious difference between Conrad and most contemporary English novelists is that he has no ulterior motive in writing a novel; his treatment is neither sociological nor pathological; he is not deeply concerned, like Galsworthy, with presenting social problems, nor, like H. G. Wells, with camouflaging his own opinions and experiences, educational and amorous, as criticism of society; nor does he feel impelled, like D. H. Lawrence and Aldous Huxley, to turn the novel into a physiological laboratory;—"in all our extreme intimacy", Mr. Ford remarks, "we never even discussed the relations of the sexes." In contrast to these marked modern tendencies he may well be called, by those who are concerned with classifying novels, a romantic novelist, although he seems not so much to avoid categories as to comprehend them. Carrying on the tradition of Scott and Stevenson, rather than that of Thackeray and Meredith, he has written stories of adventure. The scene is usually the far-away and unfamiliar, the waters and islands of the Malay Archipelago, the revolutionary republics of South America, Russia, the high seas, east and south, or when the scene is the less remote coast of France or Spain or even—though seldom—England, the time is as a rule in the past and the conditions are unusual. But, like Kipling when he wrote of India or Stevenson when he wrote of the Western Islands and Highlands, he has been able to draw on his wide experience to give realistic treatment to his romantic material, to combine the glamour of the unknown with the accurate detail of the familiar.

It is not by accident that one of his novels, written in collaboration with Ford Madox Hueffer, is called *Romance*, and that he contributed not only the parts dealing with seamanship but most of the scenes which would usually be called romantic. Part IV, *Blade and Guitar*, the most romantic part of all, is altogether his. It begins with words which suggest the atmosphere of darkness and mystery.

JOSEPH CONRAD

“There was a slight, almost imperceptible jar, a faint grating noise, a whispered sound of sand—and the boat, without a splash, floated.”

It tells of John Kemp's escape from Rio Medio with Dona Seraphina Riego and Tomas Castro, the faithful henchman of her cousin and of her house. Every circumstance is romantic; the sudden, strong love of the high-born heroine for the stranger; the gloom of the fog through which they could hear plainly the voices of their enemy's agents, thieves and outcasts who fancied themselves daring corsairs, with a leader bombastic and sentimental; the fighting on board the English ship; the sudden change from good fortune to bad and from bad to good; the further adventure and disaster in a small boat; the toilsome journey in the terrible storm to the hidden cave; the torture of thirst; the sacrifice and death of Castro and then the death of his torturer, and at the last moment of weariness the rescue of Seraphina and her lover; finally, after a short interval of calm, separation and prison in the very hour of safety. As Mr. Ford points out, Conrad liked to draw the last drop of blood out of a subject. It was Marryatt, that writer of straightforward stories of adventure, who impressed him as a boy so much that long afterwards he bore testimony to their high worth. And it is this same element of adventure at sea, of perils of waters and perils of robbers, which has made schoolboys among the most eager of Conrad's readers.

But if the story had contained nothing but physical adventure, however elaborate and ingenious in its turns and twists, it would be of little more interest than a glorified penny dreadful, or the tragedy of blood which the story of Hamlet was on the Elizabethan stage before Shakespeare touched it and made it live. In *Romance* the adventure is spiritual too, the emotional excitement is the more tense, and the splendour of Castro's redeeming heroism glows against a background of quiet action. Even Manuel Del Popolo is not merely a brutal and bombastic bandit.

“ I feel in me a greatness, an inspiration. . . . ”

These were his last words. . . . The deep folds of the ravine gathered the falling dusk into great pools of absolute blackness, at the foot of the crags. ”

The book itself, at the beginning and at the end, and here and

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

there in between, asks the question; what is Romance? The key-note is given at the very beginning, when Carlos Riego, foreign, beautiful, debonair and loveable, brings a new and entrancing element of life into the dull existence of the lonely English boy. But what is this Romance? Is it merely the far-away, the horizon

“whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move?”

To John Kemp, as he worked on a plantation in Jamaica, caught in the broils of Loyalists and Separationists, the life which he had despised as a boy seemed far and fair. Is Romance, then, the glamour of the past, the desire for the unattainable? That is what makes the crafty villain O'Brien a romantic figure. With all his calculating cleverness, his impelling motives were emotional, his passion for Seraphina and his hatred of England. He idealised Ireland and her wrongs, and took vast risks in the absurd hope of damaging the British Empire by his petty piracies, while his consuming passion for Seraphina made him pathetic, with all his violence of jealousy and revenge. Perhaps Romance means all this and more. Its essence is not easily distilled and exhibited.

The supernatural often comes into the romantic treatment, from the crude alarms of the tale of terror to the mystic imaginings of the Celt. The great poets have shown how thin is the barrier between natural and supernatural. Sailors are notably susceptible to influences which they cannot explain, full of superstition, as we say. In *The Nigger of the Narcissus* he refers sympathetically to such a sentiment, and in commenting on the loss of the Empress of Ireland he expresses the sailor's feeling. “It seems to me that the resentful sea-gods never do sleep and are never weary; wherein the seamen who are mere mortals condemned to unending vigilance are no match for them.” In *The Brute* he tells the story of a ship possessed by an evil spirit, and in *Nostromo* the well-regulated mine, the all-powerful Gould Concession, comes to exercise a sinister power on the lives of those most concerned in it.

Conrad's villains are often romantic enough. They are not always sinister figures; the Sansculotte in *The Rover* is mean and insignificant in appearance, but like O'Brien he is obsessed by an idea which drives him to any lengths of cruelty. The

very fact of having a labelled villain stamps a novel as romantic; but for the most part Conrad's romanticism is more subtle and elusive than that; the keenest struggle is between motives, not men; the tragedy lies not in the victory of the villain over the hero but in the victory of unworthy motives over the higher nature, or, it may be, in the crushing of an innocent person in the fell clutch of circumstance. In *Nostromo* it is when the hurly-burly's done, when the action seems over and the Occidental Republic is well established, that the spiritual degradation of the man of action, the trusted Nostromo, provides another kind of interest, so different that the episode would seem detached and in the nature of an after-thought were it not that the character and exploits of this man have run as a binding thread all through the tale.

It is in his treatment of character that Conrad obviously differs from the mere romanticist. The people in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels are mere pegs to hang adventure and mystery and sentiment on. Even Scott's high-born heroines are often colourless enough. Conrad's women usually have the quality of beauty, often the power of charm; they range all the way from the half-savage Nina to the sophisticated and spoiled women of *The Rescue* and *The Arrow of Gold*; in them and on them he studies the effect of conflicting loyalties. Occasionally, as in *Romance* and *The Rover* the woman is saved from ultimate disaster and brought to glad confidence. Sometimes she is not worth the devotion that she commands; his irony bites deep in *The Rescue* and *The Planter of Malata*. His finest women, Emily Gould and Natalie Haldin, the Englishwoman and the Russian, different in many ways, are yet alike in being women of action as well as of thought, women who are not passion's slaves, who are more likely to be rescuers than rescued, whose admirable qualities of head and heart win the devotion of older men, but who must live and work in the loneliness of the soul which has had a glimpse of sheer happiness.

Fundamentally, the test which Conrad applies to his men and women is the test of the British seaman. Conrad could analyse character and dissect motive as his ship-mates could never do; he could appreciate differences in points of view—never, perhaps, is this more clearly shown than in *Under Western Eyes* in his picture of Russian revolutionaries, where usually only one side is seen—he could realise the shades of

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

influence cast by heredity and environment, but in the end his standards were those of the men of the Merchant Service, loyalty, fidelity, unswerving devotion, faithful service even to the death. When from the simple dogmatism of mid-Victorians the novel has swung to acknowledging only relativity in moral standards, when the point of view is discussed, not only as an explanation but as reason and excuse, this simple sailor standard may seem naive and old-fashioned. Conrad was far from blind to the view of his contemporaries, but he realised its risk. "Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner", he quotes in an appreciative criticism of Maupassant, and goes on, "And in this benevolent neutrality towards the warring errors of human nature all light would go out from art and from life." He is intensely interested in motive, but not as the experimental psychologist; it is the motive as determining action which interests him. That is what Mr. Ford means when he refers to him as essentially a politician, and what Mr. Curle has in mind when he says that even his most important character "is subordinate to the unity of the book."

"It's a part of solid English sense not to think too much, to see only what may be of practical use at the moment," says Decoud, the brilliant Costaguaneran, whose alert brain could conceive a political idea but who "was not fit to grapple with himself single-handed." Discipline and initiative, loyalty not blind but clear-sighted, these qualities of the English seaman are the qualities which Conrad exalts. The Russian revolutionary in *Under Western Eyes* despises the measure of political liberty possessed by the Englishman as a compromise with tyranny, and achieves none; while the Latin-American rushes from one revolution to another. It was not for nothing that the young Polish aristocrat, brought up under the uneasy conditions of Russian tyranny and suppressed rebellion, was trained for some twenty years in the hard school of the "greatest Merchant Service of the world", as he calls it proudly. "A seamanlike piece of work" is his highest praise; "he desired the shipshape life," says Mr. Ford.

The phrase, "engaging ruffians", used by a reviewer of some of his seamen, annoyed him extremely. If the paradox suggested anything it would be some cinema criminal-hero appealing to mawkish sentimentality but revolting to Conrad. Men like Tomas Castro and Old Peyrol might be rough fight-

JOSEPH CONRAD

ers, but they were loyal to their friends and faithful to the highest that was in them. Their appearance and conversation are seldom engaging; Conrad shows the sailor's distrust of the fluent, urbane person; silent Old Singleton is contrasted with the voluble Cockney, whining, impertinent, shirking; the plausible Mr. Cloete causes the tragedy in *The Partner*; Manuel del Popolo is fluent and sentimental and treacherous; Nostromo is engaging as well as efficient, but the great quality of fidelity is lacking. Conrad's contempt for the plausible and showy and untrustworthy, whether in men or ships or methods, is shown in the scathing satire of his letters after the destruction of the *Titanic*.

The mere increase of size is not progress. If it were, elephantiasis, which causes a man's legs to become as large as tree-trunks, would be a sort of progress, whereas it is nothing but a very ugly disease."

His admiration for the standards and ideals of the British seaman, his devotion to his ship, his spirit of service rather than of mere adventure, explains his insistence on the quality of "fidelity", which, often referred to, has been, perhaps, often misunderstood. For fidelity implies an ideal to be faithful to; it means vision as well as endurance, the spirit of adventure and exploration as well as the habit of discipline; it is akin to, although it does not imply, what he calls "the detached curiosity of a subtle mind, and the high tranquillity of a steeled heart." It represents the fusion in Conrad himself of the influences of inherited temperament and acquired discipline; it explains the blending of the romantic writer and the realist.

For there is no question as to his realism. As he says of Maupassant, "Facts, and again facts are his unique concern. . . . He sees— and does not turn away his head." In his strictures on the *Titanic* inquiry he bases his argument on facts, facts about coal bunkers, facts about davits, facts about a motor engine in a ship's boat, so that his conclusions come as inevitable. In describing the sea he uses his intimate knowledge of detail. The storm in *The Nigger of the Narcissus* is not Spenser's picture of billows rolling outrageously nor is his sea the ocean of Byron's apostrophe. It is a picture that a seaman would recognize of the sea as he stares at it, lashed to the ship, wet, hungry, exhausted, discouraged, not

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

expecting the ship to weather the gale. Conrad is concerned not with the storm as scenery but with its effect on the men, with the sheer endurance and resolute vigilance of the small captain of mighty spirit, with the courage and ingenuity of the cook, and the noisy complainings of the negro. Even in the midst of *Romance*, with all its romantic treatment, the pirates of Rio Medio are described not as picturesque freebooters, but as dirty and cowardly thieves. Conrad turns a steady light on every situation and makes a ruthless examination into detail, not without the irony which often waits on realism. Humour is not one of his outstanding characteristics; yet in *The Duel*, making use of descriptions given him as a boy, he can treat that most romantic subject, the single combat on a point of honour, with consummate humour, but with a matter-of-fact air and hardly a gesture of amusement. In *The Rover* Peyrol's final exploit is related in as calm, seaman-like a manner as is the story of a steamship torpedoed off the Faroes during the War, which he recounts mainly in the words of the chief engineer. The heroism may be realised; it is not underlined.

Realism means to Conrad clear seeing, not a preference for the sordid. "It seems as if the discovery made by many men at various times that there is much evil in the world were a source of proud and unholy joy with some of the modern writers. That frame of mind is not the proper one in which to approach seriously the art of fiction." For the other extreme, sentimentalism, he has equal contempt. "I am not a sentimentalist", he insists in his comment on the *Titanic* disaster. "I am not consoled by the false, written-up, Drury Lane aspects of that event, which is neither drama, nor melodrama, nor tragedy, but the exposure of arrogant folly." And again, with a sailor's contempt for the landsman's effusive praise, "Ah, but the charm of the sea! Oh, yes, charm enough. Or rather a sort of unholy fascination as of an elusive nymph whose embrace is death, and a Medusa's head whose stare is terror." As early as 1905 Conrad stressed the ethical importance of exactness, "that absolute loyalty towards his feelings and sensations an author should keep hold of in his most exalted moments of creation." The adventurous, exploring, creative imagination must be controlled by the disciplined mind.

JOSEPH CONRAD

His realism is responsible for his peculiar method of constructing his novels, a method used also in the biographical sketch, *A Personal Record*. The usual way of telling a story is in the third person, with the assumption that the story-teller is omniscient; another frequent method is to let one of the characters tell the story. This method makes the description possibly more vivid, but the narrator can relate only what has come within his notice; his version is conditioned by his view. Conrad's habit of telling a story by means of more than one narrator is a development and complication of this latter method. Again, the ordinary sequence of events in a story is chronological, although it is not usual, as in *David Copperfield*, to make a novel the life-story of the narrator. But this chronological method is not in itself life-like. A story does not come to one's ears like that, unfolded in systematic detail; even the narrative by means of diary or letters,—once the naturalness is granted of setting down on paper incidents and reflection as they occur—is more life-like. In fact we piece together a story, and sift various versions to get the truth; we hear of the present and future of an acquaintance before we are familiar with his past; Conrad's method of leaping *in medias res* and of listening to various people is more confusing than to have one person set the incidents in order and tell us what has happened, but it is more realistic; as Shakespeare's way of presenting a battle is more realistic than Corneille's. Conrad may confuse his readers, but he stimulates them with the impression of getting the story at first hand. His method is less mechanical than Arnold Bennett's repeating the same story entirely from another point of view. Mr. Ford says, indeed, that Conrad and he practically evolved a formula for putting together a novel, but he admits, and Mrs. Conrad insists, that any suggestion of mechanical construction conveys an inadequate conception of Conrad's method. Often a remark heard by chance from a passing person would stir his imagination and call up a whole company of characters, a whole train of incidents. Marlow, whom it is rather the fashion to deride today as a creaking piece of Conrad machinery, is more than a device for getting on with the story, more than the philosophic *alter ego* of Conrad the man of action. He reflects and suggests the interplay of character; his sympathy stirs and

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

strengthens Jim in his despair; on the other hand, it gives us the measure of Marlow's own character.

In a sense *Lord Jim*, where the theme is simple, is akin to the Short Story; *The Nigger of the Narcissus* is certainly of that *genre*; it presents a situation and an atmosphere, not a complication of incidents; it suggests the feeling of suspicion engendered by a combination of the negro's whining and the Cockney jeers, a combination which more than the trials of the storm and the dull calm, goes far to break the *morale* of the men. Modern criticism tends to call the term "Short Story" misleading, and to consider the presentation of one situation, rather than shortness, the criterion. From this point of view there is less difference between Conrad's Short Stories and his earlier novels than between his novels themselves. In *Nostromo* the plot is complicated; this is a different kind of composition altogether from the Short Story.

English-speaking readers have long looked at Conrad's style with admiration and despair, as a Canadian born might look at the intricate and difficult figures skated with grace and skill by some Englishman who was never on the ice as a child. To the last, indeed, Conrad spoke English with a foreign accent, and even his more informal writing has not the rather slovenly use of idiom which we speak of as colloquial. English was an acquired language, delicately treated. Possibly, as Mr. Ford states, a person writes a language better when in speaking he must pause for a word. The literary habit of seeking "*le mot juste*" is then second nature. Conrad's style has been called French. No doubt he was greatly influenced by the artistic excellence of the French writers whom he had long read with ease and pleasure. Matthew Arnold was not the last notable English writer of prose to realise the remarkable lucidity and exactness of the French language, the fact that it can say more simply and pointedly just what it means. Mr. Ford makes much of "Conrad's extreme dislike for the English language", his necessity of translating his thought from the French, and his "passionate regret that it was too late to hope to make a living by writing in French." This need not be taken too seriously. It represents little more than the impatience of the craftsman with his material; Conrad was depressed; the time was some twenty years ago; and "in later years", as Mr. Ford admits in patronising if not grudging praise, "Conrad achieved

JOSEPH CONRAD

a certain fluency and a great limpidity of language." The War roused him to announce himself as thoroughly English and to express admiration for the language as well as for the characteristics of the nation. Mr. Ford need hardly go grappling for his twenty-year-old preference for French. What is more illuminating is his description of Conrad's weighing the French and English phrase and making the latter more exact by this balance, or of his questioning for a whole day whether the word "azure" to describe the sea justified its comparative rareness—almost, in the mouth of a ship's captain, its preciousness—by its exactness in indicating the kind of transparent blueness which he wanted to indicate. The word occurs in a passage in *Youth*, a little story full of passages which might be set as models of descriptive prose. So is *Lord Jim*. And if his later writing is less deliberately and consciously descriptive, the descriptions are none the less effective. In his casual writing he is as careful, as picturesque, as in his novels. He can use a heap of epithets in an un-English manner, half-humorously, but he can describe the appearance of a man in a condensed, vivid way which Chaucer would recognise and Scott approve. It is one of the charming characteristics of his prose that words do not leap at you. Unless you are deliberately analysing his style you seldom think of the words at all, but of the picture which they present, or the shade of feeling which they express. "All creative art is magic," he says, "is evocation of the unseen in forms persuasive, enlightening, familiar and surprising." That magic is his.

It is hardly fanciful to detect in Conrad's style, as in the other sides of his work, the two elements of adventure and discipline, the search for the elusive word controlled by a severe sense of the propriety which shuts out the *bizarre*, the spirit of exploration and adventure guarded by eternal vigilance, the spirit of the English seaman.

W. GORDON.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE EYES OF BERNARD SHAW

IN his preface* to his *Saint Joan*, Bernard Shaw amongst many other most brilliant and startling things has a word to say about Shakespeare, in whose *Henry VI*, Part I, one of the dramatis personae is Joan La Pucelle, commonly called Joan of Arc. He criticizes the Shakespearian presentation severely and, I think, justly, although he is more than willing to urge that the character of Joan was not the work of Shakespeare himself.

However, not content with a reference to *Henry VI*, Shaw goes on to say of Shakespeare and the Elizabethans generally that they were unable to sympathize with the mediaeval view of life. "There is not a breath of mediaeval atmosphere in Shakespeare's histories," he says. The Elizabethans were, he thinks, incapable of entering into the mediaeval ideals, had no historical sense, could not share in the hopes and passions of that period, and never attempted to place their characters in their actual setting. "Although he [Shakespeare] was a Catholic by family tradition, his figures are all intensely Protestant, individualist, sceptical, self-centred in everything but their love-affairs, and completely personal and selfish even in them. His Kings are not statesmen: his cardinals have no religion." Shaw further maintains that Shakespeare does not recognize in his plays that "the world is finally governed by forces expressing themselves in religions and laws, which make epochs, rather than by vulgarly ambitious individuals who make rows." In enlarging upon this point he quotes two passages from *Hamlet*, one a judgment of Hamlet himself, the other a sentence or sententia of Polonius. Like Ruskin, Shaw refers to

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will", (*Hamlet*, 5, 2)

and adds that this divinity "is mentioned fatalistically only to

*Bernard Shaw: *Saint Joan*: A Chronicle Play in Six Scenes and an Epilogue, Constable and Company, Ltd., London, 1924. Preface p. liv, "A Void in the Elizabethan Drama."

SHAKESPEARE IN THE EYES OF BERNARD SHAW

be forgotten immediately like a passing vague apprehension." The sentence from Polonius is the equally famous passage

"to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man." (Hamlet 1, 3).

Commenting on this advice Shaw affirms that if Shakespeare had been representing certain characters which appear in his own play of *Saint Joan*, namely the judge, the inquisitor and the baron, "we should have seen them all completely satisfied that if they would only to their own selves be true they could not then be false to any man (a precept which represents the reaction against mediaevalism at its intensest) as if they were beings in the air, without public responsibilities of any kind. All Shakespeare's characters are so: that is why they seem natural to our middle classes, who are comfortable and irresponsible at other people's expense, and are neither ashamed of that condition nor even conscious of it." Some one else may take up Shaw's opinion of English society; I am dealing with his theory of Shakespeare.

To begin with there can be little doubt that the historical mind, the capacity to do justice to a vanished view, with which one may not agree, to present a past period as it appeared to itself, to keep our own ideas out of the way, and in that sense to escape being "self-centred", is a comparatively recent accomplishment, and notwithstanding Goethe*, who said that times past are a book sealed with seven seals, is now fairly widespread. He is, I imagine, a rather belated critic, if he does not by way of extenuation venture the opinion that so-and-so is a child of his age. I have to confess that I do not care for the patronizing tone of the remark although it is a common place of to-day. No considerable historical personality is to-day presented as "in the air without public responsibilities." On the contrary he is much more apt to be looked on as so tied and fettered to his age that it was impossible for him to think or do otherwise than as he did. On that general point few will now be found anxious to break a lance with Shaw.

* Mein Freund, die Zeiten der Vergangenheit
Sind uns ein Buch mit sieben Siegeln,
(My friend, past times are a book with seven seals),

Faust, Part I, vv. 222-3.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Moreover it may be assumed that Shakespeare does not surround his characters with an atmosphere of which he himself is not explicitly aware. You are not compelled by him to feel that in his histories you are in a bygone age, whose viewpoint is not our own. The milieu is not there. Something else may be there quite as important, I believe, but Shaw cannot be combatted successfully when he avers that Shakespeare's characters do not appear before us surrounded by the aroma, the perfume of the time in which they lived. They are, shall we say, naked individuals. Of course the same could be said of the characters of any author—Homer, Virgil, Milton—who wrote prior to the emergence of the historic sense. Of course, too, Shaw possessing this sense has an advantage over them. They cannot let the atmosphere of the age blow through their work, as he does; at least they cannot do it of set purpose, but only, if at all, by a kind of lucky unconscious inspiration. If that is enough to make the characters of Shakespeare "self-centred," then self-centred they must be; and the argument is closed.

But the argument is not yet closed, as I shall now seek to show. Much older than the church is an institution which was hoary in the times called mediaeval and has survived mediaevalism, namely, the family. Loyalty to the family is a loyalty, whatever Bernard Shaw may think of it, and wherever there is a character moved by any loyalty, it is difficult to speak of him as "self-centred." What about the family? Do Shakespeare's characters recognize its claims?

One need not go far for an answer. Even suppose that husband and wife fall under the ban Shaw places upon selfish lovers, brother and brother, father and child are not lovers. Orlando saving the life of his unkind brother Oliver in *As You Like It*, Adam, the old serving-man in the same play, *The Fool in Lear*, and Edgar also in *Lear*, Volumnia in *Coriolanus*, and Coriolanus himself, and scores of others all exhibit allegiance to the family. Macduff, who says

"All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-Kite! All?
What all my pretty chickens, and their dam
At one fell swoop?" (*Macbeth*, 4, 3)

SHAKESPEARE IN THE EYES OF BERNARD SHAW

on learning that Macbeth has blotted out his family, is not self-centred, if the family-tie is accepted as carrying one beyond himself.

The obverse is just as strongly marked by the poet. Edmund in *Lear*, Oliver in the opening scenes of *As You Like It*, Richard III, Henry VIII, Claudius in *Hamlet*, the Queen in *Cymbeline*, "cruel to the world," Antonio in *The Tempest*, all without exception "expel remorse and nature." They have ignored one of the human fealties and are to that extent self-centred. All are declared by Shakespeare to be "unnatural" and "less than kind." All are either punished for their "great fail" or else forgiven by those whom they have wronged. It adds in every case to their guilt that they have broken the family bond.

Perhaps one might add to family allegiance loyalty to the house. At any rate Montagues and Capulets (*Romeo and Juliet*) are willing to fight and die for the clan or house. Shakespeare, I am sure, is utterly convinced that such action is subversive of a wide humanity (notice Mercutio's condemnation, "A plague o' both your houses!"—*Romeo and Juliet*, 3. 1), and the catastrophe of the play is a criticism of this loyalty when pushed to an extreme, but Shakespeare accuses it in behalf not of the self-centred life but of a life which is wide and human. I leave it to Shaw to say whether the Montagues and Capulets in their intense absorption in their "houses" are carrying around with them something of a mediaeval atmosphere.

I pass to loyalty to one's land. The Reformation is called by Shaw Protestant and individualist, and so indeed it was, in so far as the Reformer repudiated obedience to the Church of Rome. But surely the Reformer for better or for worse took on at least one new allegiance, allegiance to one's land. When allegiance to Rome collided with allegiance to England, Englishmen in Shakespeare's day decided to discard allegiance to Rome. Spain was the outstanding buttress of the Church of Rome and England came as a consequence into a clash with Spain. There can be no question as to where Shakespeare's sympathies lay. He ridicules the Spanish don in *Love's Labour's Lost*, who is "ill at reckoning" and unable to tell how

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

many is one thrice told, and compliments Queen Elizabeth in one of his most beautiful lines,

"In maiden meditation fancy-free."

(*Love's Labour's Lost*, 1, 2).

Henry V he calls "This star of England" in a chorus* in which the poet, and many of his characters in the histories give utterance to a love of England which is indisputably the poet's own.

But, what is more to the point, this fine, wide, intense loyalty is found in characters in the plays, in the Bastard (*King John*), in Henry IV, and Henry V, in Gaunt himself, who calls England

"This precious stone set in the silver sea."

When Macduff, hearing from Malcolm of Macbeth's reign of terror calls out in anguish, "O, Scotland, Scotland!" he is leagues away from any thought of self. Why does Macbeth go down? Surely because he thinks more of himself and his vaulting ambitions than of the land he rules; Coriolanus, the pride of Rome, is condemned by Shakespeare because of his pride; Caesar fails because he is "one sole man," a self-centred ruler. Everywhere we turn we find this allegiance lauded and its opposite reprobated. Can we not speak of the nation at this time as an institution? Was not the King or the Queen of England also the head of the Church of England? Is it not a failure of the historic imagination to overlook the institutions characteristic of the age of Shakespeare? Have not his characters their loyalties equally with the inquisitor and the judge in *Saint Joan*? It seems difficult to deny it.

Possibly some one will reply that nationalism is a limited ideal. So, and in the same way, is the family. If a loyalty is to escape criticism it must include or adjust itself to other loyalties. But Shaw will not be tempted to argue, as Plato did, that the family necessarily stands in the way of the state, or, as Goethe did, that the nation stands in the way of humanity.

I cannot pass over such characters as Richard II and Henry V without a further remark. Is the divine right of

*Closing lines of the play.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE EYES OF BERNARD SHAW

kings an institution? Or is it an ideal? At any rate it is the very life and marrow of Richard II's mind. Is the recognition by a king of his responsibility for his people an indication that he is not self-centred? It is the soul of Henry V. Recall the famous scene where he leaves the friendly shelter of his tent in order to overhear the random talk of his soldiers as they gather about the camp-fires on the eve before the battle of Agincourt, and recall likewise his comment on their remarks:

“Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls
Our debts, our careful wives, our children and
Our sins, lay on the King! we must bear all
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness.

* * * * *

The slave, a member of the country's peace
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the King keeps . . .”

(*King Henry V*, 4, 1).

Where will you get public responsibility anywhere in any drama, if you do not find it here?

It is clearly probable, let me add, that Shakespeare was deliberately reconstructing the ideal of Kingship, recasting it into something human and possible, taking it down from its immoral altitude, and giving it a nobler content. It is clearly probable that the institution of monarchy owes something of its vitality to-day in England to the transformation of the ideal effected by Shakespeare. What according to Shakespeare are “the king-becoming graces”? He gives a notable list:—

“As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude”, (*Macbeth* 4, 3)

the possession of which makes a king “fit to govern,” the lack of which

“hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many Kings.” *
Wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails?”

*Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost* VI, 116-117,

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Lastly I must allude to a loyalty which is not yet effectively embodied in any institution, unless it be the Church, and that is loyalty to humanity. The ideal attached to the word "humanity" is vague, it is true, but it is real. One who is actuated by it is apt to have humour, not the mordant kind, which makes a butt of the fool, but the quiet lambent kind which finds in the fool, such as Touchstone in *As You Like It*, the unnamed Fool in *Lear*, or the clown in *Antony and Cleopatra*, a fellow mortal. Inspired by it one is led towards the path of forgiveness, a path which Shakespeare's feet always willingly followed, but more and more willingly as life went on.

"The power that I have on you is to spare you,
The malice toward you to forgive you! live
And deal with others better,"

says Posthumus to Iachimo in *Cymbeline*,

"The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further" (*Tempest*, 5, 5)

is the decision of Prospero with regard to those who have wronged him, and the Epilogue of *The Tempest* closes with the words:

"As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free."

"Pardon's the word for all!" says Cymbeline. All these passages but repeat towards the close of Shakespeare's literary life what he said towards the beginning,

"We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy." (*Merchant of Venice*, 4, 1).

Also id. VI, 381-384,

For strength from truth divided and from just
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise,
"And ignominy, yet to glory aspires,
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame,"

and many other similar passages.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE EYES OF BERNARD SHAW

Self-love, on the other hand, is coupled in Coriolanus with insolence, pride, tyranny and ambition, the sort of mind which Shakespeare in Henry VIII charges us solemnly to fling away.

This high humanity, be it noted, is not sharply set off from a religious view of life.

"The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace," (*Cymbeline*, 5, 5)

says the Soothsayer in *Cymbeline*, and the venerable Gonzalo, as *The Tempest* draws to a climax, calls out,

"Look down, you gods,
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither."

If there is any collision between this mellow conception of the world and the words of Hamlet quoted by Bernard Shaw, I should like to ask him, as I should like to ask Ruskin, who also criticizes the same passage, if it is not fair to give Shakespeare the benefit of the doubt. I should like to ask them both if the last literary will and testament of a great genius has not a quite special validity. If I am not able to win a general concession, then I must add that the great words of Hamlet, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends" are not "forgotten immediately like a transient vague apprehension," are no accidental utterance of the poet, but a deep-seated and clear-cut conviction, pervading such dissimilar plays as *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Romeo and Juliet*, and easily to be detected in *Julius Caesar* as well as *Hamlet*. It is no passing fancy. Hardly are the words spoken when Hamlet repeats their equivalent to Horatio, "There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow." It is easy to mistake Shakespeare here. He has his eye on the words of Jesus regarding the grass of the field and the birds of the air, both of which, however unimportant they may seem to be to men, come within the Father's care and lie close to His heart. Hamlet comforts himself with that word as he goes forward to what turns out to be his death. When we read the lines of Hamlet regarding the shaping hand of divinity in the light of what was in his thought, we find no tinge of fatalism, but one of the deepest convictions of a devout mind. How better could Shakespeare give voice to the idea

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

which according to Shaw he fails to recognize, namely, "that the world is finally governed by forces expressing themselves in religions and laws which make epochs rather than by vulgarly ambitious individuals who make rows"?

There may be no sufficient institution representing this truly human and religious life, but Shakespeare has done what he could to bring it to pass; and it does seem hard luck that so able and distinguished a critic and author as Shaw should even for the moment immerse himself in the trivial difference between Roman Catholic and Protestant, a difference which Shakespeare was far beyond, and say that the Elizabethan poet had failed to embody in any of his characters that wide selfless ideal which from youth to age was perhaps his main concern.

S. W. DYDE.

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA SUBSEQUENT TO THE DURHAM MISSION, 1839-1842

(Concluded)

Before September 26th in this year of 1842 two things had happened: a canal had been begun on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, through the Beauharnois property, and the first Baldwin-Lafontaine ministry had been formed. With the first, Wakefield had attained his great personal object. There were many who said that he had attained it by wholesale corruption (he was rumoured to have disbursed very large sums of money), and that in the South Shore canal the Government had deliberately preferred the worse route to the better. The same men said about the second event that Bagot had called the French to power because he had fallen under the malign influence of Wakefield, and that Wakefield had advised the fatal step because so many patriotic English had fought against his graft that his only hope lay in making a party among the French, by whom also he was surrounded at Beauharnois, and putting power in their hands. The facts about the canal, to attack that question first, can be gleaned from the newspapers, from the printed evidence taken before a Parliamentary Committee which investigated the whole transaction that autumn, and from one or two official despatches.

Wakefield reached Montreal, as we have said, about January 20th, and evidently got in touch at once with the Board of Works. We must remember that the Parliamentary vote of the previous autumn had demanded a canal, and had not definitely rejected the plan of one on the south shore built by money advanced by the Beauharnois Company, as the North American Colonial Association of Ireland was coming to be called, although it had refused to be bound to it. Therefore the matter now rested with the Executive. We must also remember that Wakefield, as a former subordinate of Lord Durham's, had plenty of acquaintances in Canada and would have no difficulty in approaching the right people.† In par-

†Before he sailed in January he had written the Colonial Office asking for leave to use a letter which Lord Durham had filed with his report in 1839 for the purpose of acknowledging Wakefield's value to his mission, in his authorized, though unofficial, position. Obviously he was collecting credentials.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

ticular Mr. Dominick Daly, in 1842 Provincial Secretary for Canada East, had been a member of Lord Durham's Special Council, and seems to have become a personal friend of Wakefield. And it was he, according to evidence given before the select committee, who first broached the project with the Board of Works. At all events, on February 15th, less than a month after Wakefield's landing, Mr. Killaly, Chairman of the Board of Works, announced that as regards "the continuation of the St. Lawrence Canal below Coteau du Lac, the survey will be commenced as soon as weather permits, and work probably commenced this season." In a letter written the month following to the *Colonial Gazette*, Wakefield remarked that the necessity of completing the canal was the one point on which Sir Charles Bagot had been decided, adding, "The Board of Works at least is full of activity." During the late winter and early spring months the survey was hastily completed. On June 13th the Committee of the Executive Council recommended the Board of Works to proceed with the canal on a line through the Beauharnois property; on June 14th £50,000 was advanced by the City Bank, acting through Dunscomb, member for Beauharnois and a director of the bank, and on the same day Sir Charles Bagot announced to the Montreal Board of Trade the decision which had been made. Ground was actually broken on July 20th. On July 19th Bagot addressed to Lord Stanley an official despatch defending the decision, and also a private letter in which he explained in direct language the interested sources from which sprang some of the opposition, as, for instance, the seigneurs on the north shore who had hoped to see their own property improved, and a customs officer at Coteau du Lac, who was unwilling to see the office removed to the south shore. A curious fact is that the arguments in this letter are identical even to the sub-headings with those of an article which appeared in the *Montreal Gazette* of June 25th.

Wakefield had carried his point. If he had used corrupt means he had covered his tracks well. In all the angry investigation which ensued in October, the closest questioning failed to disclose him at work. Harrison, Provincial Secretary for Canada West, questioned as to his reason for hastening the commencement of the canal, gave a well-sounding answer

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA

about the need of providing work for destitute emigrants. Dunscomb, questioned regarding the loan, refused to admit that in all the negotiations the particular shore which the canal should follow had never been specified. Dunn, the Receiver-General, confronted with the direct question, "Had you any communication, verbally or otherwise, on the subject of the Beauharnois Canal or the loan from the City Bank, with Mr. E. G. Wakefield?" answered, "I never had any conversation with him on the subject, to the best of my recollection." When Killaly was asked the same question he replied that he had written to Mr. E. G. Wakefield "as an influential person residing in Beauharnois," and through his help had obtained the relinquishments of about two hundred persons through whose land the canal would pass. All very innocent. Yet no one doubted at the time, and we need not doubt to-day, that in lending the money the City Bank was merely an agent for the Beauharnois Company, and that throughout the negotiations, whatever hand might be seen, the voice was the voice of Wakefield. How far corrupt means were used, and whether the south shore line was really the wrong one, are different questions, not easy to answer at the present day. Many said that the survey, conducted so hastily at an unfavourable season, was only a pretence, and that the result had been a foregone conclusion from the beginning. The protest sounds reasonable. But as the select committee failed to come to any verdict, the historian, scanning after many years the close pages of contradictory expert evidence which baffled contemporaries, can hardly hope to find one.

Leaving this matter, then, with the certainty that Wakefield used every legitimate means to forward his Company's interest, but without proof that he went beyond legitimate means, we turn our attention to the political history of Canada during the months January-September, 1842. For Wakefield, as his editor, Mr. James Collier, has said, was born and reared a public soul. Even his intrigues were never for his own private gain, but always for advantage to some one of his projects, and the public affairs of the country where he dwelt were certain to possess his mind. Half-way through September of that year Sir Charles Bagot appointed to office a Council in which the majority vote would go against the old

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

official party, and which, since it contained four of the French leaders, could command the French vote and therefore the majority in the Legislature. It was a momentous step, which at once raised the French from their abasement as conquered rebels, and accepted the principle of responsible government. The question we have to consider is whether Wakefield influenced Bagot in taking it. If he did, he did something of historical importance, and we need not trouble ourselves much about the considerations which moved him.

There can be no doubt that he approved of what was done, for he published many articles applauding it. Nor is there any doubt that he tried to further the formation of the ministry. We know that he wrote to Mr. J. J. Girouard (he published the letter himself in 1844) urging the French to consent to take office in a coalition with the English Reformers. He certainly thought he had furthered it, for, to adduce only one bit of proof, in his pamphlet on the Government of Sir Charles Metcalfe he used the words, "It is here necessary for me to state, that *having taken a very active part in promoting that change* under Sir Charles Bagot . . ." Such a belief was at the time practically universal in Canada. The press teems with it, pitched in all keys, from the abusive utterances of *The Church*, quoted by the Kingston Chronicle, Nov. 2, which says that "this felon has exercised a mysterious influence in our affairs," and inquires whether Her Majesty's Representative is "to allow his Government to be supported by, and in turn to support, a convicted felon," to the dignified inquiry contained on Oct. 18, 1843, in the *Montreal Gazette*, which had been entirely friendly to Wakefield during the canal affair, but which now asked drily whether Mr. Wakefield was intending to unmake the ministry which he had made.*

*The malignity of his opponents has at times its ludicrous aspect. Thus an anonymous pamphlet, entitled "Canada under Four Successive Generations," presents an ingenious theory based on the supposition that Durham, while Ambassador at St. Petersburg, had entered into a plot to betray the British Empire to the Czar. The Durham Report and the Beauharnois Canal appear in this theory as calculated steps leading up to the great calamity, the Baldwin-Lafontaine Ministry, which will of course fulfil the terms of the bargain by disrupting the Empire.

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA

All this evidence has a good deal of weight, especially as every fact we have been able to discover leads in the same direction, and goes to strengthen the belief that Wakefield had obtained influence with Bagot and had first advised and then planned the change of government.

It has always been one of the puzzles of history that a man like Bagot, whose whole life offers no further proof that he possessed first-class political powers, and who had had no experience as an administrator, should have been the solitary official to see to the heart of the Canadian problem and take the one risky step that led to its solution. The customary explanation is that he did not see to its heart, but that he followed the path of least resistance and yielded to the clamour of the Reformers. It is usual to add that he liked peace and comfort. He was certainly not laying up peace and comfort and preferment for his future life when he displeased his official superiors, as by this step he did, and as he knew he was doing. The explanation is not convincing. A more recent and more intelligent view, founded mainly upon the ability made evident in the great despatch of September 26th which announced the change of policy, has spoken of Bagot as a "great opportunist," who first found his powers under stress of the emergency. But such a sudden outburst of capacity seems doubtful. Allowing all possible weight to the pressure of the Canadian statesmen, one can yet believe that some one helped Bagot to take the clear view of the whole situation we find expressed in the despatch, and to act accordingly. His secretary, Murdock, until he went home at the end of July was one who helped. After that, who more likely to do so than the man who had already shown his powers in the contribution he had admittedly made to the lucid exposition of the great Report? It is impossible to make a hero of Wakefield. Even if one leaves out of account his early errors, the image has feet of clay. But he had one of the greatest political minds of his time, he was credited by many people with the actual authorship of the Report, he had founded the flourishing colonies of South Australia and New Zealand; even the unwilling official class were beginning to regard him as an authority upon colonial questions. What more natural than that Sir Charles Bagot should respect his opinions? It is extremely

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

likely that Murdock had weighed them carefully before he went home.

If we look for proof, the first thing we discover is that Wakefield left no one in doubt as to what his opinions were. Quite the most valuable material we possess for the present purpose is contained in a series of articles he wrote from Canada for publication in the *Colonial Gazette*. Beginning on January 26th, he wrote once a month, giving his views on Canadian affairs both political and economic. The letters show him at his best, with none of the special pleading which sometimes damages his work. It is worth while to examine them rather minutely, for from them one may be able to deduce what is going on behind the scenes.

From the very first he espouses the cause of the French-Canadians. One may almost say that he does so before the very first, for on October 13th, 1841, while still in England, he had written, in the course of an article which anticipates with singular prescience the judgment of history upon Lord Sydenham, ". . . For example, . . . he has done nothing whatever in the shape of securities for equal justice for the oppressed and persecuted Canadians of French origin. He could not do everything at once, and his successor alone will be blamed if that should remain undone . . ." In the first letter from Canada he returns to the charge. The country is tranquil, he says, in the sense that there is no danger of revolt, but there is no moral tranquility because the French are not loyal, and cannot be, considering the grievances under which they labour. There follows a remarkable paragraph, pointing out as shrewdly as any of Lord Sydenham's as yet unpublished despatches the chaos that was the Canadian Parliament. Here is his key-note,—French disabilities and an unsatisfactory Parliament.

Letters II, III, and IV are mainly occupied with discussions of Peel's Canadian Corn Law and its reception in Canada, with faint complainings of Bagot's inactivity. The fifth letter, written on May 28th, a week after Bagot had reached Montreal on his first visit, mentions various appointments that are likely to be made. The intimations are most discreetly given; "it is said" that Mr. Hincks is to be Inspector-General; "rumour also says" that a "Family Compact man"

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA

is to be made Solicitor-General of Upper Canada; "it is inferred" from the project of filling up the Chief-Justiceship of Lower Canada that Sir Charles Bagot has resolved not to proclaim Lord Sydenham's Anglifying Ordinances; "rumour says" that M. Valliere de St. Réal is to be the new Chief Justice. It all sounds as if he were merely repeating current gossip—until you read an editorial in the *Montreal Gazette* of August 10th (after the paper containing the letter had reached Canada) which inquires how "some weeks before such rumours were current in Montreal this ubiquitous writer was enabled to prognosticate with all the confidence of assurance" the above-mentioned appointments. Then you realize that in some way, direct or indirect, Wakefield has been in touch with Bagot. He approves all the appointments, one may notice, except that of the "Family Compact man," which he says is as if the Queen were to send for "Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell . . . and tell them to jumble themselves with a lot of their respective friends into an efficient Administration. The putting together into power of such antagonistic materials can never be of service to government or country." There is nothing equivocal here.

We may regard it as certain, then, that by the end of May Wakefield had access to Bagot and was sufficiently in his confidence to know the appointments he was meditating. Whether or not he expressed his own opinion at this time, the timid policy was at all events tried. The next letter, written June 13th, while Bagot was still in Montreal, mentions that all the rumoured appointments have been made, and a further "jumbling" attempted in the offer of the Solicitor-Generalship of Lower Canada to M. Cherrier, who has, however, declined. A paragraph follows which suggests that Wakefield definitely knew the reason for the Governor's temporizing measures.

"This advantage (the confidence of the Imperial Government) Lord Sydenham possessed in a high degree, and it was the main cause of the success of his administration of affairs here. He could do as he pleased: and in whatever he did he was sure to be backed by Lord John Russell." Is Sir Charles Bagot in a less secure position? "If it is so, so surely will Sir Charles Bagot 'break down', notwithstanding his many obvious good qualities. Mark my words; have I not almost a

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

right to give myself the airs of a prophet in speaking of Canadian affairs?"

Note especially the tone of assurance in the last sentence, a tone very unusual with Wakefield. He must have felt quite secure in the governor's confidence. What he hints here about Bagot's uneasy relations with Lord Stanley he states in plain language in 1844, when he says that he has positive knowledge that Stanley's displeasure over the change of ministry aggravated Bagot's illness so that it became fatal.

The next letter, written July 10th, while the governor was in Quebec, was meant to prepare the public mind in England for a desperate stroke, and perhaps to dispel the last mist of indecision from His Excellency's mind. "... without an amnesty (to the French), there is not, I firmly believe, the least chance of harmony between the Executive and the Assembly for the coming session. So absolutely necessary is it for Lord Sydenham's successor to have this healing measure, this powerful means of conciliation and peace, at his disposal, that most people concluded he had not left England without permission to use it. Everything now indicates that his hands are tied fast with respect to the power of pardoning and forgetting. If it be so, he had better resign, for his own sake, before the meeting of the Parliament. That event cannot be postponed beyond the middle of September."

The final letter was written on August 12th, after Bagot had again visited Montreal, and, presumably, had had more conversations with Wakefield. The change of tone is unmistakable. There is no further criticism or guesswork. He writes with full clear confidence, after the manner of an accredited envoy whose business is to win a favourable hearing for the affairs of his principal. Evidently the understanding between the pair is now complete. He knows that the governor has resolved to follow the course he has been advising, and he sets himself to a supreme effort of advocacy.

The letter is one of the ablest Wakefield ever wrote. It begins with a masterly analysis of the political situation, and shows that if the Governor faces Parliament with his present Council a vote of want of confidence is certain. Supposing it passed, the Governor has two possible courses, (1) to disregard the vote and govern by a minority, thus heading

straight for disaster, or (2) to appoint a Council which can command a majority. If he decides for the latter course, whom shall he appoint? By an analysis of the parties in the House, and an exhaustive consideration of all possible combinations, Wakefield reaches the conclusion that the only way to follow the second course is to choose some men from the French leaders and some from the English Reformers, and trust them to work together. The letter is much too long to be quoted entire, but its style and manner are so material to our argument that we must make some excerpts:

" . . . What that mischief might be, will appear from a brief account of the state of parties in the Assembly and in the country.

"In the United Province there are four great parties, which may be described as follows:

First. Lower Canada French; who have been described by Lord Durham (too unfavourably, I now think, and with far too little regard to their deep interest in the British connection) whom their rebellion has crushed, upon whom the Union was forced, and who, though they compose a full half of the population of the whole province, are excluded from all share in the government of their country.

Second. Lower Canada British; on whom the rebellion conferred the character of a dominant race, and according to whose ideas the Lower Province was governed during Lord Sydenham's time.

Third. Upper Canada Tories; who ruled their own province before the Union, who *made* their rebellion, whose power Lord Sydenham destroyed by breaking up the party, and who long to recover their old position as a minority ruling in flat opposition to the wishes of the great majority. The chiefs of this party are known as the Family Compact.

Fourth. Upper Canada Reformers; consisting of all whom the Family Compact used regularly to exclude from influence in the government of their country, and forming the great majority.

I leave out of account a goodly number in both divisions of the province who have no marked political opinions, and who would be apt to go with the strongest party, of whatever colour it might be.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

The representatives of the four political parties, together with a certain number of loose fish who hardly disguise that their sole object is personal aggrandizement, and who would go with the strongest, compose the Assembly in the following proportions or thereabouts: Lower Canada (including some members of English origin who have been sent to Parliament by French constituencies), rather more than two-eighths; Lower Canada British, rather less than one-eighth; Upper Canada Reformers, three-eighths; Loose Fish, one-eighth.

The combination of parties forming the majority which carried Lord Sydenham through the first session of the United Parliament, consisted of all the Lower Canada British, and all the Upper Canada Reformers except two or three who sided with the French, and all the Loose Fish; making about five-eighths of the House. The minority, consisting of all the Lower Canada French and all the Upper Canada Tories, was in constant opposition to Lord Sydenham's Government; and his majority was so little reliable that it may be said he dashed through the session in spite of several defeats, by dint of driving the coach himself, and hard flogging, not to mention the £1,500,000 to be guaranteed by England, and the foolish fear entertained by the Upper Canada Reformers of getting an out-and-out Tory Government here in consequence of the general election then taking place in England.

Lord Sydenham's Executive Council was composed of all sorts of men, every one of whom gave up more or less of his own opinions in order to adopt Lord Sydenham's; and among whom there was no popular leader of any party, after Mr. Robert Baldwin, the leader till then of the Upper Canada Reformers, resigned and went into opposition along with the French. It is quite certain, therefore, that Lord Sydenham's Government would not have got through another session in harmony with the Assembly. I have no doubt that if he had lived and been compelled to remain, he would have changed his policy and his Council so as to command a majority in the Assembly.

" . . . while, therefore, Sir Charles Bagot's Council is rather more heterogeneous than Lord Sydenham's, it is very considerably less qualified to command a majority in the Assembly. And there is this yet more important difference

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA

between the two cases—that while Lord Sydenham's Parliamentary experience enabled him to be his own Prime Minister, and while Lord John Russell's entire confidence in him gave him vast individual influence as the representative of the Crown, Sir Charles Bagot has had no practice in party politics, and is supposed (the supposition being quite as bad as the fact) to be very far from free to do just what in his judgment would suit every exigency as it occurred, and still further from being sure of unhesitating and public approval at home, let him do what he might.

In only one respect is Sir Charles Bagot's position better than Lord Sydenham's. The latter, as the vigorous promoter of the Union, and partisan of the British in Lower Canada, would have found it very difficult, not to say impossible, to come to any terms with the French; who, I believe, would gladly come to terms with Sir Charles Bagot, as one unconnected with the not very pure work of carrying the Union by hook or by crook—as the first Governor who has made a French Canadian (the eminent M. Vallières de St. Réal) Chief Justice of Montreal—as an organ of the Imperial power who is supposed to disapprove in his heart of the exclusion of the French from all share in the government of their country.

The parties in the Assembly who, it is believed, will join in a vote of want of confidence in the present Government, are all of the Upper Canada Tories, led by Sir Allan McNab; all the French, led by Mr. Lafontaine; a good many of the Upper Canada Reformers, who object to the balancing plan of putting an extreme Tory into the Council at the same time with an extreme Reformer, and to whom the real and weighty grievances of the French will be explained this session by English representatives of the French party, who have got into Parliament during the recess—these being led by Mr. Robert Baldwin; some of the Loose Fish, whom Sir Charles Bagot cannot bring himself to buy with a place; and even some of the Lower Canada British, led by Mr. Moffatt, who call the most unexceptionable appointment of M. Vallières a subjection of the Province to French domination, and who, because they can no longer have their own will upon the French, would be glad to see the Governor-General in such a mess as might by

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

chance bring him under their influence. These would form a large majority, perhaps nearly six-eighths, of the Assembly.

* * * * *

"It is understood by everybody here whose opinions deserve any attention, that the French Canadians have got what may be termed the casting-vote in the representation of United Canada. For this they should thank God; for it is by this alone that, after the rebellion, they could have been spared from extermination by the rude hands of the British party. It shows that the Union, if worked in the spirit of justice, is calculated to protect the French from the evils of a perpetual warfare with the British in Lower Canada. Under the Union, the French cannot *be* the majority, but they can *give* the majority to any other considerable party. This, their balancing-power, is felt and acknowledged by all who really know much about Canada politics. Influenced by a knowledge of this important power in the French, the Upper Canada Tory leaders, among whom there are some men of great political experience and ability, have ever since the middle of last session, contemplated a union between their party and the French. The conditions of the bargain would be very simple. "Let us unite," say the Upper Canada Tories, "so as to form a majority in the Assembly; and then let us divide the Government of Canada between us, you taking the East and we the West."

* * * * *

This plan (that of calling the French to power) might be pursued *moderately*; i.e., by admitting the French, not, as in the case before supposed, to the whole power of Government in Lower Canada, but to a fair share. . . . The party most interested in such a combination are the now excluded French. I firmly believe that they would come into it, . . . I think that they would even be reasonable in their demands, not asking for more than might be properly granted, but provided always that the concessions were sufficient to prove the Governor-General in earnest. They have been so often taken in that they may be pardoned for being very suspicious. In dealing with them Sir Charles Bagot's goodness of heart and total want of guile would be very serviceable to him.

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GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA

"Let us recapitulate. The present state of things cannot last over another month. The Assembly is sure to condemn the present Executive. It would be madness in the Governor-General to defy the Assembly. In order to get a majority in the Assembly to go along with him, Sir Charles Bagot must needs adopt a policy and form a Council different from those of his predecessor. Two schemes present themselves to his choice. The one would be the greatest possible change from what now is; the other but a partial change. The one would ere long produce an extensive and the most formidable disaffection; the other is a change recommended by justice, not likely to revolt the moderate of any party, and calculated to attach the vast majority to the Imperial connexion.

"My predilection for the latter course is here avowed. I firmly believe that it is the only one by which Sir Robert Peel's Governor of United Canada can escape severe troubles ending in conspicuous failure. His decision will have been made about a month hence, and before this will have returned to Canada printed in your columns."

Parliament, as we have said, met on September 8. Wakefield was in Kingston on the opening day, ostensibly, and to some extent actually, on his own affairs, for the Beauharnois Company was certain to draw fire, but also, one imagines, with an eye to public events as well. On September 13 the Governor made an offer to Mr. Lafontaine. It was refused. The House began to debate a motion of want of confidence, and nothing was in sight but confusion and disaster. Next day Sir Charles Bagot took the very unusual step—so unusual as to draw comment from all quarters—of causing his letter to Mr. Lafontaine to be read in the House, that all might see exactly what his offer had been. He (or some other person) guessed that the French party as a whole had for some reason been kept in ignorance of its real terms, and calculated that this publicity would force the hand of their leader. The calculation was correct. Mr. Lafontaine at once began to negotiate, and after one or two minor concessions had been made to save his face, accepted office in September.

Now let the reader remember that when Wakefield feared the Durham Report would never see Parliament, he took the highly irregular step of publishing it in the *Times* before ever

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

it had been submitted to the Government. Let him remember that when he doubted the sincerity of Poulett Thomson he published his professions of Canadian policy (and in doing so came perilously near the line of betraying a confidential conversation), so that Thomson might be forced to stand by them. And then let him ask himself who planned that daring but successful stroke by which Lafontaine was forced into office. The move has Wakefield written large all over it. Placed alongside his own later claims, the universal opinion of the day, and the conclusions one is obliged to draw from studying the articles in the *Colonial Gazette*, it goes a long way towards crystalizing a belief that he really was giving advice to the Governor and Mr. Draper.

There is one more piece of evidence, which would weigh more heavily if the documents could be reproduced here in their entirety. On September 26, Sir Charles Bagot addressed to Lord Stanley the despatch already once mentioned. The following excerpts may give some idea of its quality:

" . . . It was also necessary for me to visit the Lower Province in order to judge for myself of the disposition of the French Canadians, which I took the first opportunity of doing.

"Before describing to your Lordship the result of my experience thus obtained, it may be necessary for me to revert to the circumstances of the two Provinces at the time when Lord Sydenham assumed the reins of Government, and to trace briefly the subsequent course of events.

"On Lord Sydenham's arrival, he found the Lower Province deprived of a Constitution—the Legislative functions of the Government being administered by a special Council consisting of a small number of members, nominated by the Crown. The people—at least a large portion of those of French origin—prostrate under the effects of the Rebellion—overawed by the power of Great Britain—and excluded from all share in the Government—had resigned themselves to a sullen and reluctant submission, or to a perverse, but passive, resistance to the Government.

"This temper was not improved by the passing of the Act of Union. In this measure, heedless of the generosity of the Imperial Government in overlooking their recent disaffection, and giving them a free and popular Constitution, such as it had

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA

not previously accorded to any of the most loyal, of the other British dependencies, they apprehended a new instrument of subjection, and accordingly prepared to resist it. Lord Sydenham found them in this disposition, and despairing from its early manifestations of the possibility of overcoming or appeasing it, before the periods at which it would be necessary to put in force the Act of Union, he determined upon evincing his indifference to it, and upon taking steps to carry out his views in spite of the opposition of the French party. In pursuance of this object, he took advantage of the existence of the Special Council to pass several Ordinances which he deemed necessary to the future welfare of the Province, but which, containing enactments repugnant to the past habits and prejudices of the population, he expected would be violently opposed in the United Parliament, if deferred for the decision of that body. This further exasperated the French Canadians, and as Lord Sydenham, after one unsuccessful attempt, abandoned all further efforts at conciliation, they have from that time until my arrival, uniformly declared and evinced their hostility to the Union, as a measure forced upon them, . . . and have maintained a consistent, united, and uncompromising opposition to the Government which was concerned in carrying it into execution. I regret to add that a strong personal animosity to Lord Sydenham, into the causes of which it is unnecessary to inquire, has greatly tended to increase this feeling.

“In Upper Canada, the folly and wickedness of the parties engaged in the revolt of 1837 had aroused a spirit of indignation and loyalty in the mass of the population. . . . A fierce struggle, however, was going on between the dominant party in the Government (which, though numerically very small, had for years maintained an exclusive sway in the Executive) and the large majority of the Inhabitants. That party, whose strength depended upon the exclusion of the popular voice, and upon the arbitrary exercise of the Imperial authority under their direction, was naturally very averse to a Union of the Provinces, which in its principle broke up the exclusive character of their system, and in its provisions admitted to the fullest extent the representative form of government. Lord Sydenham, therefore, found it necessary

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

to break the opposition of this party, which, as it had at any time but a very precarious hold upon public opinion, he soon effected; and by this policy succeeded in gaining the good will and support of that portion of the population which, under the name of Reformers, included those who on principle favoured a popular system of Government, and those who with more moderate views joined in opposing the exclusive system which had hitherto prevailed. By the aid of this party he carried through the Legislative Resolutions approving and adopting the Union, which he had already obtained, without difficulty, from the Special Council of Lower Canada by a Proclamation of the Governor.

“When this took place, it became necessary to form a new Government to administer the affairs of the United Province, and to convoke a House of Assembly in compliance with the provisions of the Act of Union. Lord Sydenham, I have stated, found the Government of the Lower Province entirely in the hands of the British party (the French Canadians having for many years been excluded from it) and that of the Upper Province in the hands of the party above described. The French Canadians had placed it out of his power to invite them to a share in his Government, and their avowed opposition to the Union rendered such a course undesirable. In constituting, therefore, his new Executive Council, he selected such members of the former Government in Lower Canada as he thought fit, and detached from the governing party in the Upper Province some of the ablest of the body, who were willing after the passing of the Union to forego their objections to the measure, and to assist in carrying out its provisions; and these, with two or three new members, completed his Council, which might be said to represent the Reformer or popular party of Upper Canada, and the moderate Conservatives of both Provinces.

* * * * *

“Out of the whole body (of the Assembly) the Government obtained a small, but inconsistent and uncertain, majority. At the beginning of the Session, it is true, the members generally supported the Government in opposition to the extreme parties; but this aid was soon withdrawn. Lord Sydenham, feeling that it would be necessary to strengthen

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA

the position of the Executive in the House, and that if he could conciliate the French, the Government would be able to withstand all other opposition, endeavoured to adopt that course, but without success. Members of that party who accepted office from him, were invariably rejected from their seats, when they sought to be re-elected; and an overture, made to the party through Mr. Lafontaine, was abruptly broken off. As the Session advanced, the supporters of the Government, thus weakened, were so reduced in number, that, with all their exertions, some of the most important ministerial measures were passed by a bare majority, and in one or two cases by the casting vote of the Speaker, and in this posture the affairs of the Session closed.

* * * * *

“I felt satisfied that the distrust and ill will which had been engendered among the French Canadians by their long exclusion from a share in the administration of public affairs, would be dispelled by such a measure (calling them to the Council) : that they would receive it as a boon with gratitude, and would give in exchange for it their support in the Legislature, and their assistance throughout the Lower Province in carrying out the main provisions of the Union. Their leaders had already perceived that their opposition to the Union was fruitless, and that a continuance of it would only deprive them of the advantages of the Act, and expose them to many evils consequent upon their resistance. Some of them were therefore ready to abandon their opposition, and to meet any reasonable overture on my part. The opportunity once lost would not, I was convinced, be soon, if ever, recovered. I felt equally confident that this policy would meet with the support of the mass of British Reformers and moderate men of all parties in the Legislature and the Province; and that, if I succeeded in my attempt, I should have taken the first great step to consolidate the Union, to restore content to the Lower Provinces, without disturbing the tranquillity of the Upper, and to lay the foundation of the permanent prosperity of Canada.

“I knew, however, that I could not hope to succeed with the French Canadians as a race, and my object was to deal with them as such, and not as a mere party in the House, unless I

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

did secure the services of men who possess their confidence, and who would bring to my assistance, not only their own talents and some votes in the House of Assembly, but the good will and attachment of their race, and that I could not obtain such services unless I was willing to place the individuals in a position in my Council which would prevent them from feeling themselves a hopeless minority against a suspicious and adverse majority, unless, in fact, I admitted them on liberal and generous terms."

* * * * *

"... The High Conservative party, I ascertained, had made overtures to the French Canadians, and the extreme opponents of the Government, and were prepared to combine with them in order to overthrow my Executive Council, heedless of the inconsistency of such a course, and the difficulties in which its success would have placed me."

Of this despatch it has been said that it is a work of genius if a despatch can ever deserve that name. The world hardly expected genius from Sir Charles Bagot. But in Canada at that time there *was* a genius, and as one reads the despatch, admiring its breadth, its amazing lucidity, the ease and certainty with which many tributary rills are drawn into the main stream of the argument, one is arrested by the recollection that these are the very attributes by which one recognizes Wakefield's work, even unsigned. As one dwells on the idea, one is surprised to find also how much matter is common to the two documents. In each of the series of excerpts printed above is found (*a*) a statement of Sydenham's personal unpopularity with the French, (*b*) one of Bagot's popularity, lightly stressed in the second series, as good taste required, but still there, (*c*) a very similar account of the composition of Sydenham's majority in the House, and of the difficulty with which he got through the Session, (*d*) a statement of the likelihood of a coalition, hostile to the Government, being formed between the French and the High Tories, (*e*) a confident expectation that the French would accept the measure of power offered them, without grasping at the whole. It is true that the styles of the two documents are superficially dissimilar. One is a journalistic letter, the other a state document; each is written in the style that fits it. But the

GIBBON WAKEFIELD AND CANADA

manner of the two, if that word may be used to designate such broad categories as modes of thought, clearness of statement, and orderly arrangement, is identical. I may be pardoned for repeating once more the phrase used above, "the ease and certainty with which many tributary rills are drawn into the main stream of the argument." It applies equally to both documents. The range and quality of the writer's mind expresses itself in a fundamental matter like this, and if two documents show the same characteristic they are likely to be written by the same man. One notes also even such points of style, not easily concealed, as the brief introductory statement which focusses attention on a mass of details to follow—a journalist's device of which one example is found in each of our series of excerpts: (1) "What that mischief might be, will appear from a brief account of the state of parties in the Assembly and in the country." and (2) "Before describing to your Lordship the result of my experience thus obtained, it will be necessary for me to revert to the circumstances of the two Provinces at the time when Lord Sydenham assumed the reins of Government, and to trace briefly the subsequent course of events." The argument is closely knit together by the use of words of reference, such as "that mischief" in (1), and "thus" in (2). In short a prolonged analysis affords reason for a strong belief that the state document was composed at least partially by the same man who wrote in the *Colonial Gazette*. I have myself a pleasant if freakish vision of a back room somewhere in Alwington House where Wakefield and Bagot's secretary laboured to present the new move in the most seductive light (the word is Mr. Vernon Smith's) to Lord Stanley.

If we are right in our tracing of the part he played in 1842, we can understand why, although evidently anxious to have some of the credit, he never gave any details of or any proof of his share in the formation of the ministry. His was an entirely extra-constitutional rôle, which with the constitutionally-minded would have reflected discredit on him, and, what was of more consequence, on the Governor. The only claim he could advance in public was that he had possessed influence with the French and had persuaded them to take up office, some proof of which claim he did offer in the shape of

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

the letter to Mr. Girouard, which we have already mentioned. I do not believe that this claim is entitled to much credence.* But I do believe that although Responsible Government was likely to come sooner or later without his help, or indeed in spite of it, as events under Sir Charles Metcalfe prove, yet in the actual drama of 1842 his figure is an important one. He acquired over Sir Charles Bagot the kind of influence which a great mind can always exercise upon an able though lesser one. He threw all his weight on the side of the Reformers and the cry for Responsible Government. He planned the stroke that pushed the Coalition into office. And he wrote, or helped to write, the despatch which announced the victory.

URSILLA N. MACDONNELL.

*Wakefield had already tried under Lord Durham to persuade the French to give up a cherished attitude for a new one, and had failed. All the evidence on this point is carefully examined in *Attainment of Canadian Self-Government* by F. Bradshaw. In 1839 Lafontaine had published a letter touching those early negotiations which shows plainly the distrust Wakefield had inspired in his cautious, sagacious mind.

REVIEWS

Songs of Service and Sacrifice. It is with keen relish that one takes up a new book by Professor Jordan. One expects to find not merely scholarship, insight, literary appreciation, and distinction of style, but also those higher qualities of "spiritual fellowship and sympathy" which Dr. Jordan himself describes as the most necessary part of the expositor's equipment (p. 175).

These qualities are manifest in a rare degree in the *Songs of Service and Sacrifice*, a study of Isaiah xl.-lv., with special emphasis on the Servant Songs. The subject is one thoroughly congenial to Dr. Jordan. One feels on every page how much of his own heart and soul he has thrown into it. Thus under his luminous exposition the old songs become once more vocal to us, stock phrases are filled with "fresh life-blood," words blurred by usage take on anew "the image and superscription" of the King, and across the gulf of ages they ring out their message of faith and hope, duty and cheer.

An introductory chapter places the prophecy in its historical setting, and dwells with fine sympathy on its poetic qualities, its "softness and diffuseness," its wooing grace and tenderness. But, as "it is not the mere music of the songs but the living truth in them that keeps them alive" (p. 29), the exposition is devoted mainly to this "living truth" which is the *motif* of the music. Its keynotes are found in the two words Service and Sacrifice. The prophecy is a clarion call to service. Striking through the sombre prose of the exiles' life in Babylonia, it summons them to the service for which they had been chosen and prepared through all their vicissitudes of fortune—to be the bearer's of God's light and grace to the nations. For this high service the essential conditions are the willingness "which redeem service from drudgery and gives it a touch of true nobility" (p. 77), the scholar's readiness to learn the daily lesson (pp. 128ff.), "the unconquerable confidence of true faith" (pp. 133ff.), above all, the spirit of sacrifice which will flinch from no suffering that meets one on the path of duty (pp. 136ff.). Israel had been slow to learn the lesson of its election, blind and deaf to its mission as the Servant of Jehovah, impatient of its discipline,

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

at times discouraged and despondent, "oppressed by the feeling of the emptiness and futility" of its service. But it had learned to carry its case to the final court of appeal—the justice at the heart of God—and there it had found courage and strength. Now the prophet comes to it with the assurance that the path of sacrifice is the path of accomplishment, that through suffering even to death the Servant of Jehovah not merely wins his own salvation, but becomes the channel of salvation to the world (pp. 149ff.).

The exposition is not laid out on such hard, logical lines as the last paragraph might imply. It turns aside to muse by the wayside on the great problems of God and life and duty. As it muses, the fire burns; and it is apt, like the prophecy itself, "at the moment to break forth into singing." Among the more suggestive of these musings we may indicate those on the new note in all true prophecy (pp. 40f.), the bearing of theology on life (pp. 45 ff.), the real meaning of the doctrine of election as "a simple but splendid affirmation of God's rule over nature and human life" (p. 57), the relation of election to evolution (pp. 58ff.), redemption as the basis of service (pp. 61 ff.), the quiet coming of all great blessings to the world (pp. 72f.), the glory of "calm service—gentle words and unobtrusive deeds" (pp. 79ff.), the difficulty of realising that "God is greater than the creeds," and that the true services of God consists in simple goodness (pp. 93f.), the necessity of "solving our own problems in a Christian spirit" as the pre-condition of our helping other nations (p. 109), the vital importance of true culture for efficient service (pp. 128ff.), the testing of culture by life (pp. 130ff.), the invincible power of faith (pp. 133ff.), the loneliness of greatness (pp. 138ff.), and the universality of the vicarious principle (pp. 151ff.).

In a closing chapter, based on the question of the Ethiopian eunuch, "Of whom speaketh the prophet this?" Dr. Jordan deals with the fulfilment of the prophecy in Christ. This chapter shows true spiritual tact as well as insight. Christ fulfilled the prophecy not by any mechanical correspondence to the various features in the portrait of the Suffering Servant, but by focussing in Himself the rays of light that shone from it. The abiding glory of these Old Testament prophets was that they pointed to a brighter and broader light than

REVIEW

they knew. "Read in the light that streams from the Cross, it was seen that the prophets had pointed to greater things than they themselves had dreamed of; that it was not the clear, sharp features of their pictures that were the most valuable, but the vague outlines, the unutterable longings, the mystic visions that satisfied their souls by suggestions of the infinite, and also left room for that fulfilment which is not for one age but for all time" (p. 176).

ALEX. R. GORDON.

The Backwoodswoman.* Mrs. Skelton has here hit upon a most delightful way of telling the history of her country. The ordinary Canadian history is apt to have too much of the B. N. A. and not enough of the background. Here conditions are reversed and we have romance which is history and history which is romance. Mrs. Skelton moreover is perfectly catholic, French or U. E. L., Irish or Scots, Lancashire or London, all who come to Canada are equally welcome to her. She tells their tale with equal sympathy and equal affection, whether it be Marie Hébert *seule dans les bois*, the only family for a time that kept the flag flying of New France, or whether it be McDonells or Rosses coming on the trail from the Mohawk Valley, or round by sea in ships, or again whether they came in the Hungry Forties or in "the coffin ships," all are alike to her.

And as her fingers wield the brush the picture grows before us. It is like a forest growing, first a single tree, then two or three, then a clump, then a coppice. Now the trees are stout and high and stretch over acres. Now the air is filled with the calls of life, the underwood is alive and the forest is in being.

It is absolutely necessary to steal a few pages to give the real worth of the book.

"They were the ordinary bateaux of the time, large scow-like affairs, built to carry four or five families and a couple of ton of freight. Their full capacity was thirty-five barrels of flour. They were flat-bottomed, drawing, when loaded, from eighteen inches to two feet of water. Except for one small square sail they were wholly man-propelled. In still water they were fitted with oars, but in rapids only setting poles could be used. Usually they

"The Backwoodswoman," by Isobel Skelton; The Ryerson Press.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

ran in brigades of twelve, with five men to navigate each boat . . . A pilot directed the whole—particularly through the rapids. At these spots only half a brigade was taken through at a time, the crew in each boat guiding it with the setting poles, while a crew from one of the waiting boats walked by the water's edge and pulled it up the rapids with a rope fastened to the bow. This work often necessitated the men spending a whole day up to the waist in water and mire. The women and children, whenever able, walked around the rapids to lighten the work."

"All in all, the shanty living room was full of beauty and distinction of its own. The walls and ceiling beams were either toned by the smoke to a soft brown, which blended in beautifully with the silver greys and creamy yellows of the unpainted furniture and floor, or else they were whitewashed and made a background of cleanness itself for the large black pots and bake-kettles to stand out against. Every article had almost a personal character. The spinning-wheels and flint-lock muskets, the home-made tables, chairs, and bedsteads, and the cradles, churns, brooms and brushes, even were full of individuality. Besides, they were shaped and fashioned from the trees that grew around the door. This gave them a simplicity and harmony with their surroundings which added greatly to their intrinsic worth."

One word as to the style in which this charming book is written. Mrs. Skelton has very wisely avoided pulling out the big stops. The air runs mostly in a minor key. Her book is mostly detail, and it is related in the tone which that detail imposes. This is the history of small things which lay the foundation of a mighty work, and though at times the note rises to suggest the growth and the effort, on the whole it is the note of the chopping at the woodpile, the distant crack of the rifle, the call of the kine, the brawling of the stream, the sounds that reached the ear of the Backwoodswoman.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

On Votes and Measures. It is becoming increasingly evident that the practices of democracy on this continent are widely different from those which prevail in the mother of Parliaments. Obviously similar differences exist in France, where the institution of the Bloc system leads to its own special results. In Germany there seems a difficulty in getting any parliamentary system in operation at all, while Italy, Spain and Russia have reverted to dictatorial forms of government.

But in Canada, where British institutions have been closely copied in form, one is sometimes surprised at the extent to which the methods of the other side of the line are followed. Perhaps it was the insincerity of party distinctions in the States which led to the fact that so wide a measure of reform as prohibition was put through by non-party organisations. This is taken as a case in point only—the ethics of prohibition not being involved—as illustrating a modern tendency in our politics. Let a cause, whether of temperance or of protection, or of education, or of any other matter, secure a majority or the appearance of such, and it is passively accepted by government and imposed on the people. Now it cannot be avoided that this is abdication on the part of government and legislature. Parliamentary government implies representatives and not deputies. It is true that the tightening of the party system everywhere modified this distinction but the identification of a government with a measure was still accompanied by this characteristic. In the palmy days* of parliamentary government, a measure had to be fought on and debated at length. There may have been only small changes of heart or opinion, but interest was aroused in the comparatively limited electorate. To take a case in point, between 1900-1909 two Education Bills were introduced by the Conservatives and three by the Liberals. The Conservative bills were withdrawn owing to determined resistance by a small opposition backed up by widespread feeling in the country. The Liberal measures were thrown out by the Lords, but the Government in spite of their huge majority felt that the measures had not full national sup-

*Before the premiership of Mr. George and the advent of the "Big Press."

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

port. Now evidently the result of such action must be ultimately agreed legislation, in fact Mr. J. A. Spender once remarked that the difference between an Act and a Bill should be that opposition should have been satisfied or overcome in the country and in the House. Now the great advantage of this process is of course that national unity is preserved and that is a point more important than many reforms and many policies, the absence of minorities labouring under a sense of injustice, whether in the West or the East, whether Canadian or *Canadien*, whether of this denomination or that. Also this method leads ultimately to temperate and rational discussion, the enhancing of the dignity of citizenship.

The Earl of Oxford.—Mr. Asquith's acceptance of a peerage marks perhaps the last milestone on his career. The Manchester Guardian contemplates the possibility of his being called to lead the next government. If Mr. Lloyd George thought this possible he would doubtless be taking out his first papers of naturalisation in the States with a view to his forthcoming candidature for the Presidency; but indeed it is as easy to envisage the one possibility as the other. Mr. Asquith has done his work as a Magistrate in the Junius sense which the *Globe* still keeps fresh in our memories, and it is opportune to review his career. A clever Yorkshire boy gaining a scholarship which enabled him to go to Oxford, he qualified at the Bar, obtained Parliamentary honors and won his spurs as Home Secretary in the last Gladstonian administration—such were Mr. Asquith's origins. As Home Secretary he rather incurred Labor ill-favor by authorising soldiers to fire on the miners on strike in his own county of Yorkshire. Perhaps he knew Yorkshire miners. The same pertinacity led to his endeavouring to oust the Radicals from control of the Liberal party by the formation of the Liberal Imperialist group during the Boer War. Haldane, Grey and himself were its triumvirate and Mr. Lloyd George was left in doubt as to whether C. B. or Lord Roseberry was his leader for the time being.

Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform campaign united the two wings again and also provided them with a body, but the great success fell to Mr. Asquith. He followed Chamberlain round England and dispelled his arguments with pitiless logic. From

NOTES AND COMMENTS

that day to this it has been claimed that Protection is above logic. (We see for example own own Montreal Gazette using pure Free Trade arguments against the impetuous Mr. Preston and the Petersen ships). Asquith became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the great C. B. administration, succeeded C. B. on his decease and put Mr. George at the Exchequer. The Lloyd George second Budget was his challenge to the Lords who had wrecked Liberal measures unsparingly. They threw it out, 'damning the consequences', and precipitated the Lords and Commons strife. This was a great constitutional issue, and exactly suited to Mr. Asquith, who by his massive eloquence, his sobriety, his judgment seemed to incarnate the English statesman and the Englishman at his best. Not the smallest thing he did was the suiting of his policy and procedure to the prejudices of two succeeding sovereigns. The war found him after the harassments of the Irish question and the persecution of the suffragettes perhaps past his prime. His trumpet tones were still clear and resonant. "We shall not sheathe the sword which we have not lightly drawn until" remains a monumental statement of war aims.

But the strain of the war required regular week-ends, and even then he was not working at very high pressure. He was too disposed to trust Kitchener, which relieved him of a mighty responsibility; he took things too phlegmatically; men glanced up at the bridge and saw the captain motionless at his post with huge seas coming aboard, but the impression began to spread that he was frozen stiff, that at best he was fitted to go down with the ship. Then all sorts of things seemed to happen. The deck was cleared for ultimate realities. The men who had put their money into the war wanted to cover it. Democracy wanted a reassurance of its morale. And Lloyd George knew 'he could save this country and no one else could'. A conspiracy was formed, as it had been formed to dispossess Balfour. That astute Canadian, Lord Beaverbrook, took a hand in the game, and Lloyd George, entering Downing Street masked, seized the mummy-like form of the Prime Minister and stood it on end outside the door, the while the said mummy with a momentary grasp of realities murmured the Napoleonic *tête d'armée* phrase "head of the Liberal party." Alas! When it came to the test there was only a Liberal rump, and Asquith not on it. The bourgeois electorate in which Asquith grew up

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

had gone. Democracy and the women with the vote had taken its place, a new Egypt which knew not Joseph. The only salvation of Mr. Asquith would have been to be a "bonnie fechter". But age, loyalty, habitude, Mrs. Asquith, had reduced him to a Joe Beckett. All of which is very sad, sad with the grim ironies of reality. It is why the King with a fine touch of chivalry has put him in the House of Lords which is fast becoming a museum of nineteenth century celebrities.

To sum up one may say of the Earl of Oxford that he was great as a leader in council in constitutional and political affairs, but he was wanting in magnetism and wanting in the convictions that make a popular leader. He was too much a man of culture for these times of pretentious charlatans and Business Bosses in politics. He was always greater in the House than in the country. He sat in his palmy days for a deme of the 'Kingdom of Fife', and those stout burgesses required a little courting and attention to secure their loyalty, which he just failed to give. It was the want of that personal touch which enshrines a man in his constituency as in an inviolable sanctuary. Hence these later wanderings and this final bourne.

W. M. C.

Money and Life.—It is not often that the question of the cash value of a human life presents itself in so dramatic a form as it did recently in the case of the entombed Kentucky cave-explorer, Floyd Collins. Money expended rapidly enough and freely enough would almost certainly have saved Collins's life. But it required a certain amount of time to develop the widespread public interest which was necessary before the money could be forthcoming, since neither Collins nor his family nor his community could ever have provided it. By the time the interest was aroused and the money was forthcoming it was too late to save the victim, although that fact did not become known until after a very large sum had been expended. There are probably, at any given moment, several thousand men and women on this continent who are in substantially the same predicament as Floyd Collins, with the single exception that there is nothing in their case to arrest public attention; men and women held in the grip of some fell disease, still in its early

NOTES AND COMMENTS

stages and capable of being arrested by proper treatment and rest. Money in such cases will actually purchase an extension of life; but how often it is not forthcoming because of a total lack of interest on the part of neighbors and friends! The sense of responsibility is a strange and illogical thing. It is **certain** that millions of people all over America felt a personal responsibility for the life of Floyd Collins, and would gladly have consented to even larger public expenditures or have contributed out of their own pockets, while all the time, under their very windows, in their own factories and their own tenement-houses, there are people whose lives could be saved by one-hundredth of the sum expended in the Kentucky cave. But the newspapers introduced them to Collins, and will never introduce them to the commonplace cases in their own community. Who, indeed, is my neighbor?

Always With Us.—There is not in any state a citizen more likely to aid in bringing the evils of war upon his country than he who believes himself to be insuperably opposed to war, while at the same time he is unwilling to face the price which may in some conceivable circumstances have to be paid for peace. That price may be nothing less than the complete surrender of all national feeling—a willingness to be ruled by aliens under alien institutions rather than raise a finger to repel that intruding rule by force of arms. Those who have honestly faced the problem, and have decided that war is really worse than subjection, are entitled to their view and cannot indeed very well be deprived of it. Their position in time of war, so long as they continue to be a small minority among a majority of more nationalistic fellow-citizens, will necessarily be uncomfortable; but they will be sustained in it by the tremendous character of the decision which they have taken—a decision quite comparable with that taken by the Early Christians in the days of highly probable martyrdom. But it is not with these genuine converts to an honest pacifism that we are here concerned. They **may well** be the spiritual force which will ultimately overcome the world, although the process will be neither rapid nor painless. The citizens with whom we are now concerned belong to a class which for the moment is numerous in the North American continent, a class which is convinced that men can be made

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

peaceful by legislation and corporate action without any particular unpleasantness to anybody. They include the ruling bodies of a number of important nation-wide churches in the United States, which have declared themselves in favor of "outlawing" war, but have quite omitted to state what price they are willing to pay for this worthy object. The United States can quite readily avoid war at any time, by the obvious method of granting the demands that any provocative nation may make upon her; but we fail to find any evidence that "outlawers" of war have even thought about that particular method. On the contrary, they include many of the most ardent advocates of restricted immigration, of refusal of citizenship to certain races, of full collection of international debts due to the United States, of the imposition of certain Washington-made policies upon South America,—in short, of a score of practices which excite the resentment of other nations even when carried on by a government willing to back them if necessary by the sword. To shout for the "outlawing" of war, and at the same time to insist on the performance of acts which may conceivably invite war is an illogical proceeding; and illogical proceedings in international matters are almost certain to cause trouble. We have a perceptible infusion of this kind of vague and woolly thinking in Canada, and its woolliness needs to be exposed on every possible occasion. There is nothing to be feared from frank and logical and consistent argument. People who maintain that Canada must "outlaw" war because the life of a single soldier is more important than the preservation of British institutions and Canadian self-government in this Dominion are in no danger. We know where they stand. But people who talk Canadianism and disarmament in the same breath, who disapprove of the admission of Chinese into Canada but deny Canada the right to fire a single shot against the Chinese fleet that might conceivably some day demand their admission—these people are a peril to the nation, for they enfeeble it today and tomorrow will expect it to defend itself—and them.

B. K. S.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The Political Situation.—The present session of the Federal Parliament promises to be of unusual interest. There are indications that there will be an appeal to the people within the year, the time probably depending on the results of the Saskatchewan Provincial election. In the meantime it will be interesting to observe the 'jockeying for position' by the prospective starters, which will be an important part of the session's activity.

The position of the Government does not seem to have been materially strengthened by its proposed grant to the Petersen interests with a view to reducing North Atlantic freight rates. The ministry was very unhappy in its selection of a herald to proclaim the new gospel. Mr. W. T. R. Preston's earlier associations with Ontario politics were not such as to create confidence in his wisdom and none would suspect the author of *The Life and Times of Lord Strathcona* to be capable of unbiased judgment.

The matter of North Atlantic steamship rates is of very great importance to the Canadian exporter and to the travelling public of Canada, and if unfair discrimination exists to our prejudice the Government is to be commended for seeking a remedy. In the present circumstances when the public is rightly demanding retrenchment in public expenditure it is entitled to receive the best possible evidence to justify the advances which it is proposed to make to the Petersen Company. So far the Government has not fulfilled this obligation. Had it appointed a commission of inquiry composed of persons in whose judgment the public confided and had such presented an impartial finding, which justified the action which it is now proposed to take, its case would have been much stronger than it is today. The Preston report, however, obviously designed to present as strong a case as possible against the companies of the North Atlantic Conference, by itself carries very little weight. The public is anxious to hear the other side and in the meantime judgment is suspended. In any event it is difficult to believe that the relatively small fleet of the Petersen Line can effect any substantial reduction in rates on the great volume of traffic passing over the St. Lawrence route.

Reference has been made to the discrimination against

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

the St. Lawrence in insurance rates. The business of marine insurance does not lend itself to monopoly. No company or group of companies can possibly 'corner' the marine insurance business. If the business is profitable capital will normally be attracted to it. If Lloyd's rates are excessive their competitors can afford to quote lower rates and make a profit. It is open to any insurer to quote such rates as will attract business and in few spheres is competition more active. The conditions under which the marine insurance business is conducted naturally tend to force rates to a level strictly determined by the extent and character of the risk involved.

The complexion of Canada's next government will be determined by the independent voters. Party ties bind much less effectively than they did in pre-war days. Today a large body of Canadian citizens are concerned infinitely less with the fortunes of party than with the prosperity of the Dominion. These electors are anxiously scanning the horizon for courageous political leadership—a leadership sufficiently courageous, even in the face of an impending general election, to say 'no' to all demands upon the public treasury which are not of the most urgent necessity. The Government will be judged largely by its ability to reduce the burden of taxation. There are proposed expenditures which, judged by that standard, it seems difficult to justify. One cannot refrain from asking whether, if no election were impending, the Montreal bridge would be built or whether the 'moral' claims of Home Bank depositors would have received more favourable consideration than the claims, which may be regarded as having an equally strong moral justification, of Grand Trunk bondholders. One can only be thankful that the Grand Trunk claimants have no vote in the next general election. In any case the British public, which is interested in the Grand Trunk situation, may not make such fine 'moral' distinctions and Canada's credit will not thereby be improved. If compensation is given the Home Bank depositors, more will be heard of this phase of the question later. In any event these and other 'signs of the times' are not propitious to those who seek courage in high places.

D. MCA.

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CANADA'S ESKIMO PROBLEM

FIVE centuries before Columbus discovered the West Indies Scandinavian navigators from Iceland encountered on the shores of what they called Markland and Vinland Skraelings or Eskimos, the forefathers of the present day inhabitants of our Labrador coast. The Eskimos were thus the first people in America known to Europeans. To science they are also the most interesting, because they made their home in the most barren and inhospitable portion of the continent and maintained themselves there for countless centuries without any assistance from the outside world.

Where did they come from originally? And why did they choose the bleak cold Arctic for their dwelling-place instead of the sunnier lands to the south where the game is more plentiful and the soil more fertile?

Early History of Eskimos

It is never easy to unravel the early history of a people who have no written literature. It is peculiarly difficult in the case of the Eskimos, because they differ in physical appearance, in language and in culture from all other peoples on the face of the earth. I do not mean that they show no resemblances at all to other racial groups. On the contrary, in appearance they often remind us of Mongolian tribes in Asia; their culture has many features in common with Indian culture, and their art recalls to some extent the art of prehistoric man in Europe. Yet in every case the differences are as striking as the resemblances, so that we are puzzled where to turn in search of their nearest kinsmen. Of the several theories advanced at different times, not one has met with general acceptance. The theory I now put forward must not be taken as established history; it is merely a hypothesis, the best

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

hypothesis, in my judgment, that we can formulate with our present knowledge.

Some thousands of years ago—it may be only three or four thousand or it may be as much as ten thousand—the forefathers of the Eskimos drifted from Asia to America across Bering Strait. Why they left Asia we cannot say. Possibly the dessication of the great central plateau on that continent made the nomad tribes of the interior spread outward, dislodging the surrounding tribes; they in turn expelled their neighbours until the wave of movement reached the ancestors of the Eskimos in the north-east corner of the continent and drove them across the strait. Such disturbances have taken place in Asia within historic times, so it would not be unreasonable to postulate them earlier.

America was certainly inhabited when these proto-Eskimos, as we may call them, spilled from Asia across Bering Strait; the new-comers were following an old-established route. Some of them remained in southern Alaska; others spread over the territory between the Rocky Mountains and Hudson Bay. North and east of them was the uninhabited Arctic coastline which they often visited in their hunting; to the south were Indian tribes with whom they sometimes came into contact. These proto-Eskimos were not like the Eskimos we know to-day. They were not a coastal people dwelling in snow-huts and living on seals and whales and walruses, but inland hunters like the northern Indians, living mainly in skin-tents and depending for food on fish and caribou and musk-oxen. They knew very little of the sea and its potentialities for supporting life.

Centuries passed, and another eruption in Asia caused further migrations into America, this time of the Indian tribes speaking the so-called Athapascan tongue. They too pressed up the Yukon River, driving the proto-Eskimos they found there into the Aleutian Peninsula. From the Yukon the Indians passed into Canada, and, extending gradually eastward, pushed other proto-Eskimos out to the coast. On the coast these proto-Eskimos had to adapt their lives to new conditions and develop new methods of securing food and shelter. It was then that they invented some of the most typical features of the Eskimo civilization of to-day—the semi-subterranean

CANADA'S ESKIMO PROBLEM

hut with its stone lamp burning seal or whale blubber, the hunter's kayak or skin boat, and the whaling and sealing harpoons.

Archaeology alone can determine the exact region where the Eskimos thus changed from an inland to a coastal people. It may have been the Arctic coast from Coronation Gulf to the Magnetic Pole, as one writer has conjectured, or perhaps the shore-line of northern Alaska. But wherever the change occurred the Eskimos did not confine themselves to one locality for any great length of time. They spread in all directions along the coast, eastward to Greenland and south to Labrador and the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

The foregoing hypothesis concerning the origin of the Eskimos is largely speculative. We tread on surer ground when we come to their history 1000 or 1500 years ago. Many Eskimos still lived at that time in the interior country between Great Slave Lake and Hudson Bay. Pressure from expanding Indian tribes, with other causes perhaps, drove them also down to the coast, where they displaced or absorbed the older population and possessed themselves of all the shore-line from Coronation Gulf to Hudson Bay. Synchronous with this movement, or immediately following it, was a migration from Baffin Island to Greenland. When Eric the Red, sailing from Iceland about 985 A.D., reached the land he called "The Green Land," he found traces of human habitation, boats and stone implements which indicated that the Eskimos had already visited that country. The Norsemen established a large colony in South Greenland, but during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries their settlements were destroyed one after another by Eskimos pressing down from the north. Then for about two centuries Europe broke off all communication, and when Greenland was rediscovered at the close of the sixteenth century all the Norsemen had disappeared and only Eskimos inhabited the land. This migration from Baffin Island to Greenland was the last great movement of the Eskimos. Various adjustments and regroupings occurred afterwards, but their territory diminished rather than increased.

Thus it came about that the Eskimos, when first discovered by Europeans, were preeminently an Arctic or sub-Arctic people, extending from Greenland in the east to Bering Strait

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

in the west—125 degrees of longitude, or about a third of the distance around the globe. Throughout this enormous stretch of territory they lived in small and scattered communities either on or near the coast-line. Hundreds of miles separated their settlements in some places, yet there was always communication between them, despite difficulties of climate and transportation.

Adaptation of Eskimos to their Environment

One feature about the Eskimos attracted the admiration of all explorers, early and late; they were more capable of making a living, and a contented living, along the Arctic coasts than any other race. Through many generations they had become adapted to the conditions of life—to the months of darkness when the sun never rises, when the ground is covered with a deep mantle of snow and the sea is no less solid than the land; and to the brief summer months of unbroken daylight, when nature relaxes for a little while, the streams race madly down the hill-sides and the ground is carpeted with flowers and mosses. The Eskimo had become very sensitively adjusted to this environment, and thrived there as nowhere else. He was essentially a hunter, a fisherman, and a trapper, leading a strenuous outdoor life; and he was entirely self-supporting, able to satisfy all his needs from the country itself. His food consisted of the fish he caught in the rivers and lakes, the seals, walruses and whales he harpooned in the sea, and the caribou, bears, musk-oxen and smaller game he shot on the land. His weapons were the bow and arrow, the spear, the harpoon and the lance, all tipped with blades of stone, bone, ivory or native copper; his clothing was the fur of the animals he killed; his tents were made of their skins. In a thousand different ways he showed his ingenuity. His long, narrow skin boat, the kayak, was the most perfect one-man hunting craft afloat, and even that he could modify to suit his needs, using one form on the protected waters of rivers and small lakes, and another for cruising along a stormy, rock-bound coast. His retrieving harpoon for the capture of the large sea-mammals was the model for the European whaling harpoon, even though the latter is now shot from a gun. For travelling he perfected the dog-sledge, still the best means of transporta-

CANADA'S ESKIMO PROBLEM

tion in the Arctic during nine months of the year. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, was the variety of his dwellings. In Western North America, where wood was plentiful, he made his house of planks. Farther east, where wood was lacking, he built a frame of whale-ribs or of stones and covered it with turf. He invented, too, that marvellous structure, the snow-hut, used at first only when travelling, but later as a permanent home.

In many other ways the Eskimo showed his resourcefulness. Sometimes he made fire with sticks, sometimes with two pieces of pyrites. His cooking-pots were of clay in the west; in the east they were carved out of solid blocks of soapstone or built up of limestone slabs carefully cemented together. The methods of spearing and netting fish which he had found so successful in the lakes and rivers inland he applied to the capture of seals beneath the sea ice where no ordinary traveller would detect their presence. If he could not obtain caribou fur for clothing he used the fur of bears and musk-oxen and the down of eider-ducks. Truly no people was ever faced with more difficult conditions of life, and none ever adapted itself to them with greater success.

The resourcefulness of the Eskimos proved their only salvation when Europeans first began to visit their country. It helped them not merely to withstand the disintegrating forces of the new civilization so suddenly thrust upon them, but even to thrive under it. Naturally they could not ward off the diseases which were introduced at the same time, and diseases have been the main cause of the decline in the population; but wherever they received adequate protection, they recovered quickly and adapted themselves to the new conditions. Natives who had never seen firearms became expert shots and gunsmiths within a few months, and gasoline launches brought in by the white men remained behind with Eskimo engineers and crews.

Greenland Eskimos

Europe's early relations with the Eskimos are a melancholy story of rapine and murder, the guilt for which lies mainly at our door. In Greenland it terminated during the eighteenth century through the heroic labours of the Danish missionary

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Hans Egede, who established a little colony on the south-west coast. Other missionaries followed in Egede's footsteps, including his own son and the historian David Crantz. A peaceful trade sprang up with Denmark, whose ships carried back each year cargoes of ivory, oil, hides and furs obtained in barter from the natives. But the lack of organization, the dangers of navigation, and the uncertainty of the European market made the enterprise unprofitable until the Danish government itself stepped in and assumed control of both administration and trade. Since then the country has slowly forged ahead. The Eskimos, decimated by diseases during the eighteenth century, recovered steadily under the fostering care of the new government. Schools were established throughout the country with the Eskimo language as the medium of instruction, and the outside world was brought nearer through the widespread issue of books and newspapers. Many of the natives married Danish officials and traders, and the mixed Danish-Eskimo stock that has resulted possesses the good qualities of both races. The population of Greenland is unmistakably increasing, no less than 40% during the last sixty years. In 1921 it numbered 14,066, of whom only some 400 were of pure Danish extraction, the remainder being pure Eskimos or persons of part-Eskimo descent. Extreme riches, and extreme poverty, as measured by the local standards of wealth, are both unknown, and communities more prosperous and contented it would be difficult to find anywhere. Trade too is flourishing; each year it shown an increase, although the country possesses no minerals of economic importance except cryolite. The last year for which I have statistics is 1920, when the exports, half of them derived from the Eskimos, were valued at \$1,000,000, and the imports at \$800,000. Denmark is rightly proud of her Arctic colony. Are not these figures, too, a striking testimony to the value of an Eskimo population?

Labrador Eskimos

In Labrador, as in Greenland, constant murders and plunderings followed the first contact with Europeans. Peace was established in the latter half of the eighteenth century, when Sir Hugh Palliser became Governor of Newfoundland and Sir George Cartwright built a trading-post on the penin-

CANADA'S ESKIMO PROBLEM

sula. The Eskimos then settled down to a quiet life of fishing, sealing and trapping, selling their furs and oil to the Hudson's Bay Trading Company, the Moravian Missions, and the handful of independent traders who settled along the coast. The country offers few attractions to white men, who are compelled to adopt a mode of life very similar to that of the Eskimos themselves. The natives are therefore little exposed to the competition of outsiders, and their number, while not increasing, shows little tendency to decrease. A census in 1912 gave a total of 1250 Eskimos for the Newfoundland portion of the Labrador peninsula. Most of them have European blood in their veins, and probably before another century is over hardly a trace will remain of their original ancestry.

Alaskan Eskimos

The outlook for the Alaskan Eskimos was very gloomy during the nineteenth century. Their first masters, the Russians, who controlled only the southern half of the country, exploited them for their own interest, while the whaling ships that later frequented the Arctic portion sapped the virility of the native population by introducing rum and debauchery of every kind. When the U. S. government finally put an end to this state of affairs whole communities of Eskimos had disappeared from the map, and the remaining tribes were being decimated by diseases brought in from the outside. Deaths from starvation were not infrequent, since the wild caribou that supplied the natives with food and clothing were almost exterminated soon after the introduction of firearms. Everywhere the death rate was high and the birth rate low. In 1892 the U. S. government began to import domesticated reindeer from Siberia to relieve the situation. It imported 1280 deer during a period of ten years, and it trained the natives to herd them. In 1923 the 1280 reindeer had become 241,000, the yearly increase running from 33 to 45%; and the industry had become so prosperous that white men were developing it for their own profit, using Eskimos as herders. Yet the natives, once more self-supporting, own two-thirds of all the reindeer in the country. Each year they export their surplus meat and hides to the United States, adding to them objects of ivory and large quantities of white fox skins.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

The United States has done more than establish a profitable reindeer industry in Alaska. It has covered the country with a network of schools, hospitals and post-offices. It trains Eskimo girls as nurses and school teachers; it takes Eskimo boys south for instruction in navigation, wireless and motor mechanics. Every child in the country learns a smattering of English and is able to sign his name. The death rate has been lowered, the birth rate increased. The census of 1910 gave 12,652 Eskimos, the census of 1920, 13,698, an increase of 8% in 10 years. Intermixture with whites proceeds slowly. Within half a century the greater part of Alaska will be inhabited by reindeer herders of part-European, part-Eskimo ancestry, whose prosperous communities will export immense quantities of meat, fur and hides to the markets of the United States.

The future, therefore, is full of promise for the Eskimos of Greenland, Newfoundland, Labrador, and Alaska. Even to-day they occupy a tiny niche in the structure of our economic system, for they are rendering productive and valuable regions that without them would be barren and deserted. As a separate people they will gradually disappear, blending with the European; no distinction of skin colour stands in the way, no marked inferiority of intellect. We cannot doubt that the mixed race will serve the interest of civilization as faithfully as our own descendants, though in a special field far removed from the main centres of stress and activity.

Eskimos of Canada

The Eskimos of Canada I have reserved to the last. They are more backward than the Eskimos of Alaska and Greenland, for the Arctic coastlines of the Dominion are in most places less accessible than the regions east and west of them. Moreover, Canada has been too absorbed in opening up her vast prairie provinces to pay much heed to her northern possessions. We may still find Eskimos who have seldom or never seen a white man, whose knowledge of civilization is confined to the firearms and ammunition, the steel-knives and axe-blades, the fragments of cloth and the beads that pass in trade from one tribe to another.

Besides being more backward our Eskimos are less

CANADA'S ESKIMO PROBLEM

numerous than their kinsmen in either Alaska or Greenland, although the territory they potentially occupy covers a much larger area. A fair estimate would place their number at about 4000. It was two or three times as great a century ago, but European diseases and a diminution in the food supply following the introduction of rifles have played havoc with the population. In the Mackenzie Delta alone there were 2,000 Eskimos when Sir John Franklin and his colleagues explored the Arctic coast; to-day there are barely 200, and many of these are immigrants from other places. The same diminution has taken place in Baffin Island and on the west coast of Hudson Bay. Within 100 years, if the decline continues unchecked, our Eskimos will disappear entirely. And without them, what profit can we derive from our 4,000 miles of Arctic coastline?

What profit do we derive to-day? In 1924 the North-West Territories of Canada yielded 28,000 white fox skins valued at approximately \$1,200,000. Our 4,000 Eskimos trapped nearly all these foxes, but our Eskimos are dying out rapidly. We may increase the number of our fur posts, but how many white men can we induce to bury themselves in the Arctic for the sake of trapping foxes? And of those that do go, how many will be successful?

Apart from the fur trade there are only two ways of developing this territory. We can exploit its mineral resources, and we can establish in certain places, perhaps, a reindeer industry like that of Alaska. The reindeer industry has found many advocates during the last five years. The majority often forget that its success depends almost entirely on the employment of the Eskimos as herders, since the natural increase of the deer would far exceed all possible increase in the number of Lapps who might be introduced from Scandinavia to tend them. How many Eskimos have we available for employment? Not as many as are engaged on the reindeer herds of Alaska, where the industry has hardly commenced; not as many, though we mustered every Eskimo from Labrador to the delta of the Mackenzie River.

Minerals exist in portions of the Arctic, though we know neither the extent nor the value of the ores. We might exploit them without the Eskimos, but the cost would be tremendously

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

increased. Sleds and dog-teams are still the only means of transportation during nine months of the year, and the average white man cannot obtain a livelihood by hunting like the natives who have been born and raised in the country. If precious metals are discovered in the Arctic, miners will overcome every difficulty as they have in the Yukon; but no discoveries can take place without intensive prospecting, and the easiest and cheapest way to prospect is to use Eskimos as assistants. They have already done good service in geographical explorations, and for geological they can be equally useful.

On economic grounds, therefore, if for no other reason, we must preserve our Eskimo population and strive if possible to increase it. We must check the ravages of diseases such as decimated the natives during the last century; and where game still thrives we must protect it to the utmost of our power. Neither of these tasks is easy, but neither is impossible, especially if our administrations are alive to the peril. When Denmark faced a somewhat parallel situation in Greenland 150 years ago she converted the island into a crown reserve where the government, besides controlling all the administrative functions, including education and the medical services, retained a monopoly of all trade. This policy has been remarkably successful. But Greenland is a remote island far removed from the regular trade routes, and conditions are fairly uniform throughout the whole area. Our own Arctic regions are an integral portion of the continent, and each succeeding year links them more closely together. Furthermore, the conditions are not the same in all places, so that a policy which might be advisable on the east coast of Hudson Bay, let us say, might not be applicable to the northern coast. The problem is in the main an administrative one outside the scope of my present enquiry; but we will understand it better if we examine more closely the main parts of Canada still inhabited by the Eskimos, the conditions that exist there to-day and some measures that have already been suggested.

Present conditions among Canadian Eskimos

We may begin our survey with the Labrador Peninsula, or rather with that portion of the peninsula that lies within the province of Quebec. From Great Whale River to Hudson

CANADA'S ESKIMO PROBLEM

Strait there are from 600 to 700 Eskimos, all so greatly impoverished since the disappearance of the wild caribou from that region forty years ago that deaths from starvation are no uncommon occurrence. Their only food resources are seals, walruses and fish, none of which are very abundant. The trapping of foxes enables them to purchase a few of the necessities of life, but foxes too are not numerous. Altogether their plight is pitiable. Missionaries have made two suggestions for ameliorating it. One is to remove the people to the south end of Baffin Island where game is still fairly plentiful and the coast is open to navigation for a longer period each summer; the other is to leave the West Labrador Eskimos in their present home, but to augment their supply of food and clothing by introducing the domesticated reindeer. The first suggestion, if carried out, will leave 900 miles of coast without an inhabitant. The second suggestion avoids this depopulation and increases the resources of the country; but a thorough survey of the district will be necessary to determine whether conditions favour the successful development of a reindeer industry.

Baffin Island, lying to the north of Labrador, contains about 1500 Eskimos, 200 at its north end and the remainder at the south. Most of the west coast is uninhabited, for an impenetrable barrier of ice besets it winter and summer. Once there were Eskimo settlements all down the east coast, but when whaling ships began to visit the northern and southern ends of the island the Eskimos deserted the intermediate coastline. The diseases which carried off half the inhabitants fifty years ago seem to have lost their virulence. Caribou are still numerous inland, and seals plentiful in the bays and harbours. Formerly the natives hunted seals during the winter months; its rich meat nourished their bodies, and the oil from its blubber heated up their dwellings. But the fur trade has disorganized the old routine and they now spend most of the winter on land, where food is scarce, trapping the white foxes. So the population continues to decline. A number of domesticated reindeer were landed on the south coast in 1921, but the success or failure of the experiment is still undecided.

We meet with another situation when we turn to the west coast of Hudson Bay. In this region there are two distinct

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

groups of Eskimos. One group spends nearly all the year on the sea-coast hunting seals; the other lives inland and seldom or never visits the sea. The wild caribou furnishes food and clothing to both groups, but with the inland natives it takes the place of the seal, supplying fuel for the lamps and food at every period of the year. Thousands of caribou still roam the barren lands between Hudson Bay and the Mackenzie River, but their numbers are fast decreasing, and each year a few Eskimos succumb to starvation. Magazine rifles, intensified hunting, and the indiscriminate slaughter of females and young are the main causes of this diminution in the caribou herds. History often repeats itself; the extermination of the buffalo on the plains might find a parallel in the extermination of the caribou on the barren lands if no steps were taken for their protection. Fortunately the matter is receiving earnest attention, and we may confidently hope that the strict enforcement of prudent game laws will prevent such a disaster. The danger comes not from white hunters, but from the natives themselves, who urgently need some other source of food during a portion of the year. The lakes in their country abound in fish, but nets and boats are rare or lacking. By stimulating the growth of a fishing industry we may perhaps help out our Eskimos and solve the problem of our vanishing caribou.

Aside from the destruction of game another peril confronts the Eskimos of this region. Diseases have been very rife among them, wiping out whole settlements. About 1905 all the inhabitants of the large Southampton Island perished through typhoid. The establishment of more missionary, police and trading posts throughout the north may render it possible to furnish medical aid to the natives and reduce the heavy mortality that now prevails.

The fourth and least accessible of Canada's Eskimo regions is the Arctic coast-line from Boothia Felix to the delta of the Mackenzie River. There the conditions are similar to those in Hudson Bay. Firearms have destroyed the caribou from the Mackenzie Delta to Cape Bathurst, and the local Eskimos purchase reindeer skins imported from Alaska for their clothing. Farther east the caribou are decreasing rapidly. In the Coronation Gulf area, where thousands grazed in 1915,

CANADA'S ESKIMO PROBLEM

only 28 were killed in 1924. Diseases have reduced the number of natives in the Mackenzie River delta from 2,000 to 200, the worst outbreak being an epidemic of measles in 1900. Diseases are appearing, too, in other places along the Arctic coast, even among the Eskimos of Coronation Gulf who first came into close contact with Europeans ten years ago. Our remedies must probably be the same as elsewhere. Missionaries have recommended the introduction of reindeer herds from Alaska into the delta of the Mackenzie River; and other herds could be placed on Victoria Island if the wild caribou disappear entirely from Coronation Gulf.

Such are the conditions among the Canadian Eskimos at the present day. The outlook for the future is by no means hopeless. Enough natives survive to take part in the development of the far north. If we protect them now they will increase as they have done in Alaska and in Greenland. There seems to be no reason why our Arctic possessions with their Eskimo inhabitants should not become just as valuable economically as the Arctic territories of any other country.

D. JENNESS.

PRINCIPLES OF TRANSLATION*

One cannot attempt "to review," in a short space, two volumes containing a thousand pages and covering the whole of the canonical Hebrew literature. On account of his work and reputation we approach a book by Dr. Moffatt with the respect due to a distinguished scholar. New Testament students are much in his debt for his translations, as well as for his Introduction and "The Approach to the New Testament"; he has just added a volume to The International Critical Commentary, on Hebrews, of which the reviewer says: "Never have I enjoyed reading a commentary on Hebrews so much before The volume takes its place among the most eminent in the great series to which it belongs, and will be regarded as one of the greatest of our expositions of the Hebrews" (Professor J. H. Michael in The Canadian Journal of Religious Thought). He is the editor of the *Expositor*, reviews a great many books and writes on all kinds of subjects. With all this to his credit he now appears upon the scene as a translator of the Old Testament, tells us, what we can believe, that it is hard to translate even a part of the Old Testament adequately and that he has done "the whole of it single-handed." It is certainly a remarkable achievement. Dr. Moffatt has in several parts of his translation accepted and used the work of critical commentators (e. g., Gen. VI-IX; II Sam. XXIV, Isai. XL, etc), but it is not a critical edition that he offers to his readers but rather "a fresh translation of the original, not a revision of any English version." The *British Weekly*, in its preliminary announcements, gave sketches of the men who worked on the version of 1611, and referred to them as "Pathfinders for Dr. Moffatt." But Dr. Moffatt has certainly made a vigorous effort to free himself from the tyranny of what he calls "the conventional versions." A striking illustration meets our eye when we open the first volume; the words, "These are the generations of the heaven and the earth when they were created" (Gen. II, 4) are placed before Gen. I, 1 and translated. "This

*The Old Testament: A New Translation by James Moffatt (2 Vols. London: Hodder and Stoughton. New York: G. H. Doran).

PRINCIPLES OF TRANSLATION

is the story of how the universe was formed." It is unlikely, to be less dogmatic, let us say it is uncertain that these words ever held this position in the original text, but it is certainly not possible for any one who knows the Hebrew to regard this rendering as "translation." We are sorry because it gives the student of Hebrew a bad start.

As a matter of fact, it is difficult to escape from the shadow of the "Authorised Version" which has played such a great part in the life and literature of the English speaking people. According to Mathew Arnold, the Elizabethan age "showed what it could do in translating, by producing a masterpiece, its version of the Bible." "Steeped in humours and fantasticality up to its very lips; the Elizabethan age, newly arrived at the free use of the human faculties after their long term of bondage, and delighting to exercise them freely, suffers from its own extravagance in the first exercise of them, can hardly bring itself to see an object quietly or to describe it temperately. Happily, in the translation of the Bible, the sacred character of their original inspired the translators with such respect that they did not dare to give the rein to their own fancies in dealing with it" (On Translating Homer, p. 25). Arnold's conservatism in connection with the Authorized Version was excessive; how he would have regarded this translation we cannot tell, but he would certainly have desired to know what purpose was served by the following forms, in a popular version, Kherubs (Cherubim), Hanôk (Enoch), Lemek (Lamech), Eyob (Job), etc.

In the decision to use "the Eternal" instead of "Yahweh" or "Jehovah," "made almost at the last moment," he refers to Mathew Arnold and the French Protestant translations, but he must have felt misgivings about such phrases as "the Eternal smelt the soothing fragrance" (Gen. VIII, 21); "May the Eternal smile on you" (Numb. VI, 25); "a sword for the Eternal and for Gideon" (Judg. VII, 20). There seems to be incongruity here, even if we resist the temptation to use a stronger word. "But I feel sure that any serious effort, however imperfect it may be, to render the Old Testament into the English of our day will be welcomed by the increasing number of those who desire to understand as precisely as possible what any passage meant, by way of pleasure and profit, for the people for

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

whom it was originally addressed" (Preface VIII). This is a very difficult thing to discover and not easy to impart when it has been discovered. But one may feel certain that in the early creative period of Israel's history the use of the personal name of the national God had a feeling and flavour that is not conveyed by "the Eternal."

One wonders if there is any settled principle in dealing with Hebrew words and phrases, when we happen to meet examples of many different phrases translated by the same English word "orders", not a very attractive word.

Isaiah I, 10, "Hear the word of the Lord, ye rulers of Sodom; give ear unto the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah." The R. V. makes no change in this text, but in the margin points out that for the word rendered "law" a number of revisers preferred "teaching." The Hebrew word is "torah," a word with a history, and, while in the later literature "law" is suitable, "teaching" is probably better for this passage,

Listen to the Eternal's word,
You "Sodom" of authorities!
Listen to our God's orders,
You "Gommorah" of citizens!

Dr. Moffatt here uses the same word "listen" for two different Hebrew words which were probably chosen by the prophet for some reason of sense or sound. Dr. Moffatt has many fine passages and noble verses, but this is not one of them. In the same book (Isaiah XL, 5), the phrase the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," a literal rendering, assumes this form "such are the orders of the Eternal"; (Ezek. XLIII, 18. "And he said unto me, Son of man, thus saith the Lord God" (Hebrew, Lord Yahweh), becomes "Son of man," he continued, "these are the orders of the Lord Eternal." Dan. I, 10, another word (A. V. appointed) is rendered "ordered," and in Lev. XII, 1 for "And Yahweh spoke to Moses saying," we have "The Eternal also gave Moses these orders"; Josh. VIII, 8, "See, I command you" is represented by "These are my orders." It is possible that other instances may occur, as these examples are not the result of systematic search. What special power or attraction is there about the word "orders" that causes it to be overworked to this extent? There is nothing

PRINCIPLES OF TRANSLATION

very serious involved here, and little scholarship is required for the making of such criticism, but one cannot help wondering at the artificial uniformity on the part of one who shows such freedom of expression and variety of vocabulary. How far can it be called "translation"? "God kill you and worse" I Sam. III, 17 (Ruth I, 17) is probably an extreme example of ruthless handling of the text. In dealing with what is not a book but a literature a mechanical uniformity is to be avoided and a severe consistency may not be a virtue. When Dr. Moffatt has decided to give Noah a "barge" (Gen. VI, 14), and he meets the same word in Ex. II, 3, it is clearly out of the question to place the child Moses in a barge, so we have "a creel made of papyrus reeds." A basket is certainly more suitable for the baby than a barge. It is difficult to explain how the same word could be used for things so very different. It may be due to the fact that these early narratives belong to the realm of legend rather than history. The real "ark," (a different word) the sacred chest, is still left to us (I Sam. IV). Problems of this kind are many when one seeks to turn ancient literature into modern speech. Those familiar with the Common Version and specially with the great passages that, because of their strength and beauty, have gained a secure place in our literature and life, cannot resist the impulse to make comparisons. This is perhaps not fair to Dr. Moffatt, as much of his best work is in the less familiar parts of the Old Testament. Of course we have to admit that "to be just and kind and live in quiet fellowship with your God" is no improvement on "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God" (Micah VI, 8).

There the wicked cease from troubling;
And there the weary be at rest.

This couplet has gripped our hearts so strongly that we view with suspicion a competitor even if it comes in this lively style:

There villains cease to rage,
And their victims are at peace.

From our short acquaintance with the book we are inclined to think that much of the finest work is in the poetical sections, and while it is not all of the same high quality, the

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

passages that are most impressive and convincing are those in which no attempt is made to introduce rhymes and forced alliterations.

Where could I go from thy Spirit,
where could I flee from thy face?
I climb to heaven—but thou art there;
I nestle in the nether-world?—
and there thou art!
If I darted swift to the dawn,
to the verge of the ocean afar,
thy hand even there would fall on me,
thy right hand would reach me.

There is certainly freshness and vigour here. To “nestle in the nether-world” may seem to fastidious critics to be a “conceit” out of harmony with the solemnity of the subject. This verse is a striking example of the power of compression possessed by the Hebrew language; the sense of the ten words of the English version is given by three Hebrew forms, “and I spread (a bed)—sheol—behold thee.” True, we may regard this in the original as five words, but there are only three accents. Such an effect is not easy to reproduce in a different tongue. It is well, however, to try to preserve the rugged strength of the original.

The Song of Deborah (Judges V) has its textual and its linguistic difficulties but as it stands in our Bible it is a stirring battle song and a masterpiece of translation. Following the R. V. margin, and substituting the personal name for the conventional Lord, we have

Yahweh, when thou wentest forth out of Seir,
When thou marchest out of the field of Edom,
The earth trembled, the heavens also dropped.
Yea, the clouds dropped water,
The mountains quaked at the presence of Yahweh.

Dr. Moffatt gives a livelier movement by introducing a rhymed couplet into the middle of this passage.

At thine advance from Seir O Eternal,
upon thy march from Edom's land,
earth was shaking,
the skies quaking,
clouds dripped water,
mountains streamed,
in front of the Eternal, Israel's God.

PRINCIPLES OF TRANSLATION

Similarly V, 16.

Why satest thou among the sheepfolds,
To hear the pipings for the flocks?

Is turned into rhyme.

Why did you lounge by shepherds' cotes
With only an ear for pastoral notes.

With this may be compared Dr. A. R. Gordon's rendering which suggests the rhythm of the original.

Then why didst thou stay by the sheepfolds,
To list to the flutings for flocks? *

One would not choose the following passage as a bright specimen of Hebrew poetry (II Sam. XXIII, 1, 2, 3) and we cannot say that it gains strength or beauty when turned into rhyme.

Oracle of David, ben Jesse,
Oracle of the man set on high.
The anointed of the God of Jacob,
And the joy of the songs of Israel.
The spirit of Yahweh spoke to me,
And his word was on my tongue,
The God of Israel said to me,
The Rock of Israel spoke.

(H P. Smith)

The lay of David, Jesse's son,
the lay of him who rose, of one
whom Jacob's God made King,
whom Israel's lyrics love to sing.
By me the Eternal's spirit speaks.
the word upon my lips is his,
The God of Jacob speaks,
the strength of Israel told me this.

(Moffatt)

The book of Job is one of the most difficult books in the Old Testament to translate in a satisfactory manner, it must

*The Poets of the Old Testament, p. 34.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

have cost Dr. Moffatt much careful toil; the work into which a man has put so much strength and skill cannot be reviewed off-hand. Whether the sporadic use of rhyme in this version is an advantage need not be discussed. The great dramatic poem has tested the skill of many scholars; buried in Lange's Commentary (1874) there is a fine bit of work by Professor Tayler Lewis (of Union College, Schenectady, N.Y.,) that has often given me "pleasure and profit." Two short selections from the two versions may be instructive.

"'Passion' ? Compare my passion of despair
with the full weight of my calamity!—
'tis heavier than the sands of the sea.
That makes my words so wild,
The Almighty has buried his arrows deep in me,
and their poison stings my soul;
the terrors of God trouble me.

(Job VI, 2-4, Moffatt)

O could my grief be weighed,
And poised against it, in the scale, my woe.
For now it would be heavier than the sand;
And thence it comes; my incoherent speech,
For Shaddai's arrows are within my flesh;
Their poison drinketh up my soul;
God's terrors stand arrayed before my face.

(Tayler Lewis)

Has not man a hard service upon earth
Is not his life like a labourer's,
like a slave who pants for the evening shadow,
like a labourer longing for his wages?
I am forced to live empty months,
and nights of misery are allotted me.
I lie down thinking 'when will it be day' ?
and till the day dawns I toss to and fro.

(Job VII, 1-4, J. Moffatt)

There is no special difficulty in the text of this passage, it is a question of catching the swing of the rhythm and carrying over the feeling of the poet into a foreign tongue. Some may think that the close of the verse in A. V., which keeps to the order of the Hebrew is more effective. "And I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day." The following version seems to me to be careful and convincing.

PRINCIPLES OF TRANSLATION

Is not man's life a warfare on the earth?
His day, the hirelings day?
As gasps the servant for the shadows' turn,
As longs the toiler for his labour's end,
So am I made the heir to months of wretchedness,
And nights of pain they number out to me.
When I lie down I say:
How long till I arise, and night be o'er?
Then am I full of tossings till the dawn.
(Tayler Lewis)

There are many points involved that are matters of taste upon which it is not safe to dogmatise. The following brief text from Jeremiah II, 9, may serve as a simple illustration, "Wherefore I will yet plead with you saith the Lord, and with your children's children will I plead." The word rendered "plead" means to strive, to contend, to plead before a judge. Here a stronger word seems to be needed, so Sir G. A. Smith renders

So still with you must I strive,
And strive with your sons.

Dr. Moffatt prefers a more technical term:

So must I still indict you, the Eternal says,
And indict your children's children.

Sometimes we are told that we have made a fetish of the Authorised Version; familiarity instead of breeding contempt has kindled worship and we are not as sympathetic as we ought to be with the attempt to make the Scriptures speak in the language of to-day. There may be something in that and we should welcome all attempts to bring the Old Testament literature nearer to busy men who are in danger of neglecting it. Psalm XLII, XLIII is, to my mind, a good example of Dr. Moffatt's best style; he has given freshness without loss of dignity.

Oh send thy light and faithfulness
to lead me,
to bring me home to thine own sacred hill
to where thou dwellest.
Let me come to the altar of God,
to God my joy and delight,
Singing thy praise on the lyre.
O God, my God.

(Psalms XLIII, 3-4)

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Except the word "tabernacles," which the Revisers might well have changed, the old version has a beauty of its own that still appeals to us.

O send out thy light and thy truth;
Let them lead me.
Let them bring me unto thy holy hill,
And to thy tabernacles.
Then will I go unto the altar of God
Unto God my exceeding joy,
And upon the harp will I praise thee
O God, my God.

It is clear that translation is a difficult task, a fine art. Much good work has been done during the last generation, scattered through various volumes not available to the general public. Dr. Moffatt's achievement is wonderful in its extent and variety, especially when we consider his other contributions to Biblical literature. The industry, learning, ingenuity and courage displayed in such a vast enterprise is something that is difficult to estimate. Even a slight acquaintance with it keeps us from being surprised by the fact that it has provoked both enthusiastic appreciation and caustic criticism.

W. G. JORDAN

LUCRETIOUS*

THE warping of the interests of Europeans for over two thousand years is nowhere so well illustrated as in their treatment of Lucretius. For this warping Christianity has often been blamed, but it began before this. You will remember that Socrates refused to concern himself with the physical speculations of Anaxagoras and limited himself to what he considered the *human field*; and that another early teacher said: "Man is the measure of all things"—again with a narrowly conceived idea of the universal *Man*. Now, Lucretius takes for this subject not *De Hominis Natura* but *de Rerum Natura*, and he means what he says. Not Wordsworth, not Whitman, not Meredith, in his poetry, so unaffectedly mean what they say about Nature. Anthropomorphism, though disguised, crops out in them all. Even in that stanza for which Wordsworth has so often been blamed by anthropomorphic critics—

No motion has she now, no force,
She neither hears nor sees—
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks and stones and trees.

—how far removed from anthropomorphism are we here? You remember Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry: "A criticism of life," and you will know if you are familiar with that great critic, and that great poet, that even he, if pushed, would hardly find room for Lucretius in his definition. Lessing, from whose *Laocoon* Macaulay said he had learned more than from any other single book, Lessing denied the name of poet to Lucretius in set terms. Poetry, thought Lessing, basing himself on Aristotle, was the imitation of "human affairs." Of "human affairs" in this narrow sense Lucretius has much to say—of love and war and bereavement, of human moods and passions while lying in the shade, meditating by a stream, or while hunting in the mountains; of banquets, of the theatre, of ships and navigation; of man's wonderment and awe in

*A lecture before the Classical Association, Montreal.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

contemplating the fleeting cloud or the starry vault—indeed on some of these themes what Roman poet is to be put beside him? But the distinguishing feature in Lucretius is that he is genuinely, and sincerely, not a whit more interested in these themes, which we ordinarily call “human themes,” than he is in the nature of *Things*, the air, the winds, the rocks and mephitic vapors which issue from them, the processes of digestion, the physical explanation of a fish’s passage through water, nay the very ooze on the sea’s floor. And observe with what unabashed, unchristian, unteleological freedom he passes in argument from plants and animals to men, and men to animals and plants! Nothing of the pathetic fallacy here! None of the moralizing, for strictly human purposes, about the meanest flower that blows, no Inferno for your political enemies, no Miltonic Hell, no dull Miltonic God.

In fact Lucretius is so unlike all the European writers who have followed him that it is strange that his work should have survived at all. At just one point of contact—and that a most considerable one—Shakespeare is kin to Lucretius. In dealing with the hearts of men Shakespeare is a pure naturalist. There is no morality, no religion, no teleology that fits his characters. It has often been said that he has given them a political mould, but if you make comparisons with open minds you will see that there is little truth in this. Just as A. E. Houseman’s Shropshire lads lightly change and pass into Herodotean heroes, so it is hard to distinguish the essential universal humanity of Shakespeare’s men and women from virtue and vice as conceived by the republican Plutarch, or from those absolutely non-political human beings depicted by the Russian novelists.

But if you will leave that great exception to one side, Lucretius is more alien than Chinese poetry to European thought at all stages, until that is to say very recent times—whether you consider Chaucer or David Hume, Descartes or Dante, Francis Bacon or Calvin. Astronomy is generally thought to have freed the European mind from its geocentric, and consequently from its homocentric attitude; but so far as attitude of mind is concerned the modern European has been less influenced by astronomy than was the ancient Greek. As I said before it will not do to blame Christianity for the obfuscation.

We must never forget that Christianity as a system of West European thought is not so much Oriental and mystical as it is Stoic and practical. It was Cleanthes the Stoic who declared for the prosecution of Aristarchus of Samos, the astronomer, on the ground of sacrilege. The refusal to go up into the air, to investigate τὰ μετέωρα the stand of the practical man on the ground, on the *firmamentum* (which he believed went all the way through) had its beginnings in Greece itself.

Very slowly Europe has lifted itself to the plane of the old Greek debate. For in ancient Greece knowledge versus propriety *was* debated, and knowledge had in nearly all cases the better of the argument. It was only when the practical Stoic attitude (and remember that Stoicism was half Phoenician in the beginning) was reinforced by the practical Romans on one side, and dark Syrian fanaticism on the other, that the love and pursuit of knowledge came to be a thin strand in the web of European life.

As to Lucretius himself, while it is true that Christianity has always been his bitter enemy, we must not forget that he was too strong a diet for the European mind even before Christianity began. If you were asked to name one Roman above all others who was a typical West European whom could you name but Cicero? Professor Mackail a long time ago called Cicero the founder of European prose. But he might just as well be called the founder of European manners, especially manners in public life. How many English statesmen and jurists, from Selden to Balfour and Asquith, have been exactly of Cicero's type? How then did Lucretius strike his contemporary Cicero? An answer to that question reveals, I think, one of the most striking things in the whole history of European literature. The matter has been dealt with by Martha, in his essay *Lucrèce et Cicéron*, but not in a way that fits our survey of Lucretius' reputation in Europe, and also with too many hypotheses, for our present purpose, regarding the question whether Cicero edited Lucretius.

Let us leave Jerome and Suetonius out of the question, let us take the reference to Lucretius in Cicero's letter to his brother (which critics wish to emend) as never having been written at all. Certain facts remain. A fragment of an early work of Cicero, a verse translation of the *Phænomena* by

Aratus, an astronomical work, proves that these verses were very much admired by Lucretius and imitated by him. Lucretius, on the other hand, has been very much imitated by Cicero in his later philosophical works. Indeed it seems to have been impossible for Cicero, in dealing with certain philosophical themes, to get Lucretius out of his head. Suppose Cicero did not edit Lucretius. Suppose the two men (both of them interested in literature, philosophy and astronomy as they were) never met. Still, a man of Cicero's vanity would have been certain to procure and read the works of a poet who had done him the honor to imitate an early production of his own. But, as we have said, Cicero's writings prove that he had not only read, but diligently conned the poem of Lucretius. Why then did Cicero deny, not once, but twice, and in the most emphatic manner, about ten years after Lucretius died, that he had ever read him? In the *Tusculanae* I. 3, after speaking about works on the Epicurean philosophy, he says: "There are *said to be* many works on this subject in Latin, carelessly written." "said to be" means of course "I don't know them at first hand." But in the third chapter of the second book (*Tusc.* II. 3) he says it in set terms "There are said to be quite a number of these books in Latin, these I have not read." Munro points out that Cicero, though he dealt with similar themes and obviously knew the writings of Lucretius well, never mentions him by name except in the letter we have noticed. He adds that it is Cicero's rule not to mention his contemporaries by name, and gives Catullus as an example, though Catullus and he had certain political sympathies. But then there are, so far as I know, no allusions to Catullus' poetry, or reminiscences of it, in Cicero's writings; indeed Cicero hated the Alexandrine school. Again it is hardly accurate to say that Cicero did not mention his contemporaries by name. Velleius and Torquatus he introduced in his dialogues. Martha adduces several possible reasons: Cicero's jealousy of the man who had supplanted himself as the foremost philosopher and poet in Latin, and so on, but surely he gives *the* reason when he says that Lucretius had already come to be considered dangerous and impious. In ten years Lucretius had joined the great army of unrespectabilities. A century and a half later Statius admitted his eloquence, but called him raving and difficult; the fathers of the Church

LUCRETIVS

called him mad; critics until recently denied him the name of poet; until very recently indeed philosophers and scientists denied him the name of thinker. Unrespectable, in most quarters, I suspect he still remains.

When the fathers of the Church had done their turn by him Lucretius passed out of human ken for centuries. Churchmen probably destroyed the work when they could, but we need suppose nothing beyond neglect as sufficient explanation. Talleyrand used to say it was wonderful how few letters required answering if you left them unopened for six months. Neglect an author for centuries, and you will not need to burn him. By some accident, as Munro shows, a single mutilated copy was found in the ninth century. From this several copies were made and scattered north of the Alps. But these copies were then still further neglected for another six hundred years. About 1417 an Italian, Poggio Bracciolini, discovered one of these and carried it back to Italy. The character of Western Europe therefore was thoroughly shaped before the mind of Lucretius again began to play on it, with awkward questions about dogmas more dogmatic than those of sixteen centuries before, with a morality heavens higher and purer than the morality of the Church or the Renaissance, with "thoughts that wander through eternity," beyond the "flaming walls of Heaven," with probings into the very essence of things, even into the essence of the "viewless winds," into the origin of species, into optics and magnetism, into the propagation of disease, into the laws of light, heat and sound, and the possibilities of other rays and atomic vibrations not yet known to man.

You will observe that throughout we have spoken of Lucretius as linked not only with Epicurus, but with Greek science and Greek speculation in general. That is to say Lucretius is not one of the great lonely figures in thought, such as Leonarda da Vinci. In common with Epicurus he borrowed his physics from Democritus, giving them the same twist as Epicurus did, his ethics are Epicurean, his general science is eclectic, culled from Greek sources. But he is far from being a servile imitator. In the first place he is a keen observer, and a subtle speculator. His mind darts from field to field and category to category. How subtle and original to advance the

germ theory of disease as an illustration of the atomic theory! In Tyndall's once famous Belfast address it is pointed out, if I recall it correctly, that the imagination of the poet and of the scientist are close akin. I completely forget whether Tyndall mentions either of them in that place, but in any case he certainly had Lucretius and Goethe in mind. It hardly matters whether Goethe in his *Farbenlehre* was all wrong—though it is a joy to know that his speculation as to evolution was profoundly true. In the same way, though it may be thought a pity that Lucretius, who obviously knew the work of Aristarchus of Samos and Eratosthenes, did not have sufficient mathematics to follow them further, the important thing is that in many things he did dare to stand against the “common sense” attitude, meeting dogma with intelligence and imagination.

To speak more particularly of Lucretius' relations with Epicurus: Epicurus was a saint, a recluse from politics and affairs, who preferred to spend himself in private friendships and sought to make life more tolerable for his fellows by freeing their minds from the fear of the gods and of death. In all this, as well as in his watchword, ἀταξία, there is something of valetudinarianism—well fitted to the weariness of his generation. Lucretius, on the other hand, though he too was a recluse and died young, so that he probably suffered ill-health, is extremely vital, eager in mood, and one of the most powerful minds of which we have record. In a way both men are negative (if we may use that much-abused word), but whereas Epicurus stands for blank resignation, whose pleasure is the avoidance of pain, Lucretius sees Death and Birth as a single process:

*Aliud ex alio reficit Natura, nec ullam
Rem gigni patitur nisi morte adjuta aliena.*

And note the adjectives with which Lucretius couples the word ‘voluptas’—*blanda, jucunda, dulcis, suavis*, and so on. Lucretius again, as Epicurus is not, is an enthusiast—enthusiastic about Ennius and Empedocles, as well as about Epicurus; enthusiastic iconoclast, even when he is most stern and melancholy about superstition; above all he enthusiastically follows his calling—

Musaeo contingens cuncta lepore.

LUCRETIVS

As to Epicurus no one who has read his extant writings would wish a single line more of him to be discovered.

What does it all come to when one has said that Lucretius, whether original or not, is the repository of a great deal of lore which the world is only now recovering, or, to put it more truly, that he might have been the *point d'appui* for innumerable speculations which men are now occupied with? Gibbon's thesis that learning and intellectual pursuits were lost in barbarism and Christianity is hardly exact, as we have seen, though we may as well admit that however the tidal wave of destruction be finally described barbarism and Christianity were a large part of its force. What seems clearest to me, as I ponder it at present, is that it was no force external to society itself. It seems curious that although many writers have insisted on geology as the basis of history, the great geological principles have never been applied to historical conceptions. Surely if there has been no great cataclysm to the earth's crust in geological time, it is reasonable to imagine that there has been no great breach in the history of man. Volcanoes and tidal waves there have been, say the geologists, but these have not been irruptions from other worlds, they were part of the world's character. Apply this to history—say to the relations of Greece and Rome. Consider the slow and thorough penetration of Italy by the Greek states: the two great trade leagues parcelling spheres of influence between them, the colonies, Tarentum, Cumae, Syracuse, the political decay of these colonies and of Etruria, which is only the converse side of political growth in Latium, and the mental decay which again is only the converse of the barbarians in Latium sucking thought from them; and then ask what is the meaning of the Pyrrhic campaigns, or the taking of Corinth. Are not these things merely little landslides without significance as cause?

*Aliud ex alio reficit Natura, nec ullam
Rem gigni patitur nisi morte adjuta aliena.*

Apply the principle further to what is ordinarily called the collapse of learning and intellectual striving (of which Lucretius is a landmark). The great man who addressed the last meeting of this society referred several times to the Greek

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

astronomers. In 279 B.C. Aristarchus observed the summer solstice, and in the next fifteen years he taught the earth's rotation on its axis, and the earth's revolution around the sun. He began serious work on the magnitude, and distance from the earth, of the sun and the moon. His successor in the observatory at Alexandria was the great Eratosthenes. This man alone disposes of the statement so often heard, that the Greeks merely guessed at things, and did not proceed by scientific investigation. By his observations he determined the angle of the obliquity of the ecliptic to be $23^{\circ} 51' 19.5''$. In 1910, with our delicate modern instruments, of which we boast so much, the angle was computed to be $23^{\circ} 27' 3.3''$. That is to say Eratosthenes differed by only $24'$ of a degree, and as the angle is a diminishing one, he is even more nearly correct than that figure implies. He also furnished the method for measuring the earth's circumference, and suggested the Julian calendar. Hipparchus (of the second century B.C.), the inventor of trigonometry, went beyond his predecessors. His calculations have not been upset by modern astronomers. Hipparchus is the high water mark in Greek exact science—thereafter it fell rapidly away. When Julius Caesar reformed the calendar he had to hunt about for a savant who knew the exact calculations of Hipparchus as to the length of the solar year. Why? As we have seen this great development of science was attended by a growth of another kind. The Stoics persecuted the astronomers as mischief makers. Mrs. Grundy had spoken. But then, Mrs. Grundy was as much society as were the astronomers. Lucretius who fought the Stoics on every page had come to have something like the Stoic attitude to Aristarchus at least—he would not persecute original ideas about astronomy, but he would not pursue such studies, he has sunk back to the *ἀταραξία* of Epicurus so far as this matter is concerned. There is no cataclysm about this, there is no dark age introduced by barbarian invasion, and Christianity has not yet dawned. By a strange irony the Stoic Cleanthes, who wanted the head of Aristarchus, was also author of a saying, in his famous Hymn to Zeus, which may be translated: "The Kingdom of God is within you." We may add: "And the shades of Pluto too."

Let me leave this major problem for your consideration

LUCRETIVS

and remark on something which in your opinion may come closer to our author. It is frequently said, in fact I heard it said by a scientist in Montreal the other day, that while in mathematics, in which the speaker included physics and astronomy, the Greeks had reached the modern method, they had not done so in the other sciences. In particular the speaker went on to say there was nothing to the statement that Lucretius or his masters had anticipated the atomic theory. They were not observers, nor experimenters, he said.

Now science to-day has reached a dizzy altitude, but there is many a Cleanthes abroad, and if you will permit me to say so you will do yourselves and society a great service if you will study line by line and argument by argument the poem of Lucretius. Not only will it enable you to take a long view of what I have called the debate between knowledge and propriety, but it will furnish you with a direct answer to the loose and thoughtless statements which I have just quoted. If any written page ever gave evidence of observation and experiment you will find that evidence in Lucretius.

But there is another fallacy, even more far-reaching, in these statements: the alleged distinction between mathematics and the other sciences. Let us take chemistry first, since this is the science most closely connected with Dalton's theory. Lavoisier, who was the founder of chemistry as a science, himself declared that it was a department of mathematics. As you heard at your last meeting, Kepler, Galileo and Newton stumbled on the fact that certain physical phenomena can be numerically expressed—and so discovered the mathematical basis of their sciences—just as Pythagoras discovered the numerical equivalent to the octave, and just as the Platonic year of 26,000 cycles is the numerical equivalent to the precession of the equinoxes. So Lavoisier, and after him Liebig and Dalton himself, set to work with a mathematical plan. Very good so far as chemistry is concerned, our objector may say, but what of zoology and botany? But here again everything that we really come to know seems to be on the mathematical plan. Take the wonderful discovery made by a Hindu recently, by which he measures mathematically the pulse of trees, as they absorb moisture from the ground. All the metabolistic theories about cell life are certainly tending in

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

the same direction. And the recent work of von Spengler (decried by many people who have no glimmering of his argument) argues for a mathematical basis of the very movements of society itself.

Theodore Merz the noble Quaker, who died about a year ago, and who seems to me to have had a very fine mind, has this to say about Lucretius and the modern theories which in the minds of Rutherford and others are making such headway to-day:

"Ancient philosopher's have furnished us with three distinct abstractions which have survived, and which, put into definite mathematical language have led exact research in physics and chemistry in modern times—the *theory of Attraction and Repulsion*" (this, by the way, is what Lucretius, following Epicurus, means in his great apostrophe to Venus, with Mars in the background), "the *Atomic Theory*, and the *Kinetic Theory*, or the notion that everything is in movement. Of these three theories the second was most developed in antiquity, Lucretius' great poem being really a treatise on the subject, in which the atomic theory is placed in the centre, the other two ideas being likewise largely utilized . . ." He then goes on, citing another of the great moderns, Lange, author of the *History of Materialism*, to show the historical connection through Bacon, Gassendi and Hobbes between Lucretius and modern thought.

Now, I am a little afraid that I have given the impression, though I did contradict this early in the course of my remarks, that Lucretius is almost wholly concerned with high, metaphysical argument. Most of you doubtless do not find high metaphysical argument interesting. It is true that Lucretius takes it for granted that his readers will be interested in everything. You remember the statement in Plato's *Meno* (which I should have quoted before in speaking of Matthew Arnold and Lessing) that to understand the soul of man one must understand everything in the universe. So Lucretius, setting out ostensibly to free the soul of man from fear of something outside himself proceeds to show what everything in the universe is.

Have no fear—I am not going to tell you at length "How charming is divine philosophy." But I want to speak for a

LUCRETIVS

little while about statements (it is amazing how often one meets them, despite Goethe, despite Munro and others) that Lucretius is a little dull, and that he is frequently unpoetical. No one will pretend that Lucretius is a humorist, he is not a Horace, for example. But like all Italians, ancient or modern, he has a turn for satire, which easily runs into humour. And his argument is often witty, in the proper sense of that much-abused word. But there are a few examples of excellent humour. The famous passage about the glozing over of a lover's faults, in the fourth book, has been pretty accurately translated by Molière. (It occurs about half-way through the *Misanthrope*). Molière is always credited with being humorous in this passage. Why should not the same adjective be applied to the original? This is followed by a passage in which our author supposes what a frantic lover would think if he could come upon his mistress before she had completed the use of her cosmetics and perfumes. This is satirical, if you will, but the other is innocent, rippling humour.

As to his poetry: I will not make comparisons. What good will it do if I say that Lucretius is the greatest Roman poet? And there is not much profit in arguing: if a man preferred the poetry of Tennyson to the poetry of Shakespeare what would you say to confute him? If some one denied that Shakespeare's sonnets were poetical, what reply could you make? Of course, if you said that there were many more people qualified to appreciate the poetry of Tennyson than Shakespeare's sonnets, I should understand that. And if then I might suppose that I were speaking to these lovers of the more hidden and soul-dwelling harmonies of word and thought and mood, I might go on, like Plato's rhapsodist, to quote passage after passage in Lucretius: the invocation to Venus, that magnificent passage, like Aeschylus, in the fifth book, describing man's awe in contemplation of the heavens, that untranslatable couplet,

*Nequiquam quoniam medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.*

those Shelleyan phrases of rebellion:

*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum,
and, Tanta stat praedita culpa.*

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

But it is not in single lines or passages, nor in his treatment of certain themes that Lucretius is most poetical. It is in his "standing on the back of the sky", to use another Platonic expression, his dauntless gaze beyond the "flaming walls of heaven," his conception of the unity of nature, his catching of the rhythm of the 'dance of life' and even the dance of death,

Mortalem vitam mors cum immortalis ademit.

It is well enough to talk metaphysically, as in the *Meno*, of the unity of nature, but the man who kindled this idea to flame, who carries us in its majestic sweep through earth and heaven, through life and death, is Lucretius. This is the unique answer which the Muses, so often invoked by him, granted to his prayer.

CARLETON W. STANLEY.

THE HAGIOGRAPHY OF THE BOLLANDISTS

THE Bollandist Fathers are a society of scholars whose labors belong to modern times and are not yet by any means completed. Taken up in the early seventeenth century their work has been passed down through successive generations across three centuries and bids fair to continue indefinitely. Exhaustive and exacting as this monumental achievement of scholarship has been, we have to note first of all that it rests upon the accumulations of some fifteen centuries which antedated its beginning. The Bollandists were not the first collectors of MSS. bearing upon the subject of medieval hagiography; nor were they the first to edit the same. Therefore, in order that we may have an intelligent understanding of the work of the Bollandists in its true perspective, we must glance briefly at that of their fore-runners in the sphere of hagiography.

The earliest sources at the disposal of the hagiographer were the martyrologies of the ancient Christian Church. The word 'martyrology', as its roots imply, meant a list of those who had borne witness to the faith in their passion. From a very early date the Church was at pains to see that records were kept of the acts of the martyrs. In the "*Liber Pontificalis*" Pope Damasus affirmed that Clement, Bishop of Rome, had founded an order of scribes to provide for this need. In several cases the martyrs themselves wrote the narrative of their life-history up to the verge of death as in the case of St. Perpetua who suffered in the persecution in North Africa under Septimus Severus at the beginning of the third century. Officials of rank in the Church were alert to see that written records were made of the martyrs as they fell. Thus Cyprian of Carthage gave the injunction to his clergy in the Decian persecution of the mid-third century: "Note the days of their death that we may celebrate their commemorations along with the memorials of the martyrs."

Round about this habit of recording the deeds and passions of the martyrs there grew up a wide variety of practice, with a corresponding nomenclature. Whilst martyrology is

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

the most frequent word in use in the Latin Church, other terms such as 'legendaries' and 'passionaries' are also found. In the Greek Church one has the 'menaeum' and the 'menology'. A term of still broader significance is the 'synaxarium'. And all these in turn permit of classification and subdivision with various shades of meaning. Moreover, a host of critical problems presented themselves turning upon such questions as the date and process of construction of the martyrologies, in especial of that known as the Hieronymian, which have occupied the thought of some of the ablest modern scholars such as Duchesne, J. B. Rossi, and Du Fourcq. All of which can be barely noted here in passing.

Ordinarily the martyrology was a catalogue of martyrs arranged in order with reference to the calendar. But it also signified a list of church feasts celebrated on certain fixed dates. Some of these martyrologies were nothing more than names of martyrs placed under the specified calendar dates upon which they were commemorated. Some contained portions of narrative material in addition. But the fundamental distinction is that between local and general martyrologies. As early as the mid-second century the church in Smyrna was already commemorating the suffering of Polycarp. Each local church in process of time came to have its own list of ferial days, for the most part associated with the cult of martyrs. But the local church went outside its own confines for additions to its list. Thus the church at Rome celebrated the anniversary of Saints Perpetua and Felicitas on March seventh, and that of Bishop Cyprian on September fourteenth. Anniversaries of dedications and of various other occasions also gained a place in the catalogue of ecclesiastical feast-days. Thus grew up the local church calendar.

The general calendar or martyrology was a compilation of these local calendars, whether few or many. In some cases the general martyrology comprised a large number of local martyrologies, woven together into a piece with various literary additions from extraneous sources. The most celebrated case in point is that of the famous 'Hieronymian Martyrology,' which was almost universal in its scope. This martyrology comprehends a general martyrology of the churches of the Orient, a local martyrology of the church of Rome, a general

THE HAGIOGRAPHY OF THE BOLLANDISTS

martyrology of Italy and of Africa, together with a series of local martyrologies of Gaul. Naturally the task of disentangling and properly accounting for the constituent elements involved was one of exceeding difficulty. Some of these parts are of great antiquity, going back as far as the first century. But the actual compilation of what is now known among scholars as the 'Gallican Hieronymian' has been pretty conclusively shown by Duchesne to have been made about the year 600 or a little before.

It is this Hieronymian Martyrology that has been the chief focal point of investigators in the field of early Christian hagiography, and indeed of early church history. The *Liber Pontificalis* and the Hieronymian are two prime sources for our knowledge of the history of the Western Church and Empire. To these must be added the 'Historia Martyrum' of Gregory of Tours. But from about 600 to the actual beginning of the work of the Bollandist Fathers the period is for the most part a dry and uninviting one. The only outstanding martyrology is that of the Venerable Bede, put forth about 720, which has come down to us in its expanded form as executed by Drepanus Florus, bishop of Lyons in the mid-ninth century. Other martyrologies as those of Ado of Vienne and Usuardus have been shown to have been based on the Hieronymian and the Bedan Martyrologies. The official Roman martyrology which was drawn up in the sixteenth century by a commission of eight notables of the Church including Cardinal Baronius under mandate of Gregory XIII, was a thoroughly uncritical piece of work. The truth is that up to the seventeenth century no attempt had been made to apply the canons of literary and historical criticism to the study of that galaxy of saints and martyrs of the church which adorned it from the earliest days. It remained for a group of scholars belonging to the Society of Jesus to undertake the task in the frank spirit of critical enquiry. It was Father Herbert Rosweyde who first projected the plan.

This fact, viz., that it was reserved for the Bollandists to apply genuine critical methods to their work, is of supreme significance and is to be borne in mind constantly in reviewing the actual contributions made by each of the series of collaborators stretching across three centuries. Collectors of saints'

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

legends who had preceded them, as Mombricitus, Lipomanus and Surius had done faithful work; but all in the traditional well-worn path. Rosweyde and Bollandus struck out a new line of departure.

The following statement of one well qualified to judge serves to confirm this view: * "The already discussed authors laid for the most part the emphasis upon the thorough gathering together of materials rather than upon critical views. In that which follows a few works may be discussed which held it to be their chief task to bring criticism to bear upon the sources and their transmission. The Maurist Fathers have achieved little in this connection: the honor of having founded the first large undertaking which was critical of the sources falls to the Jesuits.

"If the Bollandists had pursued no other aim save to gather together material for the history of the saints as completely as possible, the *Acta Sanctorum*, begun in 1643 at Antwerp by the Jesuit Bollandus, interrupted in 1794, begun again in 1837 at Brussels, they would have deserved here just as scant mention as the other source-publications. But the *Acta Sanctorum* had set for themselves a higher goal. They followed apologetic tendencies. They endeavored to rescue the cultus of the saints from the attacks of the Protestants and Humanists, by eliminating as far as possible from the legends those which had tended to call forth the satire of their opponents most strongly. In large measure they needed to avail themselves only of the means of ordinary historical criticism in this regard. The silly saints' fables which had given the humanists occasion for laughter spring chief from a later period in the growth of legends, and could be explained on scientific grounds as unworthy of belief. But it may also be added that the *Prolegomena* which the Bollandists place before the biographies of the individual saints comprise the first examples of methodical source-criticism. For the first time the attempt was made there on a large scale to arrange the authors' sources systematically according to period and credibility.

Herbert Rosweyde was born at Utrecht in 1569. He was

*Fueter, E.; *Geschichte der neueren Historiographie*.

THE HAGIOGRAPHY OF THE BOLLANDISTS

educated in his native city and in the Jesuit College at Douai. At the age of nineteen he was admitted into the Company of Jesuits and entered upon his novitiate at Tournai. He early showed aptitude for philosophy and also for historical researches and the study of antiquities. Both in student days and later as teacher of rhetoric and humanities at Douai he spent his holidays in browsing about in the libraries of the abbeys in the neighborhood. Between 1595 and 1598 he studied theology at Louvain; was ordained, and was given authorization to continue his study of ecclesiastical antiquities. It seems to have been about this time that he first conceived the idea of the production of a great work of hagiology, which would not only comprise a criticism of the already-published work of Lipomanus and others, but also include a critical edition of many hundreds of saints' lives as yet unedited. His investigations in many libraries of the Low Countries had revealed a wealth of material which had never been brought to the light. He planned a work to comprise eighteen folio-volumes. The first volume would be devoted to the life of Christ and the feasts in His honor; the second to the Virgin, the third to the solemn feastdays of the saints. These three were to be followed by a series of twelve volumes which would treat of the lives of the saints in order, one volume for each calendar month. Finally, these would be supplemented by three volumes of critical and explanatory notes and a table of contents of the whole. The volume of annotations was itself to be made up of eight books, viz.: On the authors of the lives of the saints, on images, on ecclesiastical rites, on secular rites, on chronology, on topography, and on obscure words. The table of contents had thirteen subdivisions, under various rubrics, as the saint's name, rank, office, country or province.

He allowed himself to be swayed by precedent and decided to arrange his saints' lives by the time-honored calendar sequence rather than by the more natural method of a chronological order. Thus, regardless of the period in which a given saint lived, whether third, seventh or seventeenth century, all those whose feast-days were celebrated in January would be incorporated in the volume for that month on their respective fixed dates. This was the custom which had almost exclusively been adhered to since those early times when the

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Greek menology had been built up on the basis of the subdivision into calendar months. And in this respect Rosweyde made no innovation. Such in brief was the conception that shaped itself in the author's mind. It was indeed the adumbration of a big undertaking. So that when Cardinal Bellarmine learned of the plan, he made the famous remark: "Does this man expect to live to be two hundred years old then?" The actual plan was destined to be developed yet further and eventually carried into execution by other scholars, but not by Rosweyde himself.

It may with some justification be asked why this scholar, of whom Bollandus has said that he was "A man firm in judgment, vigorous in style, both accomplished and finished in all the disciplines," did not actually accomplish more in the positive building of that which he had so skilfully laid the foundations. He was a man of vigorous health and lived to the age of sixty. He was also the author of several works on a variety of subjects. Yet the *Acta Sanctorum* owe to him, apart from the actual MSS. collections which he made, little more than the ground-design: so far at least as the work of construction is concerned.

In the first place Rosweyde was a man of great and varied ability. His labors were both abundant and multifarious. His historical researches were constantly interrupted by the calls of the active priesthood, and especially by the numerous occasions on which he was required to teach and to supervise the work of education at Antwerp, Courtrai and Louvain. Again, his superiors seem not to have been wholly in sympathy with the task he had set himself. Its immensity was appalling. They were averse to his undertaking it at all, and only yielded under pressure. The Father Provincial Veranneman laid before him the choice of inserting in a new edition of Surius the hitherto unedited saints' lives, or of editing these in a separate small collection. In other words pressure was brought to bear on an ardent scholar who was filled with the enthusiasm of a big task to confine his labors within a narrow compass and content himself therewith. And although he resolutely withstood these counsels, nevertheless one cannot but feel that he was to some extent deterred from a concentration of his energies upon the work of the *Acta*.

THE HAGIOGRAPHY OF THE BOLLANDISTS

Moreover, the talent of Rosweyde seems to have been unequal to the magnitude of the undertaking the plan which he had visualized clearly enough. During the latter portion of his life he resided at Antwerp—from 1612 to his death in 1629, to be precise—and had much leisure for literary activity in that period. Yet all that he left to testify to the projected work which had lived with him in idea through so many years was the plan as outlined above together with a single volume, the '*Fasti Sanctorum*,' comprising a catalogue of some thirteen hundred saints' lives, with the '*Acta of St. Tharacus*' and his martyr-companions as a specimen of the treatment to be given in each case. Rosweyde spent a great deal of time in actually searching the libraries of Holland and Belgium for unpublished MSS.; and supervised a like work carried on by a number of assistants. He gathered a great mass of usable material; he also laid down the broad lines upon which the work was to be based; yet he did not build. The concentration of all his powers upon a single enterprise of huge proportions was not his forte.

The second in the line of succession was John Bollandus, whose name has come to be identified with the work of which he was the real founder. He was born at Tirlemont in Belgium in the year 1596; and at sixteen years of age entered the Society of the Jesuits. At Louvain he studied philosophy and the humanities, which in turn were followed by a thorough training in theology. His early literary ventures were in the form of translations into classical Latin of various ascetic works published in France, Spain, Italy and Germany. The interest in hagiography was widespread in the Low Countries in the early seventeenth century. In the long-drawn-out theological controversies of the period of the Reformation the Protestants, by their satirical attacks upon the grosser elements which disfigured so much of medieval legend, had driven scholars of the Catholic world in self-defence to undertake to '*élaguer les mensonges*', and restore as far as possible at least an approximately pure text in the records of the lives of the saints.

This was not indeed the sole motif, but a potent one in prompting Rosweyde and Bollandus to undertake the work of hagiography. The two scholars had been on terms of intimate

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

friendship; and it was but natural that Bollandus should have been called upon to take up the enterprise at the point where it had been dropped by reason of the demise of his friend and predecessor.] He consented to do so with the proviso that he should be allowed to concentrate his time and talent upon this one task without interruption. The request was granted. And during thirty-four years in the interval between 1632 and 1670 scarcely a day passed on which the devoted scholar failed to give of his best effort towards the execution of the *Acta*.

As a historian Bollandus had first of all to put a line upon his source-materials. And he was not long in making the discovery that, as much as Rosweyde had succeeded in bringing together, it was but little in comparison with what was yet to do. As for the '*Fasti Sanctorum*' it contained little but titles, headings and notes. The collection of documents was far from being complete. Accordingly, Bollandus set to work to get in touch with representatives of the Order of the Jesuits throughout Europe. His courier-letters were despatched into Spain and Portugal, into Italy, Germany, Poland and Bohemia, and into France and England, seeking the co-operation of fellow-scholars everywhere, in exploring all possible repositories of lives of the saints in MS. form. The call was answered with a loyal and enthusiastic response. The straitened attic-quarters of the professed house at Antwerp where the work of the hagiographers went on, became ever more straitened under the strain of the steady accumulation of MS. materials which kept pouring in from practically every corner of Europe. It is estimated that in point of saints' lives and legends, abbatial notices, charters, papal bulls, passionaries, offices, etc., the volume of collections made under Rosweyde was quadrupled under Bollandus. His correspondence also began to assume vast proportions. In addition to the interchange of letters which was implied in the rendition of so great an amount of documentary material contributors took occasion to solicit the aid of the distinguished scholar and hagiographer in the reading of MSS. and proofs of works which they caused to be published at Antwerp.

Meantime the work made steady, if slow, progress. In certain regards he saw fit to modify the plan of Rosweyde. The latter had planned to reserve for a single volume the

THE HAGIOGRAPHY OF THE BOLLANDISTS

critical and historical annotations of the saints' lives. He would have put out twelve volumes, one for each calendar month, of continuous Acta. The critical notes were to comprise a single volume at the close. Bollandus, however, proposed to accompany each of the Acta with its own appropriate set of annotations, which was in the nature of a distinct improvement. After four years of solid work the Acta for January was not yet completed, but substantial headway had been made. The services of an assistant were much needed. In due course prevision was made to meet the need by the benefaction of the Abbot of Liessies who gave a sum sufficient to endow an assistantship. In this way his first collaborator was procured to Bollandus in the person of Godfrey Henschenius, an indefatigable, zealous and keen-minded young scholar. When at length the two volumes of the Acta for January appeared in 1643, and when these were followed by the three volumes for February fifteen years later, this significant contribution to scholarship of the Bollandists was greeted with acclaim in all portions of the Catholic and Protestant world of learning. Their reputation was secured. Very soon a third collaborator was secured in the person of Daniel Papebroch. Thus by the year 1659 the editing of the Acta was well under way.

Pope Alexander VII, who prided himself on being something of a patron of learning, extended a very gracious invitation to Bollandus urging him to visit Rome and pursue the search for unpublished MSS. in the Vatican archives and other libraries of the Eternal City; all of which were placed at the disposal of the hagiographers. Now in his sixty-fourth year and in feeble health, Bollandus found himself unable to accept the invitation in his own behalf, but acquiesced in favor of the two younger men, Henschenius and Papebroch, accompanying them on the journey as far as Cologne. In the autumn of 1660 Henschenius and Papebroch proceeded to Rome, having inspected several monastic libraries in Germany and North Italy en route; and spent ten months in the work of investigation, chiefly in the Vatican archives. Their method was to read the MSS., make selections from them, and give the documents to copyists to be transcribed; after which the copies were collated with the MSS. The Greek texts were especially

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

abundant. Indeed seven years after the departure of the hagiographers the copyist whose task it had been to make transcriptions of Greek MSS. had not yet completed his work. Allatius, the Keeper of the Archives, seems to have been seized with a high sense of the dignity of his office. He obstinately refused to allow the Belgian scholars to have access to the Synaxaries or abridged Lives of the Eastern Church. A personal appeal had to be made to His Holiness before the needful permission was granted. Finally, leaving Rome, Henschenius and Papebroch proceeded to Florence where they spent four months; thence to Naples, Milan, Piedmont and Turin; thence to Paris; and returned to Antwerp at the close of 1662. They came home as warriors laden with spoils, to receive a royal welcome from their chief. Bollandus had already done his life's work; his strength steadily diminished, and stricken with apoplexy he died in September, 1665.

A great man had passed from the midst—of genuine piety, unaffected humility, great and varied learning, and well-nigh unparalleled sustained devotion to a single all-absorbing task. Has modern scholarship to show another instance of thirty-four years, almost every day of which was consecrated to one labor of love? A man singularly free from pettiness and the all too frequent reproach of jealousy, as the following incident must serve to make evident. In 1635 it seemed as if the *Acta* for January were at length ready for the press. The critical methods, however, which Henschenius had employed in his own work conducted separately from that of his master, when they were explained to Bollandus, were so palpably superior that the latter at once resolved to revise the whole of the editorial work embodying the superior methods meanwhile. And all this without the least rancor or jealousy or diminution of his characteristic cheerfulness of spirits, although the actual result was an eight years' delay in publication.

The author of a few other treatises, Bollandus' chief title to fame must rest upon the volumes of the *Acta Sanctorum* for January, February and March, in which volumes the actual principles had been developed which were to govern for the most part the future work of the continuators. Bollandus had indeed borne the "flambeau of criticism into the chaos of

THE HAGIOGRAPHY OF THE BOLLANDISTS

the legends of the medieval age." * He approached the undertaking in the spirit of critical frankness; and he had produced a highly scientific product. Not undeservedly was his name given to the little group of scholars who took up the unfinished task.

At this point something falls to be said of the positive contributions of Henschenius and Papebroch of whom mention has already been made. Henschenius was born in the year 1600 at Venray in the province of Gueldres. He studied rhetoric and literature under Bollandus who thus was in a position to recognize the talent and power of his young pupil. At the age of nineteen he was received into the Order of the Jesuits, and thereupon devoted several years to the study of philosophy and giving instruction in the classics to students of the gymnasium. In 1635 he was called to assist his former teacher in the work of hagiography. Bollandus was now getting the *Acta* for January in readiness for the printer. He gave into the hands of his assistant the work of preparation for February. Henschenius proceeded at once to make an intensive study of the life of St. Amand. Not content with an external and cursory treatment of the subject, he investigated the historic backgrounds with great thoroughness, penetrating into such matters as the manners and customs, and in general the civilization of the countries which had been evangelized by St. Amand. Incidentally he was able to throw fresh light on one of the most obscure periods of the history of France. This was a new point of view of very great historical value.

And Bollandus was quick to see the bearing of this specimen of critical work upon the whole production of the *Acta* in its larger aspects. He at once resolved to postpone indefinitely the publication of the January volume, and revise the same in the light of the researches which Henschenius had made. Accordingly, the collaborators set to work upon a thorough work of revision, Bollandus taking the biographies of the saints of Spain, England and Germany, and Henschenius those of France, Italy, the Greek Church and the Orient. When at length the January *Acta* appeared in 1643 it comprised two folio-volumes, not one as before; and it included

*See Article, Bollandus in "Biographie Nationale de Belgique."

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

eleven hundred saints' lives together with a wealth of comment supplied by the departments of history, law, diplomatic, archeology, chronology and geography. All these had been made to yield their tribute.

The like massive scholarship marked the editing of the three folio-volumes for February which appeared fifteen years later. They contained a similar treatment of thirteen hundred and ten lives of saints; and in addition included critical essays on the bishops of Tongres, and Maestricht and on the three Dagoberts, embodying the results of the researches of Henschenius and written by him. It was the appearance of these five splendid volumes which called forth the plaudits of the scholarly world throughout Europe, Protestant and Catholic alike; and which provoked the invitation on the part of Alexander VII to Bollandus to visit Rome and make search for unpublished material in the Vatican archives.

Browsing about in libraries in search of old MSS. was a favorite hobby of Henschenius as it had been in the case of Herbert Rosweyde. He found time personally to visit famous libraries in more than twenty cities of Germany and Italy, as for example, Coblenz, Mainz, Bingen, Worms, Speyer, Munich, Vienna, Trent, Verona, Padua, Venice, Ferrara and Bologna. Thus not only the riches of monastic but of great municipal libraries were opened before him. They in turn went to enrich the volumes of saints' lives in which he had a share in the editing. At the close of Bollandus' career in 1665 Henschenius took charge of the work and had the leading part in the production of the three volumes for April which appeared in 1675, the seven volumes for May which were brought out at intervals between 1680 and 1688, and those for June also, although the latter were not actually published till long after his death in 1681. Henschenius' career as a hagiographer had been specially notable for the zeal of discovery and aptitude for critical research which marked his work throughout. He was succeeded in the leadership by Daniel Papebroch, in some respects the greatest of the Bollandist Fathers.

The following lines engraved upon the tombstone of Papebroch are of real significance as indicating how the Bollandists themselves conceived of the worth and work of their early leaders:

THE HAGIOGRAPHY OF THE BOLLANDISTS

“Quod Rosweidus preparabat,
Quod Bollandus inchoarat,
Quod Henschenius formarat,
Perfecit Papebrochius.”

Daniel Papebroch was a native of Antwerp. Born on March 17, 1628, he lived to a great age, 1714 being the year of his death. From very early years he was associated with the Jesuit Order. His first studies were in their College in his native town. At the age of sixteen he went to Douai where he studied philosophy two years. His first application to enter the Society was refused on account of his youth; but in 1646 he was at length admitted, and took his vows. During the following twelve years he was engaged partly in teaching, in part also in the study of literature and of theology. Ordained a priest at Louvain in 1658 he was soon after sent back to Antwerp where he taught philosophy and in 1660 was called to the Bollandist Museum. It will be recalled that at this time the Bollandists had issued the folio-volumes of the *Acta* for January and February and their reputation had been securely established in the world of scholarship. It was about this time that the invitation to come to Rome had been given. About this period also provision was made for the endowment of another assistantship. And the cramped quarters of the attic-chamber of the professed house were exchanged for a more commodious and better-lighted study.

For the next fifty years of his life Papebroch was to devote himself to the continuation of the series of the *Acta*. Ill health on the one hand, and the demands of additional literary work which from time to time claimed the attention of the author, were the sole interruptions of his primary work. His travels abroad and his researches were all directed to the one great end. The volumes of the *Acta* from March to June, eighteen in all, were the chief literary monument of his career, and constitute his title to renown in the realm of scholarship. But it was in particular that magnificent ensemble of critical essays found in the *Propylaeum* to the month of May and in the first folio-volume of May proper that revealed to the world the vast erudition and wonderful acumen of this great scholar

†AA. SS. vi June, ‘*Epistola Janningi*.’

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

and critic. These elaborate introductions were wholly his own, both in conception and in execution. They seem to have originated in a desire to give a certain unity to the work as a whole, to bind its sections together, and thus in a measure to compensate for the undeniable disadvantage which the monthly arrangement of Rosweyde had produced. From every point of view his essay 'Propylaeum . . in vetustis membranis', his 'Propylaeum ad Maium', and his 'Ephemerides Graecorum et Moscorum' in I May were rare and masterly pieces of critical scholarship of the highest quality.

During his long attachment to the Bollandist Museum Papebroch had responsibility either in part or in full for the editing and publishing of eighteen folio-volumes of the *Acta*, in itself an enormous achievement. In the March volumes there appeared for the first those Greek texts which were the legitimate fruit of the recent investigations in the Vatican archives. Hitherto the Latin Churches of the West alone had found representation; the Greek and Oriental lives were now to find a place as well. Year by year the work was set forward, and at regular intervals appeared the three volumes for April, the three imprints for May, seven volumes in all including the *Propylaeum* or Introduction; and then the first five volumes for June, the last of which came out in 1709. At this point Daniel Papebroch ceased his active work in connection with the *Acta*, and five years later death claimed him. In the latter part of his life he was laid completely aside from work for five years on account of blindness caused by cataract of the eye. The cataract was removed, and he was restored to usefulness; but his great effort had already been made.

Two episodes in the life of Papebroch are of sufficient importance to call for special mention. One of them was occasioned by his researches in the field of historical diplomacy.* "Papebroch," says Giry, "was struck with the help which the study of sacred legends might find in the old titles and privileges of the churches and abbeys, if it were possible to establish with some degree of certainty the authenticity of these documents." It was while at Luxembourg in the midst of an investigative travel-tour that Papebroch got an oppor-

*Giry, A.: *Manuel de Diplomatique*, p. 61.

tunity to study an old quasi-charter of Dagobert I, and compare it with some charters of the Abbey of St. Maximin. On the basis of this study he published his treatise, "*Propylaeum antiquarium circa veri ac falsi discrimen in vetustis membranis.*" "Unfortunately," observes Giry, "Papebroch knew charters and diplomas less than libraries and MSS." His studies had been insufficient and his conclusions, ill-founded, went wide of the mark. What he had intended was to discredit the authenticity of many of the ancient charters. He suspected the monastic archives and those of the Benedictines in particular. For result Dom Mabillon came to the rescue of his Order as a loyal Benedictine; worked away quietly for several years and then in 1681 brought out a work entitled '*De re diplomatica libri vi*', in which he succeeded in lifting beyond the shadow of suspicion those same ancient Merovingian and other records whose authenticity Papebroch had sought to disprove. The arguments, which need not concern us here, were so convincing as to satisfy even Papebroch himself who candidly declared himself converted. At all events the latter had rendered an indirect service to scholarship in calling forth a statement of fact.

The other incident was less happy in its issue. True to the tradition of the Bollandists Papebroch was seized with the desire to be at the truth in all his work of investigation. Rosweyde, the father of the movement, had sought ever the '*Acta sincera*' of the saints and martyrs of the church. It was the '*pure lives*' which these fathers had an interest to discover. They were seekers of truth. Under such circumstances it was not strange that they were regarded with suspicion in certain quarters. In more than one instance they were made the victims of abusive attack. Papebroch in particular seems to have drawn down upon himself the sore displeasure of several of the monastic orders, notably the Carmelites and the Dominicans.

The Carmelites clung obstinately to the tradition which made the Old Testament figure of Elijah the founder of their order! They refused to argue the point; but blindly accepted it as grounded in historic tradition and therefore not to be questioned. The matter could not but be faced by Papebroch in dealing with the lives of St. Albert and St. Ruge of the

Carmelite Order. His refusal to accept the traditional view of the founding of the Order led to a spirited attack, which gradually developed into a more or less bitter, long-drawn-out literary duel in which †De Backer cites no fewer than twenty-six polemical treatises on the offensive side and twenty-two by the Bollandists in self-defence. The fundamental objection raised by the Carmelites was urged against the employment of critical methods by the Bollandist Fathers. The voice of traditionalism was raised in a polemical treatise entitled 'Exhibitio Errorum' by Father Sebastian, a Carmelite provincial of Flanders. A long list of errors was drawn up under some eighty heads which were attributed to the hagiographers. The work was palpably designed to catch the popular ear. Here was a scholar who presumed to correct the work of Baronius at every point, who found errors in the chronology of the popes, who rejected the Acts of St. Sylvester and the Donation of Constantine, who disputed the authenticity of the Decretals, etc.! Papebroch in other words was directly accused of trespassing on forbidden ground. What had received the seal of papal and ecclesiastical approval and was recorded in the martyrologies and breviaries of the church was not to be questioned.

This brochure was issued by Sebastian and other Carmelite Fathers in 1693 and was answered by Papebroch himself in his famous 'Responsio ad Exhibitionem Errorum' in two parts which were issued in 1696 and 1697 respectively. The charges were taken up *seriatum*; and the replies in each case were characteristic of the man. For example, Papebroch had been accused of opposing the will of a bishop. "I respect the bishop's judgement," he replied, "but episcopal consecration does not confer knowledge and the problem in question is one to be solved by reasoning alone, not by the smittings of a crozier." Papebroch was especially emphatic in the matter of the integrity of sources. He had rejected a story connected with the legend of St. Joseph. When brought to book for doing so, his reply was that it had come down through an apocryphal source that could not be authenticated. The old traditional canon "that a source was to be venerated in pro-

†See De Backer, *Bibliothèque des écrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus*, I, 1642.

THE HAGIOGRAPHY OF THE BOLLANDISTS

portion to its antiquity and the universality of its acceptance," he replaced by a new canon of criticism, viz., that sources were of value only by virtue of their relation to facts. The historical trustworthiness of breviaries, missals and martyrologies he called seriously in question. He acknowledged that they embodied historical matter, e.g. summaries taken from earlier sources of assured validity. But the fact that certain data were embodied in a missal did not thereby establish their authenticity. Such might or might not be authentic. Each case required to be tried on its own merits.

At the same time it is a notable fact that Papebroch's evident outspokenness was also modified by a capacity for wise discrimination when the occasion called for it. "According to you," said his opponents, "all the relics of which the authenticity is proved only by tradition without any written contemporary attestation must be withheld from veneration and thrown into the rubbish heap." "Not necessarily," replied Papebroch, "unless there are good reasons to doubt their genuineness." He recognized also that the plain-dealing type of criticism of the scientific circle was inappropriate where the susceptibilities of untrained minds were concerned. Yet as a scientific critic he refused to be other than scientific. His better judgement affirmed that the oxide of iron rust that gave a reddish color to the sediment in a certain well-known vial which according to commonly accepted tradition contained the Sacred Blood of the Saviour, was nevertheless oxide of iron and not blood in any form whatsoever. And in the matter of traditional sayings, given in ecstasy, he was sufficiently well informed as well as unprejudiced enough to make allowance for the element of hallucination usually connected with such phenomena.

In summary the following statement of Father Delehaye will suffice to characterize the aims of their great fearless champion of scientific accuracy in historical research: "The principles which guided Papebroch in his researches were wisdom itself. They were never found to be at fault, and become stricter according as our modern methods improve and as the hagiographical horizon grows wider. If they had been presented to the public in clear synthetic form instead of being scattered in a polemical work, they would have formed a

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

manual of hagiographical criticism which might always be consulted with benefit.”*

It is not needful to linger over the events which were associated with this controversy between the Bollandists and the Carmelites. They are not pleasant reading; and were better dropped from memory. The Carmelites did succeed in stirring up a blaze in both Italy and especially in Spain, where the Inquisition was still active. The Inquisition in Toledo made an injunction against the Bollandists, forbidding the reading or sale of the volumes of the *Acta* for March, April and May under penalty of fines and excommunication. Rome followed suit by putting the *Propylaeum* to May on the Index. As for Papebroch himself he cared little for public censure as such. He resented deeply, however, what seemed to him an aspersion on the purity of his orthodoxy. He made personal pleas to the Vatican for exoneration. And one of his collaborators, Conrad Janninck, made a special journey to Rome in his behalf. Even upon his death-bed Papebroch protested against the false imputations which had been made at his expense, and begged for a complete papal exoneration. The latter was forthcoming, but not until 1715, one year after the passing of the great scholar and critic, when a revocation of the earlier condemnation was formerly published by order of Pope Clement XI.

The death of Papebroch marked an epoch in the history of the Bollandist School. The *Acta Sanctorum* for the months January to June were now practically completed. The broad lines of investigation and criticism had been laid down. The work of the continuators in the nature of the case was to have less scope for the play of individual initiative. And whilst they were all efficient and faithful scholars, they were not outstanding scholars and critics such as Bollandus and Papebroch had been. From 1715 down to the present day a great many names worthy of note have been attached to the work. Among these Du Sollier, Stiltinck, Victor de Buck, Charles de Smedt and Hippolyte Delehaye take precedence in point of leadership. And yet at best it must be admitted that they have for the most part followed along the paths marked out or them in the

*Delehaye, H.; *The Work of the Bollandists*.

THE HAGIOGRAPHY OF THE BOLLANDISTS

early brilliant seventeenth century period, except where the exigencies of some new historical or literary circumstances have called for modifications.

Instead of attempting to give a biographical sketch of each of the many continuators who have worked upon the volumes for July and the months following it seems best to undertake a discussion of the evolution of the critical methods employed. The Bollandists were a self-perpetuating group who believed in and practised the art of team-play. Although they did not talk co-operation at great length, they practised it. In any given situation it was not a case of the leader of the group imposing a set of principles which his subordinates must follow willy-nilly, but rather was it a case of decisions being reached by round-table conferences on the part of the group as a whole. An intimation of this has already been adverted to in the ready acquiescence on the part of Bollandus to the suggestions offered by his assistant Henschenius in the very early stages of the development of method.

Delehaye distinguishes four distinct periods. I give his characterization of these periods in the following brief summary. The first and most brilliant period was that of the three founders who carried the work through to about the end of June. This was followed by the Du Sollier period, marked by a tendency to lengthy dissertation and exhaustive critical analysis of the texts. The third was the Stiltinck period, marked by polemic. In the fourth period when Fathers Victor De Buck and de Bye were at the helm there was a still more pronounced movement in the direction of lengthy commentary and heavy laborious handling of a vast mass of historical detail. The literary point of view has now acquired the ascendant, as seen in the collateral publication of many MSS. and of diverse languages instead of one or two.

Rosweyde had made his chief contribution to the technical equipment of the School in the sphere of textual criticism. He maintained that the text of the life of a given saint should be collated with all the different MSS. Thus his great work consisted in the gathering together and examining side by side, comparing and contrasting all the various twenty editions of saints' lives that had as yet appeared. From these he derived a text which has stood the test of time from his day to this;

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

that is to say in respect of those Lives already edited. Rosweyde was indefatigable in seeking to recover the original pure texts, stripped of glosses and accretions, by the method of actual comparison of MSS. Bollandus on his part rendered his most signal service in amassing vast numbers of hitherto unedited MSS. He had an army of helpers in the monastic libraries throughout Europe seeking out materials. Moreover, Bollandus insisted that the prolegomena, annotations, etc., should precede and go along with the actual Lives in each case rather than be separated from them and published in a separate volume, which was the plan which Rosweyde had pursued in his edition of the 'Vitae Patrum.' It was this comprehensiveness that was specially characteristic of the method employed by Bollandus. His aim became the aim of the whole school, viz., to make search for and bring together the memorials of the saints from every corner whatsoever. His motto became the common standard—"Sancti quotquot toto urbe coluntur." This implied a vast literary undertaking, inasmuch as cults of the saints had spread into many lands and their memorials were embalmed in a great wealth of language, including Latin, Greek, Syriac, Arabic, Coptic, Ethiopian, Armenian and Georgian. The Latin Lives, naturally, were vastly in the majority, having more than nine thousand items as against the Greek nineteen hundred and the thirteen hundred approximately of the Oriental series. To be sure in Bollandus' day it was impossible to have access to a great many Lives, especially in the Oriental and Slavonic series, which in more recent days have been made accessible, and have in consequence been treated of by the "New Bollandists" in the volumes for October and November.

As the materials kept pouring in they were stored in the "Bollandist Museum," a rather imposing name for the garret in the Professed house of Antwerp which was for long the only headquarters of the early Bollandists. The preliminary work was that of the classification of these materials into general and special history, memorials of dioceses, towns and monasteries, Lives of the saints in various languages, breviaries and actual MSS. In drawing up a list of the saints to be treated for each day of the year it was often found that the same names recurred at different dates; for instance, as when

THE HAGIOGRAPHY OF THE BOLLANDISTS

the martyrologists did not agree, or in the case where a saint had more than one festival. This involved a further task of comparison and analysis with a view to determine precisely what saints were to be treated on a given day. Then came the matter of comment. Here again it was found that close observation of the source materials was imperative in order to find as nearly as possible what was original historic fact and what was legendary accretion. Out of these studies was built up the commentary on each Life with prolegomena, explanations, etc.

Thus we see that these scholars went through processes which are to-day familiar enough to the editor of an ancient text, but which were in their infancy in the seventeenth century; processes of actual textual criticism, collation and comparison of MSS., selection and correction of the basic text, together with introductory notes, annotation and comment. The early Bollandists were pioneers in the exact science of textual criticism.

The following paragraphs drawn from the report of De Külberg in 1778 will serve to make yet clearer the method of these critics and its real significance: "The hagiographers when preparing to treat of a particular day in the month used to meet in conference and draw a list compiled from all the known martyrologies of every saint honored by the church on that day. They then deliberated on the saints of the day to be dealt with and those that were to be omitted, either because they had already been written upon or because there were reasons for keeping them in abeyance; and explanation was given in the work of the reasons which had determined the choice of one of the other of these alternatives.

"This done, they agreed on the duty of writing of a special saint. All the Lives of the same saint inserted one after the other in the Corpus, became the subject of observation, discussions and criticism by the hagiographers. Thus each Life was corrected in accord with fact and established by proofs which have been tested in the light of a sane and judicious discussion and criticism.

Then they had it printed on four-leaf brochures of eight pages each. A copy was printed off and sent to the author for correction. Corrections were made by the printer and the

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

proofs returned to the author. Then the work was submitted to each of his colleagues in the order of their seniority; who examined it in turn and made notes on it. All met and discussed the emendations to be made. It was then given back to the printer who made a third copy which was revised by the author and then eight hundred copies were printed."

The fifty years which followed comprised the great period of eclipse in the work of the Bollandists. The Order of the Jesuits had been suppressed in 1773 and the activity of the hagiographers suffered a sudden arrest. In 1778 an imperial injunction required that their headquarters be transferred to the Abbey of Caudenberg in the vicinity of Brussels. It appears that the governmental authorities were not wholly in favor of the abrupt discontinuance of this scholarly work; but insisted that it be brought to a speedy conclusion. The ostensible reason was the question of finance.

In order to fall in line with the new requirements the Bollandists undertook to expedite heir work by adopting a new set of principles which may be briefly mentioned in passing, but which were in reality of slight consequence inasmuch as they were never wholly put into effect. The abrupt suppression of the labors of the critics in 1788 and the French invasion of Belgium four years later had utterly disastrous results for scholarship. These new principles, briefly stated, were as follows: (1) Instead of publishing all the known Lives of a saint, to publish only one, and leave aside those already dealt with by other writers. (2) To admit only those miracles which were established by satisfactory evidence, and indicate the others merely by a brief mention. (3) Instead of publishing the Lives of the saints which had been proved to be fabulous, to publish only extracts from those in order to set forth their mythical character and point out where they were to be found in full.

It will be noted here that the tenor of the new formulation was fully in accord with the fixed principle of the early Bollandists that all the evidence of source materials must be thoroughly sifted with a view to determine what was authentic and what was not. A man of the calibre of Daniel Papebroch would gladly have relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness the whole noxious mass of fabulous weeds that had in the course

THE HAGIOGRAPHY OF THE BOLLANDISTS

of centuries grown up about the original plant of the genuine Life. These men did not reject miracle as such. They were loyal churchmen and on most points orthodox believers. But they rejected fable; and contended strenuously for the right to apply an enlightened reason to the problem of distinguishing true from false in the documents.

Meanwhile it looked for a time as if the literary activity of the School were ended. The French invasion of Belgium in 1792 was followed by the confiscation of church property. The Bollandist Library was scattered to the four winds, part sold at public auction, part sent off by stealth to Westphalia and part hidden in the Castle of Westerloo. It was not until 1837 that a new Society was founded at Brussels under the leadership of Father Victor de Buck, an able and devoted scholar and critic. What is immediately evident to the uncritical observer of the product of the later Bollandists is the fact of the increased number of volumes for each month and also the slowness of production. As against the two volumes for January and three for February we have no fewer than thirteen volumes for October. Moreover, it was in the year 1876 when Charles de Smedt assumed the leadership that work was begun upon the first volume for November. But it did not actually appear until 1887, and only two volumes have appeared since that date. The reasons are not far to seek.

Victor de Buck was a distinguished philologist, and was able to bring to bear his philological interest to excellent advantage in the textual criticism of source materials for the *Acta*. One of the problems which had long baffled the hagiographers was the fact that in the sources the same saints often appeared on different days, or on the same day under different names. When Wright published his *Syriac Calendar*, de Buck made a close analysis of it, comparing it with the Hieronymian Martyrology, and came to the conclusion that the former calendar used in conjunction with various other Oriental calendars such as the Armenian and Egyptian, might be used as a key for the interpretation of the Hieronymian which was in itself a fusion of a great many martyrologies drawn from both East and West. De Buck was able to make real progress in grappling with the knotty problem of understanding and interpreting the Hieronymian for the sake of reaching the pure

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

and authentic originals embedded in that great collection of source materials. Another problem which absorbed his attention was the question of the relics of the martyrs. The traditional belief was that the so-called 'vases of blood' found in certain tombs of the catacombs were incontestable proof that martyrs had been buried there. It was a similar problem to that which had been raised in Papebroch's day, and which had brought on a lengthy controversy at that time. De Buck was no polemicist and did not enter the lists, although attacked by one Sconamiglio. He contented himself with setting forth certain pertinent facts in a book entitled "*De Phialis rubricatis*," which set forth the modern and scientific position as over against the traditional one. The fact that the majority of the tombs in question belonged to the period after the Peace of Constantine, and that at least one-fifth of the tombs marked by the so-called 'blood-vase' were those of little children, were among the things he called attention to. The traditional view seems to have won a numerical victory, however, inasmuch as it has been given the seal of papal and ecclesiastical sanction since the occasion which called forth De Buck's treatise.

The thorough philological work and the lengthy commentaries of De Buck made for a heavier, bulkier product in the finished work. The same tendencies have been accentuated still further in the most recent period which dates from the assumption of leadership by Professor De Smedt. The new plan provided for the actual inclusion in the volumes beginning with I November of all the various forms in which the Life of a saint had appeared. Thus there are seven different Lives of St. Hubert for example. That is to say, the Lives were not excluded or even abridged on the ground of being fabulous or legendary.

In addition to the printing of these Lives, they were first made the object of a thorough study in all the variant MSS. forms in which they appeared in the sources; and a due appraisal of their relative worth and significance was incorporated, based upon careful philological and critical investigation. The seventeenth and eighteenth century Bollandists with a highly rationalistic bent had been zealous to get at the pure Lives and throw the fabulous elements into the discard. These

THE HAGIOGRAPHY OF THE BOLLANDISTS

'New Bollandists,' imbued with the new literary point of view, have sought to give due attention and prominence to every possible interest, the literary and philological as well as the rationalistic. Thus they have measurably succeeded in meeting the criticism so often made of the work of the Bollandists, that it had in the past too often sacrificed apocryphal materials which, though apocryphal, nevertheless had a certain interest and significance for literature and culture, if not for scientific history.

All of which has involved an enormous expenditure of energy in the reading and examination of MSS. And it has implied bulkier volumes produced at a slower rate of speed. In consequence the need came to be felt for a new series, which might include studies and materials not suitable for the *Acta Sanctorum* proper. Hence the rise of the '*Analecta Bollandiana*', a quarterly review which has appeared in annual volumes since 1882. The aim of the *Analecta* was two-fold: first of all, to publish inedited or amended texts, and thus keep the interested public acquainted with new MS. findings as they came to the light of day; secondly, to publish more general works not fitted for publication in the *Acta* proper, catalogues, etc.

Beginning with the tenth volume of the *Analecta* in 1891 there has also been included a "*Bulletin des publications hagiographiques*," which studiously lists and reviews monographs, dissertations, etc., belonging to the field of hagiographical research, where and by whomsoever written. Thus by means of the *Analecta* with the included '*Bulletin*' one is able to keep fully abreast of current hagiographical activity. Particularly important are the above for the newer Greek and Slavonic studies which have come to assume an important place. The Propylaeum to November was entitled '*Synaxarium Ecclesiae Constantinopolitanae*' and was devoted to the Greek and Eastern Churches in their bearing on the investigations of the hagiographer. There is also a distinct Slavonic section in the work of the modern Bollandists, made possible by proficiency in the Slavic languages on the part of modern scholars. M. Salomon Reinach has called attention to the importance of these newer lines of research in the following encomium: "To those who, being unable to read the '*Byzantinische Zeitschrift*,'

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

wish to be familiar with current Greek patristic studies, I cannot too highly recommend the 'Bulletin des publications hagiographiques,' which appears four times yearly in the *Analecta Bollandiana*." *

Finally these indefatigable workers, seeking to leave no stone unturned, undertook an inventory of all the treasures of the Lives of the saints in all possible repositories of such documents. This labor issued in the production of a lengthy series of *Catalogi* which are listed in Delehaye's concluding chapter on Bibliography in his main work on the Bollandists. These *Catalogi* in turn demanded indices; hence the formation of the three series of indices, the *Bibliotheca hagiographica graeca*, the *B. h. latina*, and the *B. h. orientalis*, published between 1895 and 1910. The Bollandists have also published by way of supplement from time to time a number of monographs on a variety of subjects more or less closely related to their central interest. This series is known as the *Subsidia hagiographica* and contains upwards of twenty volumes. An edition of the famous Martyrology of Jerome is furnished by J. B. Rossi and Abbé Duchesne in II November of the *Acta*.

It has been noted above that I November appeared in 1887 and only two volumes since. The work has been progressing steadily but slowly in recent years. During the Great War it had to be discontinued on account of the editors being cut off from their sources of supply. It has been taken up again, however; and in due time we may look for the remaining volumes for November as also those for December. Then a complete revision in a new series will be in order; which, beginning with January again will traverse all the ground already worked over, and will embody the up-to-date critical methods evolved by slow processes and seen at their best only in the actual product nearest at hand.

There have been three main editions of the *Acta Sanctorum*, viz., the original edition begun at Antwerp, the Venice edition and the Paris edition. Inasmuch as month and volume do not always correspond in these various editions, it is well in quoting them to make the needful differentiation. The primitive edition was that published at Antwerp. The original

*Salomon Reinach, in *Revue Archéologique*, 1895, II, 228.

THE HAGIOGRAPHY OF THE BOLLANDISTS

intention had been to publish at Amsterdam but the plan miscarried on account of fire. De Backer tells us concerning the Venice edition that it was begun in 1734 and stopped in 1770 with the fifth volume of September. It was considered an improvement on the first edition. With a view to its completion Greuse published at Paris a reprint of V September and volumes I VI of October. The Paris edition was begun in 1863 as a reprint of the *Acta Sanctorum* and was a faithful reproduction of the original edition. The last volume of this impression was that of XI October, dated 1870. Besides the standard works of the Bollandists a number of spurious writings have been perpetrated by unscrupulous writers, of which a list may be found in Delehay.

In conclusion, the Bollandists stand out in clear relief as a school of historians at once scholarly and critical. In the first place they were and are Jesuits. And the Jesuits, whatever their faults, have never been accused of maintaining low standards of scholarship. Like the Dominicans, they have stood for the purest and best in the classical tradition from Augustine to Aquinas. The Jesuits arose in and with the Counter-Reformation and inherited from the Renaissance of the preceding century a love of and devotion to the ancient classical languages. The Bollandists were nursed up in this tradition, and chose as the medium of their work not vulgar Latin but Latin of the high days of Vergil and Cicero. Their vehicle of expression is at once copious, chaste, elegant and dignified. They were masters in the use of this medium. As a lingualistic achievement alone the editorial work of the *Acta Sanctorum* was one of vast proportions. But they were not only scholarly, they were also essentially scientific and critical. Herbert Rosweyde had in him the spirit of the genuine critic. In modern days he would have found a place alongside Renan or Boissier. It pained him that the work of Baronius and his collaborators had been executed in such a thoroughly uncritical spirit. And the scoffing criticisms of Protestants and Humanists levelled at the fabulous and wholly untrustworthy character of the so-called Lives of the saints served to deepen his chagrin and also to arouse in him the desire to apply new standards of criticism in the study of the sources. That he and his successors did succeed in the severe task which they set

themselves is attested in many ways. I quote the following excerpt from a lengthy statement issued by Dr. Karl Geiger of the University of Tübingen, himself a Protestant, two hundred and fifty years after Bollandus brought out his first volume in 1643: "No university, faculty, no category of savants can neglect the *Acta Sanctorum*. Theologians, philosophers, jurists, doctors, in brief all who study and have studied at German universities may draw from this source utility and profit."

But in a still wider sense the Bollandists, as has already been hinted, were pioneers of the new scientific spirit of critical enquiry in the field of historical research. They share with Mabillon and the Benedictines of St. Maur the honor of introducing new criteria which have gone to make the largest portion of the present-day corpus of methodology in research.

In the departments of comparative philology and textual criticism, in the intensive study of MSS., in the auxiliary sciences of palaeography, diplomatic, chronology and mythology, in acute and comprehensive critical annotation—in each of these several areas the Bollandists have made a distinct contribution. They were in a very real sense pioneers of the modern scientific study of history. To the early Bollandists of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries in particular, who absorbed and in turn reflected in their historical researches the spirit of rationalism of the philosophers from Descartes to Kant, modern scholarship owes an incalculable debt. Succeeding generations have reaped and continue to reap the benefit of their labors. Both the critical principles and the actual technique of the craft they wrought out and passed on to posterity. Their great corpus of the *Acta Sanctorum* stands as a mighty, enduring monument of the combined massive learning, fearless originality, acumen, and sustained devotion of a fellowship of one of the finest groups of historical scholars that modern Europe has produced.

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A GLANCE AT THE PHARMACOLOGY OF THE PAST

TO look, however far, into the "dark backward and abysm of time," to find the first beginnings of the use of drugs by man would be to undertake a fruitless search. As Sydenham said: "No investigation can point out the origin of medicine. There never has been a time when it was not."

Man, like the world he lives in, has always been subject to unforeseeable catastrophe and to the attack of many diseases: the search for a remedy has been instinctive, and the discovery of some of the best has been accidental.

The water of pools impregnated with the alkaloids of cinchona trees, growing near by, were found by malaria-stricken natives of Peru to relieve their distress and fever. By degrees the tribes drew the inference that the tree was the source of the benefit received and they began to make stronger preparations from the tree by boiling its bark in water and so making a primitive "Extractum Cinchonae Liquidum." Centuries later the Spanish monks found out from the native practice the use of the bark which is the source of our best specific against malaria. We read in Mr. Evelyn's diary, August 7th, 1685, of his visit to the Apothecaries Garden of Simples at Chelsea, to see the new tree bearing the "Jesuits Bark, which had done such wonders in quartan agues." Malaria was common in Britain in those days.

The earliest medical writing at present known is the Ebers papyrus which belongs to the 18th Dynasty of Egypt, about 1300 years B.C. Among the drugs mentioned there as curative, our old friends oil of bitter almonds, olive oil, figs as a plaster, castor oil and opium are found and the oldest known prescriptions for hair dye and the destruction of vermin. The same people must have known much of preventive medicine and hygiene, as the Mosaic regulations prove.

For the first serious and primitively scientific writings upon medicine, however, we are indebted, as for all other higher intellectual and artistic origins, to Greece in her golden age. For many generations the sick resorted to the temple health resorts of Greece and Asia Minor to breathe pure air,

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

live a simple life and engage in religious meditation. After sacrificing the prescribed victim, the patient slept the following night reclining upon the skin of the animal within the temple precincts and was taught that during this temple sleep he might be visited by suggestions as to the best drugs or other healing measures to use for his recovery. The psychic side of sickness was thus early recognized, and the healing effects of peaceful and salubrious surroundings, simple food and the value of nature cures, sunshine, fresh air, water drinking and bathing. It became the custom to write up in the temples what might be called case records of particular cures, which were partly intended as religious thanksgivings.

The great schools of medicine which grew out of these priest-physician temple health resorts, flourished in Cos and Cnidus five centuries B.C. and there was lit the first clear candle of clinical observation, deduction and record, studies which must always form the basis of sound medical judgment upon sick humanity. From these primitive Greek schools the physicians of those days usually itinerated as practitioners and students at large within the Mediterranean world. In this kind of environment grew up young Hippocrates, afterwards well styled "the Great," for there were several Greek physiicians of the same name but not of the same pre-eminence. He was probably the first to insist that all diseases had natural causes, that there was no such thing as a "sacred disease," as one disease was called par excellence in his day. Cure also was nature's own work. He believed that the origin of the healing art dated from the discovery that a diet suitable to a man in health was not suitable to the same man in disease. In his writings 265 drugs are mentioned, many of them being hard to identify with certainty to-day. Hippocrates was economic in their use. He relied on regimen, starvation, the use of bathing, poulticing, blistering, rubbing, cupping and bleeding. He used weak barley water or gruel as food in acute illness and an acid, honey and water drink, the "oxymel," a name we still use for a similar form of pharmaceutic preparation.

The 100 years after the Hippocratic period is a blank in medical history. The first ancient writer who spoke much of drugs was Erasistratus, who flourished in the third century B.C. He and Herophilus were the chief ornaments of the great

A GLANCE AT PHARMACOLOGY OF THE PAST

school of medicine which arose at Alexandria, owing to the spread of Greek culture after the victories of Alexander. He used few drugs, however, and these of the simplest, showing a proper reserve in the absence of sufficient knowledge. He specially condemns a practice which already was common, that of using "blunderbuss" mixtures of drugs.

Andromachus, physician to the Emperor Nero, handed down in a Greek poem, perhaps to assist in the memorizing of so elaborate a compound, the formula of a famous specific "*Theriaca Andromachi*," said to contain 70 different drugs. Up to that time the most famous antidote against all poisons and infections was the *Mithridatium*, called after the famous King of Pontus, Mithridates, who, legend says had so immunized himself against a multitude of poisons by progressive self dosage of one after another of these, that when Pompey overcame him, he could not succeed in poisoning himself and had to get his soldiers to dispatch him with the sword. The original Mithridatic prescription was supposed to have been brought to Rome after the death of the King of Pontus, and became the pattern for Nero's physician's "*Theriaca*." Galen gives, as his version of the remedy, a list of 62 ingredients mixed with 960 ounces of honey, in all 1418 ounces, 24 ounces of which were opium. The virtues of this heterogeneous composition are thus set down by Galen: "It resists poisons, venomous bites, cures inveterate headaches, vertigo, deafness, epilepsy, apoplexy, dimness of sight, loss of voice, asthma, coughs of all kinds, spitting of blood, tightness of breath, colic, iliac passion, jaundice, hardness of the spleen, stone, urinary complaints, fevers, dropsies, leprosies, the troubles to which women are subject, melancholy and all pestilences." A compound called Venice treacle, of a similar complexity, I find mentioned in Defoe's *History of the Plague of London*, as one of the specifics relied upon in that dreadful visitation. The prescription of Andromachus, in a reduced form, was still published in the *London College Dispensatory* of 1746.

We now come to the second great name in the history of medicine, that of Galen—born in 134 A.D. in Pergamos, a student in Alexandria, early elected physician to the gladiators at Smyrna, a man of great erudition, native intuition and

extended experience not only in Asia Minor, for he practised for four years among the elite of Rome. Among his patients were the Great Emperor Marcus Aurelius and his son Commodus. A large body of his works has come down to us, and one of them is entitled "Concerning the composition of drugs." He believed that he had discovered a new principle determining the dynamic qualities of drugs and therefore their use in therapeutics. This was, the varying degree in which they possessed, or could engender the qualities of heat, cold, dryness or moisture. These were the four great cardinal qualities believed by their balance and interaction to have so much to do with determining the state of the human body in health as well as in disease. A principle based on so defective a physiology could not, of course, lead to any advance in treatment. There is no evidence that he made any systematic trial of the efficacy of any one drug in any one class of disease, although this would seem to have been the only fruitful method available in the existing state of knowledge.

In spite of his great perspicacity in clinical observation, Galen was apparently able to believe that necklaces containing certain drugs could ward off convulsions, and that if cords were tied around a serpent's neck so as to strangle it they might afterwards be used as necklaces to cure goitres. The primitive character of his views as to drugs in general is shown by his opinion of the Theriaca Andromachi quoted above. Galen is credited with the doctrine of using as remedies drugs believed to produce contrary symptoms to those observed in the patient, and also with the practice of severe dosing. Galen's dictatorship in medicine endured for nearly 1500 years.

With the decline of Greek genius and the rise of Mahometan power, medical tradition passed into the hands of the Arabian physicians. These men found Galen's system in his writings and absorbed it in the main. The fresh gift they brought to medicine was their knowledge of primitive chemistry. Rhazes, one of their greatest names (about 900 A.D.) is believed to have been the first to use mercury internally as a curative agent, and to describe smallpox and measles as special diseases. The doctrines of Rhazes and Avicenna (1000 A.D.)

A GLANCE AT PHARMACOLOGY OF THE PAST

were still expounded in the schools of Jena and Leyden as late as the seventeenth century.

With the fifteenth century came the fall of Constantinople and the rediscovery and widespread diffusion of the classical writings. Among these were the Greek originals of the Arabian versions of Galen. Thus the medicine of Europe was bathed afresh in a newly concentrated infusion of Galenical ideas and principles of practice.

Within the following century the primitive chemical medicine brought by the Arabs began to find European disciples. Among these Valentinus and that meteoric genius, Paracelsus, were outstanding pioneers. Antimony was the chief new chemical element then introduced into the pharmacopeia, and the use or nonuse of antimony became the touchstone of the rival schools of the day—medical and chemical.

Paracelsus was born at Einsiedeln in Switzerland in 1493, the son of a physician. He became the first great protestant of medicine. He was ten years the junior of Luther and was known to Erasmus the great humanist of the Teutonic Reformation. For a long time of his youth he was a roving scholar in Italy, France, England and Spain among the chemists and empirics of his day. His greatest teacher was Trithemius, a learned Benedictine abbot, with whom he studied chemistry, astrology and what were called the magic arts. Paracelsus early came to the conclusion that these studies should no longer be used as means for the finding of any philosopher's stone but as means to discover things of practical service for the use of men. He began to use mercury, antimony and opium, the last more freely than was then common, and with these weapons appears to have relieved many patients till then without help. It is said that he was the first to use mercury to cure venereal disease, and that he discovered zinc, invented a form of laudanum as a new vehicle for the administration of opium, and attempted the transfusion of blood. The laudanum of Paracelsus, however, was itself a curious composite of various substances. One version of it represents it as a pill mass containing one-quarter by weight of opium with juice of hyoscyamus, mummy, salts of pearl and coral, bone of the heart of a stag, bezoar stone, amber and essential oils. The laudanum of early London Pharmacopeias was a moist

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

pill mass also, and the laudanum Sydenham used at the close of the seventeenth century for the cure of dysentery contained opium, saffron, cinnamon, cloves and canary wine. If such a strange compound represented the laudanum of a radical like Paracelsus, it shows how hard it was, even for the most advanced thinker of that age, to throw off the shackles of superstition in regard to drugs. He was often called the alchemist physician by his contemporaries on account of the stress he laid on studying metals as carefully as vegetable remedies. In order to do this, he worked for some time in the Tyrolese mines.

His followers, under the name of the "Chemical Physicians," kept up for the next hundred years a bitter fight with the Galenists, who in France even called in the secular arm on their side. Was it a prophetic circumstance that it was in Germany that the chemical doctrine first strongly established itself? In their systematic way they came to appoint a chemist and an alchemist at each court of their separate principalities.

Our own Linacre, 1460-1530, contemporary of Paracelsus, physician to Henry VIII and the great reformer of English medicine in his day, studied on the continent with the Galenists and brought back a moderate prejudice against the chemists.

The inevitable fusion of the two systems was heralded on the continent by the publication in Germany in 1646 of Johann Schroeder's "Pharmacopeia Medico-chemica," which appealed to both parties, and in England by the appointment of a physician with chemical tendencies, Sir Theodore Mayerne, as royal physician, an office which he held for thirty years.

In 1666 the faculty of Paris rescinded the ban upon the use of antimony and the great feud came to an end. Scientific progress was still delayed, however, by strange doctrines, belief in panaceas and elixirs of life. For a time the "Doctrine of Signatures," introduced by Paracelsus, had many adherents. This viewed the outward form or colour of plants as suggesting some part of the body which, when sick, might be benefited by the use of the plant which suggested this likeness. Euphrasia with its iris like trimming on the corolla was used for eye troubles, blood root for anaemias, and so on. The walnut with its curious likeness to the human skull, enclosing a soft con-

A GLANCE AT PHARMACOLOGY OF THE PAST

voluted centre with its veined protective coverings, was one of the fruits most stimulating to the imagination of men thinking along lines like these. Even the separate parts of the walnut fruit were for a time used in disease of the corresponding parts of the brain or its coverings.

The earliest suggestion offered by the chemists as a principle determining the classification of diseases, was based on their newly acquired knowledge of the large classes of substances called acids and alkalies. Sylvius in Leyden and our own Willis, famous as an anatomist, were apostles of this gospel. They suggested that diseased conditions might, in the main, be due to states of acidity or alkalinity of the system, and might, therefore, be simply and effectively treated by prescribing remedies of opposite reaction. Naturally this idea could not be applied over a wide field, though it contained a germ of true doctrine.

A name we should remember in relation to this period of development is that of the botanist John Ray (1627-1705), companion of Robert Boyle, Sydenham, and Sir Hans Sloane. Ray's collection of plants may still be seen in the British Museum, mounted and described by his own hand. He tried to assign medicinal virtue as well as botanical rank to his plants, and urged his physician friends to observe and record the effects following upon the use of various drugs. About the same time many experiments were carried out to determine the best ways of extracting the virtues residing in plants, whether by watery infusion, decoction, spirituous extract, distillation or what not. Many of the principles then laid down still hold good in the pharmacy of to-day. Moreover, the shade of Galen still walks, for we call the preparations such as decoctions, extracts, infusions, made from crude vegetable substances, whose exact composition must vary constantly, "Galenic preparations," in distinction from the pharmacy of the chemical salts, or chemically derived alkaloids obtained in pure form from the crude plant, all of which can be accurately weighed and are of the same value always in every dose of the same weight.

The greatest figure of seventeenth century medicine in Britain was Thomas Sydenham, whose birth in September,

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

1624,* we should remember this year with lively feelings of respect and admiration. He has often been styled the reformer of English medicine, and the English Hippocrates, because with clear sighted vision he taught the medical world of his day to free themselves from tradition and study afresh the natural history of disease. There was little true clinical instruction in those days but a free indoctrination of the young physician with classical learning and the medical dogmas of the past largely still a version of Galenism. "I conceive," said Sydenham, "that the advancement of medicine lies in the following conditions—There must be a history of the disease, a line of practice (i.e. therapeutics) which has been based and built upon a sufficient number of experiments, and so proved competent to cure this or that disease," (and there must be a) "discovery of specific remedies." These are principles as fundamental now as then. Naturally enough this was looked upon as thin and doctrinaire by most of his heavy handed contemporaries. Nor did Sydenham himself escape becoming "subdued" to the custom and the time he worked in "like the dyer's hand," as Shakespeare put it. His favourite prescription for gout, from which he suffered severely himself, contained thirty-one herbs mixed with honey and canary wine. He was a great user of opium—(in fact there was a special laudanum named after him)—he believed in the fresh air cure of smallpox, and much in the virtue of horseback riding in many diseases, and he seems to have taken little notice of Harvey's contemporaneous and epoch-making discoveries concerning the circulation.

The eighteenth century might be called, in reference to pharmacology, the deep darkness before the dawn. In a state of society characterized by so much brilliance and achievement in other lines, the drug and general therapy of the sick can only be characterized as barbarous. Drugs were used fancifully, ignorantly, in confused and irrational mixtures and in enormous quantities, and of substances derived from the animal kingdom, none were too nasty or excrementitious to be thought useful and right therapeutically. Montaigne in the sixteenth century complained that one of the foolish remedies

*This paper was read in November, 1924.

A GLANCE AT PHARMACOLOGY OF THE PAST

for stone in the kidney, from which he himself suffered severely, was the excrement of rats. Such remedies were still common in the eighteenth century. The last animal substance to disappear from the old pharmacopeias was the wood louse. It figured in a British Pharmacopeia of 1788.

Some years ago, the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain published a Historical Sketch of the Progress of Pharmacy in Great Britain from which I take one example of the practice of eighteenth and early nineteenth century apothecaries when attending patients of the wealthier classes.

A certain Mr. Dalby of Ludgate Hill, London, was rendered a bill amounting to \$76.50 in Canadian currency for for drugs compounded during five consecutive days. The following are the items for *one* of these five days:

August 12th: An emulsion 4/6, A mucilage 3/4, Jelly of hawthorn 4/-, A clyster 2/6, An ivory pipe 1/-, A cordial bolus 2/6, The same again 2/6, Plaster to dress Blister 1/-, A cordial draught 2/4, The same again 2/4, Another bolus 2/6, Another draught 2/4, A glass of cordial spirits 3/6, Blister to the arm 5/-, The same to the wrists 5/-, Two boluses again 5/-, Two draughts again 4/8, Another emulsion 4/6, Another pearl julep 4/6. In all \$15.00. The unhappy gentleman must have had a corporation and a bank account. Let us hope such strenuous measures were rewarded with success.

At the opening of the nineteenth century it had come to be agreed by the best minds in the profession that much of the pharmacy of the past was wasted labour, often pernicious if turned to practical use, and that progress in the knowledge of drug therapeutics must be based upon four lines of study:—Chemical analysis of drugs as far as was then possible, a study of botanical affinities among plants, suggesting similar medicinal qualities among related specimens, a study of the sensible impressions conveyed by plants, and, last and most important, actual trial upon the sick.

Some crude experiments had been done by injecting drugs into the veins of dogs, as first suggested by the English Leonardo, Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect. These, however, had been so roughly performed that no real knowledge

had come from them. Nor were there the instruments yet invented to record the observable reactions.

In mere justice we must award to the founder of Homeopathy, Hahnemann, whose chief work was published in 1810, the honour of proving that patients suffering from acute diseases recovered with greater certainty and speed without the severe treatment then in vogue. He was a pioneer also in regard to elegant forms of preparing drugs, and in carrying out painstaking observations upon the effects produced upon healthy persons by varying doses of many different drugs.

Under the homoeopathic system disease came to be regarded as an immaterial thing revealing itself to the cognizance of the physician by symptoms. It was his duty to decide what were the salient symptoms in each case and to meet these by the use of one or two drugs which were believed to produce upon healthy subjects phenomena similar to those observed in the case of the sick patient.

A further development of these conceptions led to the view that if disease be immaterial, then the more attenuated, or quasi-immaterial, the remedy used should be, so that in some cases doses representing the 1000th part of a grain, or even less, were prescribed. It seems evident that here we have imagination in regard to a theory of treatment running to an extreme equally irrational, though it must be admitted, one much safer for the patient than the old extreme of excessive drugging.

Jennerian vaccination and anti-typhoid inoculation are the pioneers of many triumphs in the treatment and prevention of zymotic diseases and surely here was found the truest fulfilment of Hahnemann's dream of curing or preventing one symptom complex by giving the very agent which produces the same complex in a well person. In a few cases also drugs have been found which at least approach being the *specifics* of which Sydenham dreamed.

The first serious experiment upon animals in order to determine the action of poisons upon particular organs or tissues were carried out by Fontana, who published at Florence in 1765 an elaborate research upon the effects of poisoning by

A GLANCE AT PHARMACOLOGY OF THE PAST

viper bites upon animals. He is said to have performed 6,000 experiments of the kind.

Magendie of Paris was cognizant of Fontana's work and followed along similar lines. In 1809 he proved that the poison of strychnine was directed upon the spinal cord. He also investigated the effects of iodine and morphine. His great pupil and successor in the chair of experimental medicine at Paris was Claude Bernard, one of the greatest names in the history of physiology.

The first laboratory for purely pharmacological research was founded about 1850 by Bucheim, at Dorpat, not far from St. Petersburg. Since the middle of the nineteenth century such laboratories have been established in all civilized countries.

When the great German pathologist, Ehrlich, impatient of the delay in the discovery of new antitoxins similar to that of Von Behring and Roux for diphtheria, became fascinated by the idea that dye substances such as those he had used so long, which showed so singular and specific a choice in fastening upon certain tissue elements rather than others, might in similar fashion be found to have a specific power of pouncing upon germ or protozoal causes of disease in living man, he laid the foundation of a great new field of research from which already priceless chemo-therapeutic remedies have been won; some of its trophies are trypan red, trypan blue and the arsenobenzols which are specifics in spirochaetal and trypanosome diseases.

Who can doubt that incalculable progress will be made in this field even in our own time. Another ground of hope is in the growing knowledge of endocrine physiology and pathology, which will doubtless rapidly lead us to wise ways of using these internal secretions for preventive and curative ends.

Pharmacology, then, in its broadest meaning, which not so long ago was the least advanced branch of medicine, has in the last generation made strides little short of marvellous. These are due to the growth of knowledge in the departments of Physiology, Pathology and Organic and Bio-chemistry, and to the light derived from experiments concerning the action of drugs upon the lower animals and upon man. Many such various studies, focussed to the service of a brilliant intuition by

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

the expert craftsmanship of the laboratory worker, combined to the bringing forth of "Insulin"—a substance prophesied and even named years ago by a British physiologist and now offered as the first great gift of Canadian medicine to the world.

Each generation has some threads of newly ascertained truth to weave into the endless arabesque which we dream may one day adorn the seamless robe of Aesculapius the healer. "Art is long, life is fleeting, judgment is difficult," as Father Hippocrates said long ago. The labours that lead to knowledge are being slowly matured all over the world to-day and the process must go on as long as men remain to pursue these indispensable and fascinating studies. As it is impossible to find the beginnings of Medicine, we may be certain that its pursuit will not be relaxed on this side of time.

As we turn from this rapid and most incomplete review of some of the great landmarks in the thought of our forerunners regarding the implements to be used and methods to be followed in the art of healing, let us take leave of it with the clear-sighted, and yet charitable, summing up to which Kipling gives utterance in one of those striking poetic interludes in his "Rewards and Fairies":—

“Wonderful little when all is said,
Wonderful little our fathers knew.
Half their remedies cured you dead,
Most of their teaching was quite untrue—
‘Look at the stars when a patient is ill,
(Dirt has nothing to do with disease),
Bleed and blister as much as you will,
Blister and bleed him as oft as you please.’
Whence enormous and manifold
Errors were made by our fathers of old.
Yet when the sickness was sore in the land
And neither planet nor herb assuaged,
They took their lives in their lancet hand
And, oh, what a wonderful war they waged!
Yes, when the crosses were chalked on the door—
Yes, when the terrible dead cart rolled,
Excellent courage our fathers bore,
Excellent heart had our fathers of old.
None too learned, but nobly bold,
Into the fight went our fathers of old.

A GLANCE AT PHARMACOLOGY OF THE PAST

If it be certain, as Galen says,
And sage Hippocrates holds as much,
That those afflicted by doubts and dismays
Are mightily helped by a dead man's touch,
Then be good to us, stars above,
Then be good to us, herbs below,
We are afflicted by what we can prove,
We are distracted by what we know.

So, ah So!

Down from your heaven or up from your mould,
Send us the hearts of our fathers of old."

T. GIBSON.

THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC

THE success of Shaw's *St. Joan*, which is surely due to a highly uncritical public which sees no objection to a tragedy being striped with burlesque, will go a long way towards creating for this generation the current legend of the Maid.

Perhaps the version of her story which figures in most history text-books is too purely romantic to the detriment of the real portraiture and interpretation of her character, but none the less there are too many and glaring travesties of fact and misstatements of procedure in *St. Joan* for it to be entitled to figure as a genuine interpretation either of a period or of a personage of history.

On the historical side the broader defects have been already pointed out by Arthur R. Ropes in an article in the *March Contemporary Review*. Shaw's thesis is that Jeanne d'Arc was a forerunner of the new and emancipated woman, the creature who gets things done, that as such she proved objectionable to two of the great orders of the time, the Baronage and the Church, and that she fell a victim to them. Mr. Ropes points out that the baronial order as a static element of society, if it ever was such, had had its day long before the fifteenth century, that the big baron of that date was striving much more for his own hand than for the interests of his order, in fact that he resembles far more closely the tyrant of the Renaissance than the baronage which was schooled into some obedience by the Plantagenets or their French contemporaries.

Shaw's churchmen again, Cauchon and the inquisitor, are far more types of churchmen of the thirteenth century, the heyday of the medieval church, than of this troubled fifteenth century with its dissensions among rival Popes, its strife between the Papacy and the councils, its nascent heresy and its ecclesiastical worldliness, which already had found keen critics in Jean de Meung, Chaucer, and Langland.

But apart from these general principles, the facts themselves fit but awkwardly to Shaw's thesis. Joan falls a victim

THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC

to the Feudal Baron typified by Warwick, who vaguely suggests a character like the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Cauchon the Bishop of integrity and high purpose, supported by a dignified and incisive inquisitor.

But the realities of the case are quite otherwise. It may be necessary for dramatic purposes to embody in Warwick much of the action of the play, but the real prime mover on the political side was the Council of the realm, which of course meant the regent Bedford. The crowning of the Dauphin at Rheims, the *sacre*, had of course made Charles the legitimate sovereign. Even to-day, though with rather a hollow symbolism, the coronation rites are observed, the anointing, the girding with the sword. In a heraldic and sacramental age these things were facts, and although in the fifteenth century higher realists might ignore them, for the vulgar it was extremely awkward and impolitic to do so. It was necessary then if possible to discredit Charles' coronation, and Joan's capture by the Burgundians gave the opportunity. Cauchon was instructed to demand her surrender. The servile University of Paris made a like claim. But once she was surrendered it was the English who took charge of her—it was here that Warwick came in; they had paid the money for her and meant to keep her. But it was necessary to discredit her by means of an ecclesiastical court. The situation required handling with some delicacy, for an ecclesiastical commission had already examined her at Poitiers, when she first presented herself for her mission, and had pronounced in her favor: moreover, this recognition had had the support, however cynical, of the Archbishop of Rheims. This task was entrusted to Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais. Who was Cauchon? A favorite son of the University of Paris, a rising ecclesiastic, shrewd and able, and a pluralist to such a degree that it had been necessary for the University to petition the Pope to authorize his many pluralities on the ground of his "courage" and zeal for the Church. His career had been rudely checked by the fact that his flock, who were loyal Frenchmen, had driven him into England and found favor with Cardinal Beaufort. He was compensated by the English for the loss of his benefices. So far nothing has been established against his private character, but it is evident on which side his interests lie and

his position as an upright and impartial churchman, an unbiassed judge in the forthcoming trial, has been seriously impaired. Shaw is careful to suppress all this. What he does lose in his interpretation of the drama is an opportunity of representing the Bishop as tempted and falling as Lucifer fell.

Cauchon consents to conduct the case. Our knowledge of the proceedings is derived from two sources. The records of the trial which still exist and were first brought to light in the 18th century and the Rehabilitation, which was the appeal against Joan's sentence made by Joan's mother after the English had gone. It is customary for modern critics to depreciate the Rehabilitation as a mere white-washing. They use it as far as it is necessary to round off the story, they discount what does not coincide with their views. This is unfair when the substantial agreement of the witnesses' testimony is taken into account. The first trial with its minutes drawn up under Cauchon's eye naturally reveals little prejudicial to Cauchon. Suffice it to say here that both trials were skilfully conducted. The Rabelaisian satire of *chatz fourrez* ratiocinating *ad absurdum* is not the prevailing note, though there is some suggestion of it. The first trial led up to the securing of a technical verdict which was hard to avoid considering the circumstances. In the second trial the appellants contented themselves with upsetting the judgement of the first trial on technical grounds. It is not necessary to cover the whole voluminous ground of the trial. It will be sufficient to indicate the participants and the major heads of the indictment which followed on the preliminary examination. Cauchon did not satisfy his employers, and finally had to force justice to do so.

Let us for a moment consider the atmosphere in which Joan was brought to trial. Naturally she was so far only a name to the court which tried her. At Orleans the English first heard of some mystic maid coming to the relief of France. They saw her and from their Bastilles shouted abuse, threatening to burn the Armagnac milkmaid as a witch. Then the miracle happened and they saw themselves hustled ignominiously from central France. Frenchmen were no longer afraid to fight on equal terms. The English military reputation was gone. The power of morale changed camp. Now no party

THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC

likes to think that God is on the other side, and there were many pious and respectable men on the English side. France was broken into two factions—Unionists and Sinn Feiners, as we might say. The long English occupation had created an ascendancy crowd. Clerical appointments for a long time had been subject to English recommendation and approval. Paris was a Burgundian centre and the University was Burgundian and pro-English to a man. To be anything else was to court disaster. Inevitably in these circles Joan would be assumed to be a charlatan or a mere impostor used for political purposes. Orthodox churchmen might well be scandalized at the intrusion of such a figure into the high mysteries of the Sacre.

Cauchon was convening his court to expose a humbug and to discredit a mockery. But now his difficulties began. It was intended at first to proceed as against a witch, and ecclesiastical experts knew that there was as much imposture as devil-worship about the average witch. But preliminary inquiries made at Domremy revealed very little to the disadvantage of the Maid. The attempt to implicate her in local superstitions of the baser sort broke down. There was a fairy tree and a holy well, but, as a village ancient testified later, Joan did no more than all the village children in the observance of these local rites, and Domremy seems to have been far more apathetic than a Connaught village of to-day in its attitude to fairies. That pious and upright churchman Cauchon lost his temper at the small progress made. Again and again the testimony of the second trial shows him as roused to wrath when he was checked in the successful prosecution of the trial. It became necessary to abandon the sorcery charges and to widen the issue. Only one course remained open, that of a charge of heresy. For this purpose an ample court of assessors or expert jurymen was convened, and Cauchon sought to associate with himself the Inquisitor of France. But the Inquisitor would not come. He excused himself on the plea of professional duties elsewhere, and Cauchon was obliged to satisfy himself with the deputy Inquisitor of the Diocese. The latter sought to excuse himself as well. The court invited the Inquisitor of France to authorize his deputy. The form of excuse the latter had used debarred him from refusal, and the Deputy Inquisitor sat in mute and shivering. The later testimony of a brother

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

cleric was that he declared that if he had not acquiesced he would have been thrown into the Seine.

But why all this objection? There was this primary defect in the trial. In a trial for heresy the accused should be in the ward of the church. But Joan was a prisoner of war and the English would not surrender her. The difficulty was got round by Joan's gaoler being sworn in as her ecclesiastical keeper. It was perhaps on this condition that the Inquisitor authorized his deputy to act.

The body of assessors was powerful and learned. The University was well represented, the chapter of Rouen, a proud and discrete corporation, which had already shown its independence by refusing to accept Cauchon as its Archbishop. As the trial went on many of the assessors absented themselves. New ones perhaps more pliant were added. Recalcitrants were coerced by a threat of forfeiting their fees. Here and there a voice raised itself in objection or demur, and the choleric flush mounted on Cauchon's ensanguined mask.

What was the nature of the trial? There was a preliminary cross-examination of the accused, a free for all badgering in which the more zealous of the assessors had full scope. It was marked at its beginning by a dramatic moment. Joan was invited to submit to the test of saying the Lord's Prayer. She agreed to say it to her judge Cauchon in confession. The 'heretic' was claiming the means of grace, and was enlisting her judge on her side! Cauchon in confusion suspended the court for the day. It is Michelet who brings out the dramatic point, but the bare record is there in the original. Joan refused to be cross-questioned as to her voices, and then again she caused a "sensation in court" by proclaiming that her voices had spoken to her in her cell. The astonished Cauchon heard for example that they had spoken to her of him. The claim to be in communication with heavenly messengers naturally evoked the question as to whether she believed herself in a state of grace and her sublime reply, 'If I am may God keep me so, if not may he bring me there.' It also gave ground for the accusation of Presumption, which was one of the major charges against her. Very little direct reference was made to the fact "a war was on" until Joan introduced the

THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC

point herself. Every little rag of evidence that could be distorted into an accusation was made use of. 'Had her voices inspired her with hate? Had she not disobeyed her father? Did she claim miraculous powers? Had she consented to the death of a captive? Why did she hold her standard at Rheims? —'it had been in the toil, might it not be at the triumph,' she answered. The sum of it all did not amount to much. Even if a technical verdict could be secured against her, it would not go far toward discrediting the Maid or her mission. It was necessary to concentrate on points out of which capital could be made. It was necessary also to proceed by ways which would overcome the scruples of objecters. For there were murmurs. A notable lawyer, Jean Lohier, invited to assist, had refused on the ground of irregularities in procedure. "They will catch her in her words," he said. De Houpeville, another cleric, questioned the validity of the procedure and was imprisoned. Even De La Fontaine, who conducted the case against the Maid, who was most exposed to the radiance of her innocence, threw up his brief and was silenced by Cauchon.*

Two points could be turned to the Maid's discredit. First, her wearing male dress. She had adopted this when she began her military career. She seemed to regard it as sanctioned if not enjoined by her voices. She clung to it now as a guard to her modesty. The same modesty made her very reticent about it. A test case was made out of it. If she would give it up Cauchon said she could hear Mass at Easter. She faltered for a moment, for spiritual hunger was keen on her. All she had of what Shaw cruelly called her favorite luxuries was, that on her way to trial the usher Massieu allowed her to kneel before a chapel door, where was the Blessed Sacrament. She agreed to take woman's dress if on her return she might resume her male garb, then she made a passionate plea for permission to hear Mass unconditionally. It fell on deaf ears, but we may not unreasonably suppose that it was these things which moved the waverers among the assessors, few as they might be, and forced her accusers to proceed with more caution and more skill.

M. Champion demurs at this story which comes from the retrial, but La Fontaine no longer figures as accuser. He becomes a messenger.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

For there remained the last test. Would she submit her judgement as to her voices, whether they were good or evil. to the Church Militant? It had to be explained to her what the Church Militant precisely was and she saw that for her it meant the hard, the critical, the vindictive and the timorous men around her. Her voices had told her to drive the English out of the land. The friends of England were to decide on the authority of her voices. She refused the ultimate demand making all possible concessions.

This now became the great point of debate. One can imagine those among the assessors who, touched by her innocence and piety, sought at any rate not to imbrue their hands in her blood, making their stand here, for if it be true that the Church Militant could not err, some one had to take the decision. The assessors would share the responsibility. They of Paris might get away home. They of Rouen must abide and bear the accusation. Moreover, with it all the English cause was in none too good a shape. There were attacks on local outposts. The communications with Paris were threatened. De Houpeville asked a brother priest how the law stood in the case of the inspired claiming direct authority for their acts. The answer founded on St. Thomas Aquinas was that in such a case appeal must be made to the Pope.

We have now reached the second stage of the trial. From the cross-examination a series of charges were drawn up, seventy in number. Joan was asked if she admitted all the accusations. The count was reduced to twelve and in the process the accusations were garbled. She was credited with having admitted things she had denied. Some support came to her from a strange quarter. The Inquisitor's accolyte is plucking her sleeve, giving a more acceptable form to her replies. He incurs Cauchon's wrath. He informs Joan quietly of the possibility of appeal to the council of Bale. He tells her what the council is. She professes her willingness to appeal to it. In the official record of the Procès Andrew Lang calls attention to a hiatus in the Latin text, and a corresponding one in the French version. A phrase begins, *et requiert* (and she demands). There is no equivalent in the Latin. Did Joan here make her appeal to the council, and did Cauchon's direc-

THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC

tion come swiftly 'don't enter that'? The entry had already been begun in the French text.*

Yet Manchon, the scribe, was an honest man. He only wrote what he knew had been said. In case of doubt he had the question repeated. Cauchon fell foul of him on occasions, and once notably as we shall see. He refused complicity in a serious irregularity. In the retrial he was guarded in his replies. He admitted there was one irregularity in the transcriptions, but disclaiming responsibility, he refused to inculcate any one: it was in the matter of the garbling of the indictment, one of the points on which the first trial was reversed.

One incident must be mentioned which is hard to explain. Joan in her testimony had spoken of seeing an angel appear to the Dauphin. She was questioned on this very closely; she persisted in the story, and it figures as one of the final charges against her. Her defenders have assumed that she was using symbolical language, and by the angel (messenger) she meant herself. But such symbolical language was not at all like Joan and the whole thing is rather a mystery.

We can follow the trial best as it draws to its close, if we concentrate on the question of submission to the authority of the church. One assessor appealed to her sense of loyalty as a warrior, playing on her feeling of chivalry. She persisted in being true to herself and her calling. Worn as she was with the trial, the confinement, the bonds, sick as well at the penultimate stage, she was as bold as ever. She was menaced with torture and strongly replied: "If you tore me limb from limb I will say no more than I have said. And if I do I will declare that you dragged it from me by force." They debated whether the torture should be really applied. Her most determined opponents were for the torture. It is just to them to say that it would perhaps have saved her from the fire. But the majority were against it in order not to spoil their '*beau procès*', as one assessor said. At any rate they were in this respect more delicate than many civil courts where torture was almost the normal means of cross-questioning (e.g. the witnesses in the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, Carmagnola,

*It must be said, however, that the whole phrase figures in the Recapitulation made in the Seventy Articles.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Savonarola). Sick as she was she was visited and badgered in prison. She held on, comforted by her angelic messengers.

It is this last stage of the trial which requires the most careful attention, with some quotation from the evidence. It is here that the genuine impeachment of Cauchon's conduct as judge can be made. Here also is the most puzzling part of the story, the scene at the abjuration. On the one hand we have the official version at the trial, on the other the deposition of witnesses at the retrial. In a second section an attempt will be made by parallel passages and a balancing of statements to arrive at the most probable statement of facts.

(To be continued)

BOOK REVIEW.

The Code of Deuteronomy: A New Theory of its Origin. By Dr. A. C. Welch.

In this book Dr. Welch boldly claims that recent commentators on Deuteronomy have founded their arguments on a presupposition that is baseless. This presupposition is that the Deuteronomic Laws were codified—and modified—to be the basis of Josiah's religious reform in 621 B.C.

The main external feature of Josiah's reform (see II Kings xxiii) was the Centralization of Worship at Jerusalem with the consequent destruction of the high places and local sanctuaries throughout Judah. A "Book of the Covenant" found in the Temple was held to be the sanction for this tremendous religious upset. The past generation of scholars have identified this book with Deuteronomy.

But lately some scholars in Great Britain, America and Germany have sought to prove that certain laws in Deuteronomy were not applicable to the conditions of Josiah's reign. These writers have asserted that parts of the Code are Post Exilic and in some instances idealistic and never had legislative effect in Israel or Judah.

Welch takes up the arguments of these writers and admits their cogency in so far as their application to Josiah's reforms is concerned. But he claims that the codification of Deuteronomy was not intended to emphasize or bring about Centralization at Jerusalem and thus knocks the bottom out of arguments which show that distance from the Temple prevented certain laws from becoming effective.

The Laws referred to are those that deal with the Cultus Deuteronomy which teaches that three times in the year all the males must appear before "the sanctuary where Yahweh thy God elects to locate his name" (xvi, 16) : at the feast of Unleavened Bread; at the feast of Weeks; and at the feast of Tabernacles. If all the men from a remote village came up to Jerusalem at the same time, who would be left to defend the homesteads against the marauders who usually chose to make their raids at the periods designated for the feasts? Moreover, as Reuss

puts it in regard to the Law of the Tithe (xiv, 22 ff.), "to consume in a single journey the tenth part of the entire harvest is an excessive demand."

Welch asserts that these and other difficulties immediately disappear if the Law of Centralization is seen not to refer to Jerusalem (exclusively). He contends that the phrase "at the sanctuary where Yahweh elects to locate His name" does not point to one place only but to all recognized shrines established amongst the various tribes. The early Israelites were forbidden to worship at every shrine since many of these had been dedicated to other gods and practices relevant to the cult of those gods were apt to persist in the worship of the Israelites. But there were recognized sanctuaries in charge of regular priests who knew the "way of Yahweh" and the Deuteronomist exhorts the people to go exclusively to these shrines to worship. Welch thinks that the conditions implied point to an early period in the history of the Northern Kingdom and supports this theory by reference to other Laws attacked by those who seek to put the major portion of Deuteronomy in the Post Exilic period. Laws concerning the officials—Priests, Prophets and the King; Laws concerning the "Asylum Towns", "The dead body found in the Fields", and "The Judges and the Law of Evidence." All of these Laws, he claims, are seen to be practicable only when there can be assumed the presence of a Sanctuary not too far away and the absence of an altar specially used by a single village or small community.

The Commentators who connect the Codification in Deuteronomy with Josiah's reform admit that many of the Laws are old and may have existed as the teachings of individual shrines, but they also claim the conjunction of these Laws with others such as are found in xii: 1-7, shows that the compilation in Deuteronomy must be interpreted in the light of the whole book, especially in relation with the opening chapters, which indicate the principle the Laws are designed to establish, "Yahweh is one Yahweh." There is but one God for Israel.

Some critics have asserted that Welch lays too heavy a strain upon the interpretation of a single phrase—xii, 14 in the English version reads, "But in the place which the Lord shall choose *in one of thy tribes*, there thou shalt offer thy

BOOK REVIEWS

burnt offerings, etc." This has usually been interpreted to mean that only "one place" was legitimatized for sacrifice and naturally Jerusalem was taken to be the place. Welch translates "*in any of thy tribes*," and it may be admitted that the Hebrew will stand either interpretation.

The main question, however, we must ask is: Can we assign the whole of Deuteronomy involved—xii-xxvi, xxviii—to any one shrine in Northern Israel or are we to assume that the whole body of Law was in the possession of all the legitimate shrines? That some of the Laws or Cult practices were known is evident from the reference of Amos to Beth-el (Amos iv, 4, etc.), but where do we find specific references to a code? It is not enough for Welch to detach Deuteronomy from Josiah's reforms and Jerusalem, he must anchor the book to some other definite spot. Moreover, what was the use of a priest at a single shrine advocating worship at the dozen or so shrines in all the tribes? He would address only those who were accustomed to worship at his sanctuary and for them it would be sufficient to insist upon centralization of worship at his own particular altar.

Nor would the difficulties urged against centralization at Jerusalem vanish if the centralization referred to a shrine situated within the borders of each tribe. While the Hebrew of xii, 14 may allow a sanctuary to each tribe, it is equally explicit in allowing only one sanctuary to a tribe: *maqôm* (sanctuary) is singular. Thus the difficulty of regarding a law as practicable because of the distance of some people from the shrine would be just as hard to solve in Ephraim as in Judah.

The solution of the difficulties must be sought in another direction. A definite law may be promulgated to control the cultus, but in early religious circles the law is modified in practice to make possible the semblance of obedience on the part of the worshippers. Most religions show a difference between precept and practice. Thus though all the males are ordered to go up to the feasts three times in the year, we tentatively suggest that once a man had appeared at each of the three feasts he would be recognized as a member of that particular cultus. The law bears the impress of an original initiation ceremony. There are not lacking signs in the Old Testament

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

that it was possible for one or two chosen men to represent a whole community. Three men going up to God at Beth-el (I Sam. x, 3) gave part of their sacrificial offering to Saul. The circumstance is connected with the selection of Saul as King and probably implies an alliance between the clan of these men and the newly nominated King. Saul's appearance at Mizpah, Gilgal, and this bringing of him into touch with Beth-el, rather indicates that clans in those days were especially attached to different shrines. It is clear from II Kings xxii, 14 ff. that a special interpretation must be sought before the real implications of the Law can be understood.

Perhaps the chief weakness of Welch's method is that he ignores every connection between Josiah's reform and Deuteronomy excepting the feature of centralization. After all it was by comparison between the steps taken by Josiah (II Kings xxiii) and the Law as found in Deuteronomy that led scholars of all ages to connect the two. Moreover, Centralization is taught in Deuteronomy even though according to Welch's theory it be but a limited concentration. Again, Welch admits that Deut. xii, 1-7 must be interpreted to mean that worship is legitimate at Jerusalem alone, but he claims that this section is post-exilic reflecting the temper of the last redaction of the book of Joshua. Then to support his thesis he practically ignores the first eleven chapters, but these reflect not a late post-exilic outlook but the outlook of the editor of the historical books and have many affinities with the book of Jeremiah both in style and in thought. The philosophy of history which they contain makes a very fitting introduction to a code which from whatever angle it is viewed lays emphasis upon the worship of the "One God." Even if it were added later it must be considered as the comment of a writer (or writers) who lived when Josiah's reform was still a thing of the recent past. In dealing with the Deut. xii Welch recognizes different stages in the Cultus according to his view: vv. 13-19 relate to very early practice, vv. 28-29 are a modification suitable to a later period, vv. 8-12 may fit a period of confusion and disturbance, vv. 1-7 are post-exilic. If then it was possible to modify a practice and at the same time retain the old law, adding to it the new way when necessity arose, is there a really valid objection to the extension of this method

BOOK REVIEWS

by adding vv. 1-7 to serve as the norm in the light of which all the other laws must be interpreted? Unless an absolutely new set of laws regulating the Cultus were drawn up—and this was impossible if any success was to be obtained—the method employed by the Deuteronomist seems to be the only practicable way to effect a change. He does not destroy the old, but reinterprets it in terms applicable to his own day. Until Dr. Welch can give a more adequate explanation of the Code that was at the basis of Josiah's reform scholars will accept Deuteronomy as the book found in the Temple by Hilkiah. Difficulties are bound to arise but not such formidable ones as are presented by Welch's theory.

The chief contribution that Welch has made to the discussion is that he has shown clearly that the laws of Israel were originally enacted to meet actual needs and are not the inspired vapourings of men who were attempting a reconstruction that would fit their own ideals. His suggestion that many of these laws came from northern shrines is provocative of thought. How did they, and the chronicles of the Northern Kingdom, the stories and writings of the northern prophets, come to be imbedded in the sacred literature of Judah? Sharp though the political division was between the two kingdoms, an underlying religious unity must have always been recognized by the religious circles and the common people.

W. T. MCCREE.

Lyn, Ont.

In the announcement of Dr. Welch's book it is said that he "has challenged the dominant school of Old Testament criticism where it felt most secure—in connection with the date of Deuteronomy." It is true that Dr. Welch in his Inaugural Lecture challenged the dominant school as to the whole situation with regard to the theory as to the structure of the Pentateuch that has been painfully and patiently worked out by scholars during the last one hundred and fifty years. He declines to be reckoned as a follower of Wellhausen but declares that he is not a traditionalist or obscurantist. What effect, if any, his criticisms will have upon the general theory one cannot say as each scholar must present his own

view of the origin and growth of Hebrew religion. This is not a large book, two hundred and twenty pages, but a detailed examination of the questions raised would require considerable space; Mr. McCree in his short article has confined himself to an attempt to show that the difficulties which Dr. Welch finds in adjusting the code to the Josianic movement towards centralization still confront him when he tries to place it a century earlier.

W. G. J.

Lettres de Marie-Madeleine Pioche de La Vergne, Comtesse de La Fayette et de Gilles Ménage, publiées, d'après les originaux, avec une Introduction, des Notes et un Index par H. Ashton. (Liverpool University Press).

This is the first volume of the Research Series of the Modern Humanities Research Association, and it is peculiarly gratifying to Canadian students of French that the honour of inaugurating these studies should belong to the Professor of French in the University of British Columbia.

Professor Ashton has already established his position as an authority, or the authority, on the charming authoress of *La Princesse de Clèves*, and the present work is really part of the documentation of his earlier book, *Mme de la Fayette, sa vie et ses oeuvres* (Cambridge, 1922). The Letters are of interest to the technical student of the seventeenth century as offering in accessible form a body of material that throws much light on the relation between Ménage and his pupil, and incidentally destroys the legend, founded on Molière's *Vadius*, of the *pédant amoureux et ridicule*, importuning in turn Mesdames de Sévigné and de La Fayette, and being ignominiously repulsed by both. The truth is that Ménage was a very great man in his time, widely read in ancient and modern letters, sought after in fashionable literary circles, contestant in one of the more famous quarrels over the unities, feared for his sharp tongue, and respected for his scholarship. He was far from being, as the *Femmes Savantes* would suggest, a "scholar in -us." Time has dealt hardly and justly with his literary remains, so that his name suggests little more than the sorry

BOOK REVIEWS

original of Vadius and the gossiping author of one of the better known *-ana*. But as the friend and teacher of two such distinguished ladies he is worthy of a better epitaph.

Madame de La Fayette herself stands in no need of introduction. Her *Princesse de Clèves*, the first serious French novel of readable length, has its place among the great novels and she herself an assured position in history as a mirror of seventeenth century ideals in literature and society. The Letters appeal not merely to the special student. There is much in them for the general reader who is interested in his fellow-men.

In a way they are the reverse of the famous Sévigné budget of news and gossip from the capital. Most of Madame de La Fayette's letters are dated from one or other of the family châteaux in Auvergne, and are filled with requests and instructions to Ménage, who seems to have acted as a sort of agent in matters literary and social and practical. So we have repeated demands for the latest thing from the publisher, Scudéri's *Clélie* or Chapelain's *Pucelle*, requests for news of the scandal of the hour, endless directions with regard to La Fayette's interminable lawsuits, orders for a house to be rented for the season in Paris, for a litter to be borrowed to bring Madame from the Loire to the capital.

Along with these practicalities there are occasional flashes of criticism and analysis. Madame has doubts of the value of Chapelain's vaunted epic on The Maid, or a word to say about Ménage's own vapid effusions. She objects for instance to the *bassesse* of

Le premier coton à peine ombrageoit son menton
(Lettre LXX)

but in general is full of praise for his verse, as indeed she would have to be to retain the friendship of so popular a littérateur.

Frequently she strikes a deeper note. Lettre XXV treats of the dullness of provincial life. Madame is twenty-two, and two years married. The Parisienne in her is slightly shocked to find that entertainment can be found in the commerce of simple people. "Je dois avouer, à la honte de ma délicatesse, que je ne m'ennuie pas avec ces gens-là quoique je ne m'y

divertisse guère"; and later in the same letter a hint of the dignity of domestic life that was to become the thesis of *La Princesse de Clèves*, "Le soin que je prends de ma maison m'occupe et me divertit fort et comme d'ailleurs je n'ai point de chagrin, que mon époux m'adore, que je l'aime fort, que je suis maîtresse absolue, je vous assure que la vie que je fais m'est fort heureuse. . . Quand on croit être heureux vous savez que cela suffit pour l'être." Unfortunately this happiness is sadly marred by a period of weak health necessitating a course of the waters at Vichy, and giving rise to much reflection on the subject: "Présentement que je n'ai guère de santé j'ai une pitié nonpareille pour ceux qui n'en ont point. . . Enfin, portez-vous bien et vous serez heureux." One thinks of Mme de La Fayette comforting the declining years and shattered health of La Rochefoucauld.

Professor Ashton has wisely decided to modernize the spelling and punctuation of the letters, and has added a short introduction, with a bibliography of works referred to in the text and in the notes. The reader whose interest is in the period at large will welcome the *Index des noms propres*, but one is disappointed to find only passing references to La Rochefoucauld and Madame Henriette d'Angleterre, to whom Mme de La Fayette was a lady in waiting.

The Modern Humanities have gained much by the publication of these letters: the student of humanity will gain much by reading them.

R. K. HICKS.

*Ecclesiastes and the Early Greek Wisdom Literature.**

This is an interesting piece of work by a member of the staff of The Methodist College, Auckland, New Zealand, dealing with one aspect of the book of Ecclesiastes, viz., its relation to earlier literature, especially that of Greek philosophers and poets. Ecclesiastes has been spoken of as "the riddle of the Old Testament." There is large agreement as to the date of the book; the linguistic argument, often very uncertain, is

*By H. Ranston, M.A., Litt.D. The Epworth Press, London. J. A. Sharp; pp. 154.

BOOK REVIEWS

here quite conclusive. The recent controversy turns round the questions of the integrity of the book and the origin of the type of thought represented by "the Preacher." The writer of *Ecclesiastes* certainly holds a peculiar place in canonical Hebrew literature; he is indifferent or hostile towards the religious beliefs and hopes of his own people, neither the prospect of a new age for the nation nor the hope of personal immortality makes any appeal to him. The contradictions within the book have been explained by the fact of additions and modifications, though a few scholars still find an adequate explanation in the changing moods of a solitary thinker. On the question of Greek influence there has also been great diversity of opinion, some claiming that they can prove the definite influence of particular authors or schools, others content with a general atmospheric effect, while others again can regard *Koheleth* as "a native Hebrew philosopher," and think that everything in his book can be accounted for as a natural development of the Hebrew and Semitic wisdom.

It is to this point that the writer of this monograph devotes his study. The value of his book does not depend entirely upon the amount of light that he throws upon the general subject or whether he proves his particular points; the book will be useful and interesting to many students who can not claim a close acquaintance with the Greeks whose writings he examines. The statement of "the Preacher" that "there is nothing new under the sun" is abundantly illustrated. What we call "pessimism," with its despairing view of human capability and endeavour, its cynical ill-natured criticism of women, its lack of any vision of progress—this was certainly not new, it can be found in Babylon and Greece long before this particular Hebrew philosopher came upon the stage. The comparisons that our author makes between the sayings of *Ecclesiastes* and various Greek authors are interesting apart from the inferences, precarious enough at times, to be drawn from them. A detailed consideration of particular points cannot be given in a brief notice, but we have pleasure in calling the attention of students to a careful piece of work by one of the younger scholars. His results in the cases of many authors are negative, but, we are told that "Hesiod was almost certainly drawn upon," "Theognis was the main source of the

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

foreign aphorisms of Koheleth's book," and finally the conclusion is reached that "The evidence strongly suggests that Ecclesiastes was not widely or deeply acquainted with the early Greek *literature*, i.e. he had not *read* much of it. Had his reading knowledge been greater, signs of it would have been more clearly apparent. One of his type of mind would hardly have passed by the accumulated wisdom attached to the names of the Seven Sages, or the copious supply of maxims in the more nearly contemporaneous Menander. The conclusion reached is that Koheleth, in his search for suitable proverbs (ix, 9, ff.) moved for a time in circles where the minds of the people were stored with wisdom, utterances of the early sages mentioned by Isocrates as the outstanding teachers of practical morality, Theognis being the most important." The writer presents these conclusions, the results of careful research, in a manner free from confident dogmatism, and so his work will receive careful consideration from those interested in this special subject.

W. G. J.

William Henry Drummond—Makers of Canadian Literature,
by J. F. Macdonald. (The Ryerson Press).

The present writer has always thought that there was something wrong with the importance attached to Drummond's habitant verse. When the French-Canadian had behind him a tradition connected with the grand siècle, when he had maintained his speech, and produced *littérateurs* among his own tribe, then to represent him as typically expressing himself in the pidgin English of these ballads, seemed somehow out of place. The editor's appreciation to this little book somehow shows that the viewpoint is wrong, that there is nothing patronizing in presenting the French-Canadian of the border line, where he mixes with his fellow Anglo-Canadian, as using their speech and creating another dialect, shall we call it, of the many that illustrate the wide diversity of the far spread Empire to which we belong. Professor Macdonald gives the guarantee of one who knows to the accuracy of Drummond's dialect. It is, he says, a transcript of their talk, and he backs his assertion up by recalling his own experience as instructor

BOOK REVIEW

at what was afterwards Frontier College. The texts he used were Drummond's *Habitant* and Butcher and Lang's *Odyssey*. "The men who came into the reading shack of an evening would listen to either of these as long as I would read." They corrected his French and enjoyed the ballads.

One must here digress to steal a gem from the author: "One evening I had read the moving story of Odysseus' old dog who, even at the point of death recognized his long lost master even in the guise of a beggar. . . But Odysseus looked aside and wiped away a tear that he easily hid from Eumaeus; "and, as you remember, passed into the hall without daring to pet the faithful hound. . . Next morning I had gone out across the Spanish River to see the boys fell a very big white pine. . . They showed me right enough, but when the saw was nearly through and the two men paused for a moment, one of them, a blue-eyed, fair-haired giant of a boy said to me shyly, "Dat's too bad about de old dog las' night. I wish Odyssée he give him one or two pat and say little somet'ing to him before he's comin' dead." It is these touches—and the power of the observer to appreciate them—which give one a confidence in the future cultural value of our people, if only the varied jargon of the immigrant you hear in Yonge Street does not drown those finer voices of the past. And if those days are gone then among their chronicles with the Jumping Frog and The Little Luck of Roaring Camp with Nigger Jim and 'Pap' there will be also Little Bateese, and Philo-rum and the haunting lilt of

"Now all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
An' leev on wan beeg farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane,
An' spouse she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
So long you stay ashore."

W. M. C.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Church Union.

Church Union is in the air but when it comes down to earth it encounters various difficulties and hindrances. The Pan-Presbyterian Council, which meets in Cardiff the last week of June, has this subject on its programme, in the following form: (1) Movements within Presbyterianism: Rev. John White, D.D., Glasgow, Rev. J. Ross Stevenson, D.D., Princeton (tentative). (2) The Uniting of Non-Episcopal Churches: Rev. G. C. Pidgeon, D.D., Canada; Rev. Principal Garvie, D.D., English Congregationalist; Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, D.D., English Methodist. (3) Episcopal Proposals: Rev. President Paul, B.D., Belfast; The Archbishop of Wales. If these different aspects have to be covered in one morning session, with seven representatives, there can be little time for free discussion. In the Episcopal sphere there is not much to report, in the way of practical action, but there is a better temper and a greater inclination to friendly co-operation. The two great Presbyterian Churches of Scotland are coming closer together but the arrangements for union are moving slowly and call for wise, patient statesmanship. The English Methodists have carried by a large majority a scheme for re-union; that word seems to be justified by the fact that some of the smaller denominations had their origin in separation from the Wesleyan Church, "the Old Body." Considering that these communities have the same creed and the same traditions it may seem strange that there is not an even greater approach to unanimity. But, as a matter of fact, denominations that have been separated for two or three generations develop a subtle difference of temper and outlook. A little while ago three of the smaller churches were united—the Methodist New Connexion, the United Methodist Free Church (itself the result of the union of the Wesleyan Reform and Wesleyan Association) and the Bible Christians. It may be that this larger movement was brought on a little too soon after the earlier one. Such unions within Methodism were certainly necessary as the existence of two or three Methodist churches in a village alongside of other representatives of Non-conformity was a glaring example of the "dissidence of Dissent."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

When the writer of this article was a youth, the name "Independents" was quite common; since then it has been superseded by the name "Congregationalists." This denomination has a long history, of which it may well be proud, from the time of Cromwell and Milton. The harsh repressive laws in the reign of Charles II crushed the Presbyterian form and many who preferred Presbyterianism were forced to be pastors of Independent churches. Baxter, who ministered to a congregation at Kidderminster, is one of the best known examples. Congregationalism has become more highly organized within itself but its members are still jealous of encroachments upon the autonomy of the individual congregations. At the Thanksgiving meeting in the present month they are hoping to announce the completion of an effort to raise about two and a half million dollars for various kinds of social service and missionary work. Quite separate from this, there comes the announcement of one of the most remarkable bequests; Mr. C. D. Blake has left an estate of over a half million sterling, which, after a number of annuities have been paid, will pass under the control of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, with the proviso that one-half of the income is to be paid to the Devon Congregational Union. On the same page of *The Christian World* it is stated that Congregationalism has fewer churches and ministers than twenty years ago. Money, wisely administered, can be of great help but it can never be the chief influence in church life.

When we turn to Canada we have the movement to unite "three great churches", the Congregational Church being one of these. Looking round the world we are inclined to think that the Presbyterians and Congregationalists are not often strong in the same territory. Though differing in their church government they have been very similar in their history and theology. In the last Canadian census, the following numbers of the larger denominations are given:

Roman Catholics	3,389,636
Presbyterians	1,409,407
Anglicans	1,407,994
Methodists	1,159,458
Baptists ..	421,731
Congregationalists	30,730

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

In the city of Toronto the numbers given for the same communions are:

Anglicans	157,006
Presbyterians	117,101
Methodists	80,000
Roman Catholics	56,956
Baptists	23,192
Congregationalists	2,941

It is evident then that the two main factors in "The United Church" are the Methodists and Presbyterians; these will form a large United Church, although the "non-concurrents" will remain as a denomination with considerable influence. With a few exceptions, the Congregationalists will be absorbed, and the Baptists will remain as the chief representative of the congregational principle.

This union has actually taken place, the members of the Ontario Legislature, when the Bill came back to them this session, recognized that they had to face "not a theory but a condition." In seven out of the nine Provinces voting has gone on, in the Presbyterian churches, under the Dominion Act. It seems a pity that the other two Provinces were not allowed to take part at the same time so that the whole thing could have been cleared up by the 10th of June. As it is, the last General Assembly will meet on June 3rd and probably an Assembly of "Presbyterians" will then be held. For some time the representatives of "the negotiating churches" have had a large amount of common action. They acted together in drawing up the Bills and in bringing pressure upon the different Parliaments to pass them. There has been much bitterness in the debates outside and within the Legislatures. Day by day one has had to read the sad story of strife in the congregations, and to see men whom we have known and respected fighting on opposite sides of the great controversy. On April 7th, out of 1,536 congregation and preaching places the Unionist Bureau conceded 576 as "non-concurring," while the Presbyterian Association claimed 595. In Ontario 402 are conceded and 410 are claimed; under the circumstances the discrepancies are very slight. In Saskatchewan the Unionists appear to have swept all before them, the figures given being 458 to 14. Four

NOTES AND COMMENTS

hundred congregations in the Prairie Province does not mean the same thing as that number in Ontario. The Presbyterian Association sends out the statement that "In the Presbytery of Toronto alone there are more Presbyterians than in the whole of the Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta; and in the city of Toronto there are more Presbyterians than in the whole of the Province of Saskatchewan; and Saskatchewan, with the exception of Ontario and Manitoba (which it closely approaches in strength), has more Presbyterians than any other Province of the Dominion."

In their statement, prepared for the Ontario Legislature, the opponents of Organic Union claim that of the total membership in Canada, 374,951, fifty-five per cent., 206,330, are in Ontario. Further, that of the number *actually* voting up to March 14th there was, in this Province, a majority against Union of 12,589. According to this statement, in only 8 of the 28 Presbyteries have a majority of the congregations voted for Union, in 5 there is a tie, and the remaining 15 are against, the majorities in the case of Toronto and Hamilton Presbyteries being very heavy, being in the first case 57 and against 36, and in the second 41 against 12. The strongest Presbyteries in the Unionist columns are Lanark and Renfrew, Owen Sound, Orangeville and Ottawa. On the other hand, the non-concurrents claim only 185 congregations in the rest of the Dominion. If they can meet the critical conditions, show a capacity for co-operation among themselves, and manifest a spirit of public service, they have an advantage in the fact that their strength is in the centre of the country with scattered representatives from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

It is to be hoped that the period of controversy and propaganda will soon come to an end, and that though the terms of peace may not be satisfactory to either party, each side will be able to give its full energy to its proper work. In "gathering up the fragments," to use Dr. A. S. Grant's phrase, the Unionists have an advantage in that the solid framework of the Methodist Church remains intact. The member of the Legislature (Mr. A. C. Lewis, N. E. Toronto), a Methodist and a strong "anti", who casts in his lot with the continuing Presbyterians, is surely a brilliant illustration of

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

the fact that "the exception proves the rule." Still it is refreshing to find individuality in this conventional age.

As showing the comparative smallness of the non-concurrents this statement was issued for Kingston district: Congregations for 287, members 25,394; against, congregations 16, members 2,446. As no precise indications of the territory included was given, the significance is uncertain, but even here the congregations on one side average 90 and on the other 150. Since that date two have been added to the list of dissenting congregations in Kingston Presbytery and we have to face the unpleasant fact that, outside of Kingston, there is very little left of the old Presbytery. On the 18th of April a fuller list of the same type appeared in the *Toronto Star*, showing in the Hamilton Presbytery 150 Unionist congregations and 41 non-concurrents, but 41 deducted from the Hamilton Presbytery leaves only about a dozen congregations to enter the United Church. The most distressing feature is the splitting of small congregations, the tearing apart of congregations that formed one charge, and in a few cases the disruptions of local unions that had already been formed. Some statements are difficult to understand. "The congregation of Newton, B.C., which was reported by the Presbyterian Association as voting 34 to 4 against Union, has no communicants' roll and therefore goes into Union automatically." (*The Globe*, March 20). In cases where the vote was equal it is claimed that the congregation goes in; it may also be claimed that before June 10 the opposite view might be taken, but in any case such petty divisions are unfortunate. In some of the congregations the loss of members has had a stimulating effect on those that are left. It is scarcely possible for a contemporary to discuss the question of responsibility with real impartiality. It is clear that the responsibility for deciding when the appeal to Parliament was to be made and the form that it was to take rests with the leaders of the majority, while the responsibility of resisting the will of the majority as expressed in Presbyteries and the Assembly rests with the minority. The opponents of Union justify their action on the ground that the votes in the Church Courts did not represent the will of the people and that the movement was official and ministerial rather than popular. To this the reply has been made that

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Presbyterianism is not democratic in the extreme sense and that it is the duty of the people to follow their leaders. The Rev. Professor Dickie of Knox College, Dunedin, quotes a statement of Dr. J. N. Figgis that Presbyterianism is a system of clericalism which differed from that of the Papacy "mainly in being narrower, more searching, more inquisitorial, more ubiquitous, and less careful of the larger needs of humanity, less likely to force upon States and their rulers the sense that sectional and local interests are not the only rule of right": and makes this reply, "Presbyterianism is not a system of clericalism at all. The clergy have no power except what they exert by the free assent of the whole body of Church members. Nor have they any means of enforcing their power except moral suasion. Not only is the general body of Church members the ultimate source of all ecclesiastical authority, but they are discouraged from anything like passive, uncritical acceptance of the teaching of the clergy, and trained to use their own power of Christian discernment." This is clear but it does not solve our problem when the question arises whether the members had or had not been sufficiently consulted. Further discussion is discouraged by the fact that the matter to some extent passed from the sphere of "moral suasion" when it became a political question. Such rights as the minority exercised were granted to them by the Civil power. The result has been "schism" in the literal sense of a rupture, a tearing apart, but the question of "schism" in the ecclesiastical sense, a deadly sin, is another question. Protestantism has no acknowledged authority to settle that question; the Protestant churches came into existence through schism.

It remains then for reasonable men to accept the facts. Men cannot be conscripted into a great Christian adventure or coerced into seeing a vision that is beyond their range. Time and the mutual toleration of different points of view may soften bitterness and heal the wounds that controversy has made. After a war we have to drop the word "enemy" from our vocabulary. The view that all the wisdom and virtue is on one side is pleasant to the partisan when the strife is "red hot", but we cannot live for ever at fever heat. The line of cleavage may be difficult to define but the less it is allowed to cut across our friendships and embitter our rela-

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

tionship with our fellow-citizens the better it will be. This great upheaval, like all sharp controversies, has revealed much that is unpleasant, the smallness that seems inseparable from propaganda and political campaigns, but when in cooler moments it comes to be reviewed this strange chapter in the history of the Presbyterian Church in Canada will yield useful lessons to those who are willing to learn.

W. G. J.

The Hindenburg Election.

Already Hindenburg's election as President of the German republic is beginning to have the force of the accomplished fact. The stock exchanges only reacted slightly to the event. In France, after the first shock, it was decided that the choice of Hindenburg only served to clear the air, as Germany's attitude was now laid bare. But these are the realities of the situation. After Ludendorff (not for the first time) had proved himself a caricature candidate only, the monarchists hit on the happy idea of rummaging out the old war leader from his Hanover retreat. He was after all the most distinguished citizen of the Reich. All other candidates beside him were mere politicians and no politician of the new German state has so far qualified as a statesman. Their apprenticeship has been too short. Consequently the silent voter came out in his millions to vote for Hindenburg. The monarchists are claiming that the poll indicates a demand for a return to monarchy. But they ignore the fact that Hindenburg is still a minority nominee. If Germany ventured to ignore the feelings of the allies and held a plebiscite to decide on the question of a change in the constitution—the consent of the republican government would be the first requisite—it by no means follows that all who voted for Hindenburg would vote for a Kaiser again. A soldier is apt to be a realist and Hindenburg may well be as cautious in statescraft as he was in warfare. It must be remembered that when the débâcle came in 1918 he acted as a true servant of the state. His influence ushered the Kaiser over the frontier into Holland. He led the German army back home in orderly fashion, acquiescing in the new order of things. As a figurehead no one in Germany is superior

NOTES AND COMMENTS

to him. For those internal crises in which the President is called on to act he should provide the necessary resolution and vigour. The question is whether this ancient Cincinnatus will be physically equal to his tasks and whether he will be able to keep Ludendorff and Tirpitz at arm's length. But after all the President has to act with the government, not with the opposition.

The European Situation.

The European situation as a whole—with which our own prosperity is largely bound up—shows but little change for the better. There have been local bonfires in the Balkans. The German republican party in a desperate search for an aggressive platform for their candidate came out for the admission of Austria to the German Reich, and the Nationalists may now try to force the issue on them. Herriot after ten months in office has been compelled to resign and Painlevé, the new premier, was obliged to recall to his counsels the crafty Caillaux. The latter is perhaps the one man with the courage and ability to effect some reform in French finances. Herriot fell before the combined assaults of Catholics, unnecessarily affronted by the reversal of the latest Concordat, and industrialists outraged by the threat of a capital levy. Caillaux almost inevitably will create his own new enemies, whatever measure of reform he seeks to introduce. The line he seems to be taking is a demand for the same consideration for France in her external debt as is given to Germany by the Dawes plan. The object of this apparently is to restore confidence to the French investor in Rentes. There is little enough in all this to encourage optimism as to the rehabilitation of Europe. The one bright spot is the business integrity of Britain, but the price that is being paid for it is a terrible one. In a sense the years of strain of 1917-18 are being repeated again, but the shortage this time is not of food but of work. The latest palliative is a return, artificial it would seem, to the gold standard. This is the scheme of one school of thought but it has its critics none the less and only time can show the extent of its efficacy.

To any one interested in historical parallels, the wide question that suggests itself is whether the centre of gravity

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

of civilization has definitely shifted across the Atlantic. It is no longer a question of the decline and fall of this or that nationality, of Britain for example entering on a long Venetian decline, but it is a question of whether Europe is played out. During the war Principal Hutton drew attention to the analogy of the Peloponnesian struggle. No one has carried on the analogy into the peace.

The Preston Report and Steamship Rates — The Passenger Viewpoint. -

This topic was dealt with in the last issue of the *Quarterly* in the proper academic spirit. There is no doubt that the great shipping companies are doing all they possibly can for the St. Lawrence route, and in these hard times the service they give is truly wonderful. A mere layman looking at the question in a lay manner, perfectly ignorant and perfectly uninformed, cannot however help being struck by a few apparent discrepancies in the statements that appear in the shipping columns of Montreal papers. Thus all last year it was constantly said that the season was a very good one, the nearest to normal pre-war conditions. Then in December like a bang from the blue came the announcement of a ten per cent. increase in passenger rates, which was the reverse of the back to normal that one had been led to anticipate. The explanation given was that the reduction in emigration had knocked the bottom out of passenger profits on the North Atlantic, and this does bring out the fact that after the war from one cause or another shipping firms were tumbling over one another to replace the tonnage lost in the war, without considering for a moment whether the trade lost in the war would require such a tonnage for years to come. The limitation of emigration into the States, for example, might have been foreseen by any one watching the Hundred Per Cent. American slogan which arose as early as 1916-17. The consumer is here paying for miscalculation on the part of the shipping firms. Another item has been the sudden craze for large oil-burning liners. Naturally their construction meant enhanced costs but it was pointed out that the reduction in stokers would make up for it.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Now however we are told (*Mail and Empire*, May 14) that the large oil-burning liner is a luxury ship owing to the excessive cost in operation, which of course is good news for the steam coal dealers if not for the passenger. One has every sympathy with the shipping lines who are only paying beggarly dividends varying between 5-12 per cent. (with share-bonuses added, it is true), in comparison with the magnificent 65% which for example the P. & O. was making a few years ago (see *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, Apr. 24). The Australian, Canadian and the United States Governments which went into the shipping business at top prices for construction have burnt their fingers badly, which we all understand goes to show that government ownership is radically wrong—in reality it has nothing to do with it.

One consideration has rather escaped notice, though it doubtless has an influence on passenger rates. The position of this line of business has altered since the war. Apart from the immigrant movement, passengers on liners were largely business men travelling backwards and forwards, and old countrymen revisiting the land of their birth. That small proportion of the latter whose incomes have kept pace with the rise in prices still make their customary trips. The rest are studying literature headed 'See Canada First.' In their place, however, have come the joy-riders among the new-rich to whom a trip to Europe has added attractions in these days of a *régime sec*, and it is for such a class that the shipping firms are catering. They seek at the same time to induce the old line clients to travel by the improved third-class, but the ancient stigma of 'steerage' will be hard to shift. If a new class of boat were devised which only carried cabin and stern-cabin passengers shall we call it, the latter at a price intermediate between present cabin and steerage, the trade might revive to some extent. At present a couple meditating a trip to Europe are at once reminded that they can buy a car for the price of two return steamer tickets. In the old days you could cross the Atlantic at the price of a bicycle.

W. M. C.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

The Return to Gold.

It must have been gratifying to the dramatic instinct even of a Churchill to make the announcement as Chancellor of the Exchequer that Great Britain would resume immediately a gold basis for her currency after nearly eleven years of wandering in the wilderness of irredeemable paper money. It is not necessary to imagine Mr. Churchill as a Joshua of currency or the British people as about to enter the promised land. The difference between the pound at 4.86 $\frac{2}{3}$ and \$4.78 is important chiefly for its psychological effect but it is none the less important.

It was on the occasion of that fundamental British institution, the August bank holiday, that in 1914 gold payments were suspended by the Bank of England. On the preceding Saturday the coincidence of the outbreak of the European War and the demands of crowds of "trippers" for cash at the banks brought about a run on the Bank. In the emergency thus created two extra bank holidays were declared and on Thursday morning after a printing which must have constituted a record for speed, cheques were paid in the now familiar currency notes. The gold sovereign, for long as familiar and as distinctive a stage property in English fiction as chimneypots or hedgerows, passed out of circulation and became as scarce as is the five dollar gold piece in Canada.

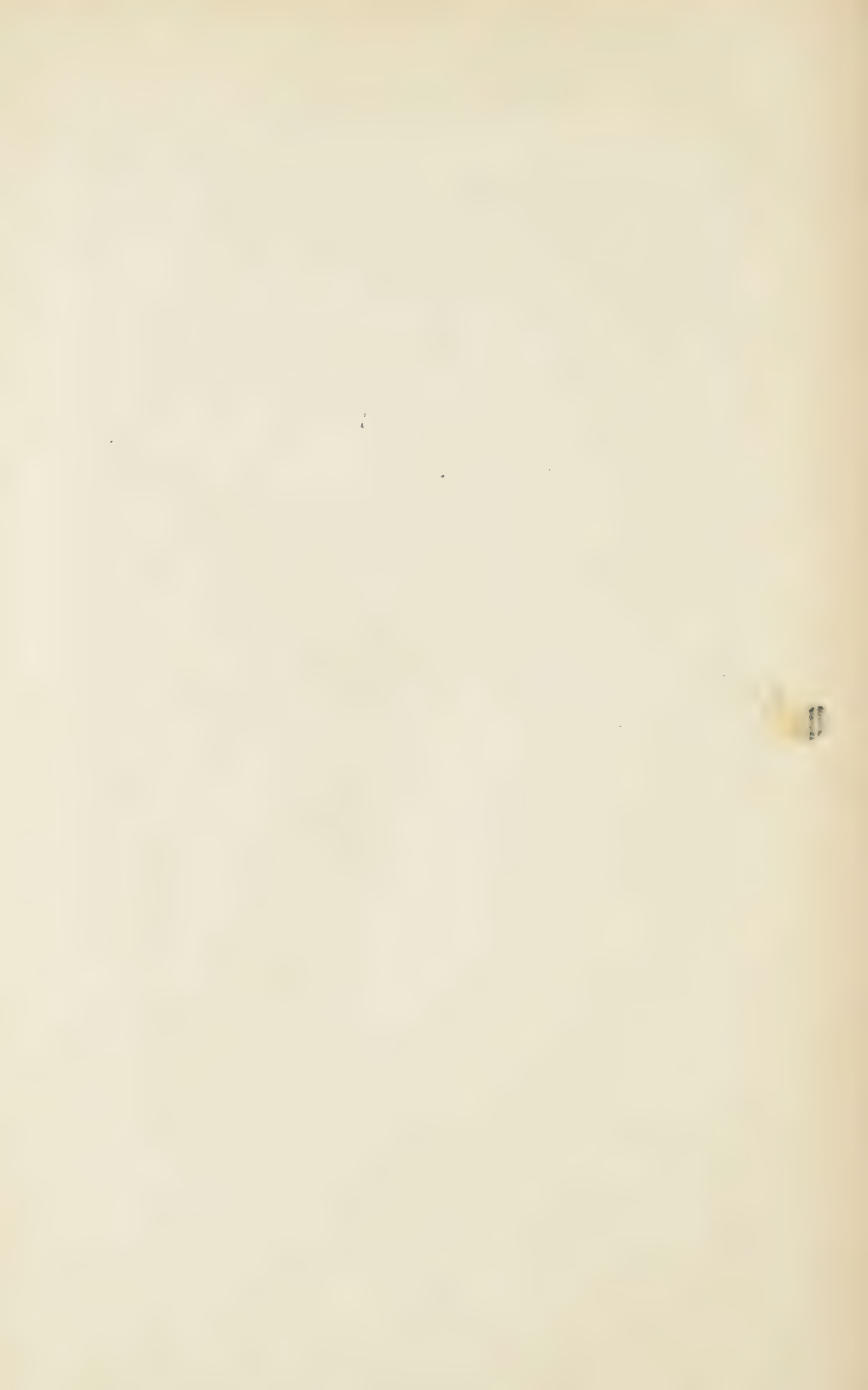
The Chancellor made it clear that Britain was not to return to the position when sovereign pieces were in use and when the smallest bill printed was the five pound note. The economy and convenience which had resulted from people becoming accustomed to the use of paper money in small denominations were too substantial to be sacrificed for it had been dramatically pointed out at the beginning of the war that demands at the banks for money in lower denominations than five pounds had all the inconvenience and danger of a demand for conversion into gold. That Great Britain has now adopted permanently a policy in this respect similar to our own is of interest to those who are familiar with the story of the strong and persistent efforts of the British Government to restrict the use of paper money in Canada to the larger denominations.

So much has been written on the Gold Standard in recent years that the *National Review* has been moved to state that

NOTES AND COMMENTS

"there are few topics more repulsive to the average Briton than Currency, which, moreover, arouses worse passions than Theology." Mr. J. M. Keynes, who combines rare abilities both as an economist and journalist, has subjected British bankers to most persistent pedagogy on the subject of a "managed currency." He has endeavoured to overthrow the fetish of gold and turn the characteristics of irredeemable paper money to the service of the community. A wise discount policy on the part of the Bank of England would obviate those general movements in prices which constitute the greatest economic problem of modern times. So at least Mr. Keynes argues, but among bankers he has had few converts. They are anxious to get back to the fancied if not real stability of gold. "The whole world," says the Chairman of Lloyd's Bank, "though guilty of infidelity in varying degrees and in divers places, and in spite of some coquettings in other directions, is returning to its old love. . . . Gold is almost universally recognized as the only practical international measure of values. . . ." The language is apt to remind one of the days when Mr. Bryan used to explain to the Corn Belt that gold was royal metal, tainted with despotism and bondage, but that silver was free, democratic, and American. The return to the Gold Standard is a distinct achievement in British finance. It will have a significant psychological effect in bringing about stability but in itself it will have little or no effect in hastening the return of prosperity for which Great Britain has waited so long and so painfully.

W. A. M.









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